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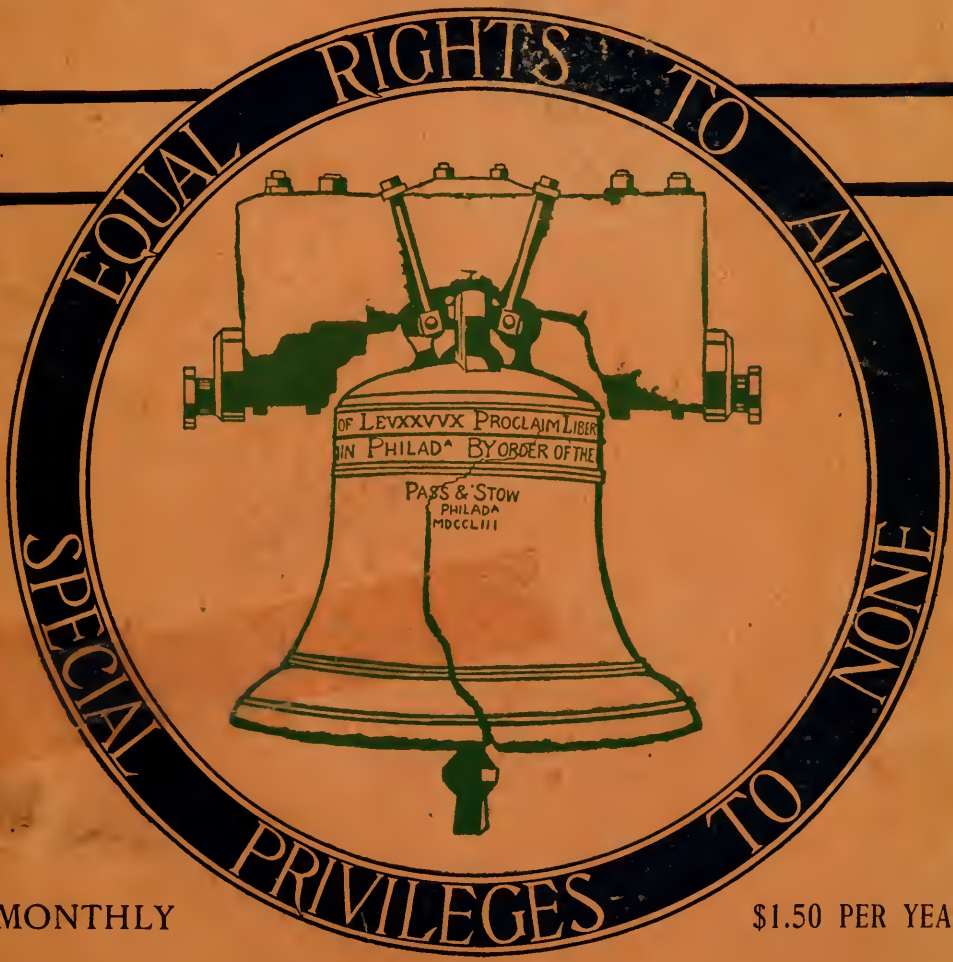
WATSON'S MAGAZINE

THOMAS E. WATSON, Editor



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"No banner flies from any pinnacle until after countless thousands have spent their strength and their lives to plant it there."

on the side of those who capture the machinery of government and who employ it to their fill own pockets—THIS is to be a Devil's Advocate. THAT is the kind of work which is expected of a Devil's Advocate. No matter what other name such a creature may give himself, that's what he *is*, and *that* is his real name.

* * * * *

A favorite berth with the Devil's Advocate, nowadays, is the editorial room. The freedom of the press enables editors to mold public opinion, and, as public opinion rules the world, the Devil's Advocate realizes the advantage of being an editor.

So do those who hire him.

Being, as of old, "the most subtle of all the beasts of the field," the serpent crawls into the sanctum of the newspaper and there he tempts the public, as of old he tempted Mother Eve.

If Armour wants lies told in behalf of his nasty, poisonous canned meats, he turns at once to the free press, where fat pay for big advertisements, and for other things, is keenly relished.

If the rascally Life Insurance Companies that were shown up some time ago desire to mollify the enraged public, in order that fools may continue to send money to New York and New Jersey for the rascals to spend, they at once hire a Devil's Advocate in the person of a "Press Agent."

When the President of the United States publicly accused the Standard Oil Company of criminal relations with the railroads, that robber combine not only told the President, in effect, that he was a liar, but they hired, at a $20,000 annual fee, a Devil's Advocate—a Press Agent.

"*What are the duties of a Press Agent?*"

Do you ask me a simple question like that?

Why, my son, you make me blush! You surely ought to know that a Press Agent's business is to manufacture evidence favorable to his client, and to suppress facts that would do him damage.

* * * * *

One of the Devil's Advocate species —a little bit of a one—edits a local, one-hoss paper which is known to a small and lessening circle of readers in Georgia, as *The Macon Telegraph.*

The editor of this decadent sheet is a man of fair average intelligence and character. Otherwise, he would not be fit for the position of Devil's Advocate.

This editor so completely belongs to Sam Spencer and J. F. Hanson that he not only obeys his masters' voice by phonograph, but even his yard-dog wags his tail by a scale written in New York.

* * * * *

Now it came to pass that in the April number of this Magazine, there was an editorial on SAM SPENCER. Some facts were therein mentioned which do not help the cause of the corporations. It became desirable to controvert the statements made in the Magazine. Somebody must say something for the corporations.

Who was to do the work?

Why, a Devil's Advocate, of course. What is the use of hiring editors if you don't make them earn their wages?

Consequently, it was not a matter to cause surprise, when the editor of *The Macon Telegraph* came forward to combat my editorial.

First of all, this little bit of a Devil's Advocate was driven to the necessity of misrepresenting me before he could even attempt a refutation.

In the plainest words, I had said:

"The people of the South have lost more to the Wall Street railway corporations than they lost to the whole of Sherman's army.

"The battles of the Civil War were bloody, for it was Greek meet Greek, and it was, in truth, the tug of war. Especially were the battles bloody when Sherman came down against us, for he brought Western troops—the best that the Union had.

"But we lost fewer lives to the invading host of Sherman than we have lost to the railroads during the eleven years that Sam Spencer has been one of their most relentless and unscrupulous lieutenants.

"He and his allies in plunder and crime killed and wounded, last year, the staggering total of 92,000 human beings."

Here the sum total of killed and wounded is charged up against "the Wall Street railway corporations," "to *the railroads" of the Country.* How does the decadent *Telegraph* start about its refutation?

By first alleging, falsely, that I had charged up the 92,000 human beings, killed and wounded, against *one* railroad, namely, Sam Spencer's Southern.

I had not done anything of the kind.

No careful reader could have so understood. No fair opponent would so contend. In express terms, I had named *the railroads*, the Wall Street corporations, the allies of Sam Spencer. How could Spencer's own railroad be called his "ally"?

I had said that "we lost fewer lives to the invading host of Sherman than we have lost *to the railroads* during the eleven years that Sam Spencer has been *one* of their most relentless and unscrupulous lieutenants."

How could any rational man take this statement to apply to the Southern railroad, *alone*?

Only a Devil's Advocate—and a very little bit of a one, at that—could ever have pretended that he so understood.

Yet *The Telegraph*, after putting me in the attitude of charging *all* the railroad casualties against Spencer, and after proving triumphantly that Sam did *not* kill and wound 92,000 human beings in one year, exclaims, in choice, idiomatic English:

"Now isn't Watson a *beaut? Don't* he tell the whole truth with a vengeance?"

Thus, by the comparatively familiar method of manufacturing a false state-

ment, which is forcibly put into my mouth, and *then* shown by the manufacturer to be shoddy, I am proven to be an extremely reckless liar who can be put to shame with a facility that is almost enervating to the editorial mind.

* * * * *

Next in order, this Devil's Advocate addresses himself to those colossal profits about which much was said.

The voting trustees of Spencer's road had congratulated *him* upon *doubling their property* and increasing its net earnings *five hundred and twenty-five per cent.* in eleven years.

How does *The Telegraph* deal with a fact like *that?*

Hear the Devil's Advocate: "Mr. Watson declares that this is evidence of 'colossal profits,' and then he proceeds to get excited. But the alleged letter by the 'voting trustees' does not state what the original net earnings were. They may not have been more than one cent a mile on the whole system in the first place, and an increase in eleven years of 525 per cent. would bring it up to a net profit of 6¼ cents a mile. In other words, on the line from Macon to Atlanta, about eighty-nine miles, the net profit in the first place might have been one cent a mile as we have said, or 89 cents—the increase in eleven years $5.56¼. We do not know what the profits were in either case, for the letter does not state, but this illustration is sufficient to show how misleading Mr. Watson tries to be."

Now, what do you think of *that?* Was ever a little bit of a Devil's Advocate so hard pressed for a corner to grunt in?

Might have been one cent a mile! Therefore, an increase of 525 per cent. would have meant only a profit of 6¼ *cents* per mile!

And this is the creature who undertakes to demonstrate to his dwindling audience "how misleading Mr. Watson *tries* to be."

* * * * *

The subject-matter of the discussion is a corporation dealing in vast

"To strive in such a cause and fail is the next best thing that any man can do."

properties. Its lines stretching from the Capital of the nation to all parts of the South. Its transactions are in millions. In eleven years *its property* has been doubled.

Of itself, that would be a "colossal profit"—for the estate which was doubled was colossal. Besides this doubling of the estate, there was the increase in the net earnings of the property. That increase was colossal—for it was 525 per cent. Why does *The Telegraph* prate about one cent per mile, and 6¼ cents per mile? Why endeavor to belittle what is *not* little?

Among all the monster money-grabbers that have their lairs in Wall Street there is not one which is more ravenous, more lawless, more heartless and more *successful* than that which, under Morgan, the Republican, and Spencer, the Democrat, uses the machinery of the Democratic Party to plunder the Southern people.

* * * * *

The Devil's Advocate refers to the Report of the National Interstate Commerce Commission. I wonder if he has read it. On page 173 of that Report he will find the Southern Railway mentioned as *a violator of the law*. It had to be prosecuted for its refusal to obey the life-saving act of 1893, which act, I am proud to say, I had the honor to assist in putting upon the Federal statute-book. On page 25 of the same Report he will find that Sam Spencer and his "allies" were caught in the act of robbing the Tift Lumber Company, of Georgia, by an extortionate and arbitrary advance in freight upon lumber.

He will also find that when the Interstate Commerce Commission decided against the Southern Railroad, its ruling was defied by Sam Spencer and his allies.

Had H. H. Tift and the other victims of the corporations been poor men, the case would have ended right there. It isn't everybody who has money enough to litigate forever with a rascally corporation. But Tift hung on. He knew he was right, and he was able, as well as willing, *to fight* for his rights. He carried his case before Judge Emory Speer, of the Federal Court, and at last got a decision which brought Sam Spencer to his milk.

Thank the Lord!

* * * * *

During this very year in which the Devil's Advocate is putting up its halting defense of its client, an instance of corporation tyranny, which illustrates the whole question, occurred in Virginia.

Mr. J. B. Baylor, a landowner and farmer of Caroline County, wished to ship some corn from Milford to Newport News, *a distance of* 120 *miles*. He applied for rates to one of the allied roads of Sam Spencer. The traffic manager at Richmond, Va., quoted Mr. Baylor rates as follows, "Rate on corn in carloads of 24,000 pounds minimum from Milford, Caroline County, to Newport News, Va., . . . is 10 cents per 100 pounds plus $1.50 per car for Richmond transfer."

Under this arrangement Mr. Baylor was to load his own car. *The Chicago speculator can ship his carload of corn* 1,000 *miles to Newport News for* 12 *cents per* 100 *pounds*. If the corn is shipped for export, the rate is 11½ cents. If the speculator ships from the western side of the Mississippi River, the rate is 10 cents.

Thus the Southern farmer, wishing to sell his product at the nearest market town, is forced to pay as much freight as the speculator who lives a thousand miles away.

Mr. Baylor owns, in Caroline County, 2,000 acres of land which was granted to his ancestors by King George I in 1724. It was his home-raised corn that he desired to ship to market.

Mr. Baylor testified before the Committee of the United States Senate, and his statements were not denied.

* * * * *

Nor did Sam Spencer dare to answer ex-Senator William E. Chandler.

Readers of this Magazine will remember a certain interview in which Sam Spencer had the audacity to allude to governmental rate regulation as *Lynch Law*. One of those who dusted Sam's jacket on account of that interview was Chandler.

Over his own signature, the ex-senator asserted that Spencer's railroad was taking, annually, from the Southern people $15,000,000 *in excess* of a fair return upon the capital invested.

Did Spencer challenge this statement? No. He dared not do it. He dares not do it now.

He knows that Chandler was well inside the limits of truth when he accused the Southern of taking $50,000,000 *per year* from the South, of which sum $15,000,000 WAS IN EXCESS OF A FAIR PROFIT.

Fifteen million dollars more than the corporation is entitled to! Fifteen millions that represent extortion! Fifteen millions more than legitimate business can claim! Fifteen millions that are the loot of the robber! Fifteen millions which a gang of scoundrels take by force and which they keep by a judicious division of the spoils!

"It was not a matter of surprise when the editor of the Macon *Telegraph* came forward."

And this fifteen million dollar robbery is repeated every year.

The South is bled for that sum every twelvemonth. It amounts to more than a million dollars for every full moon that floods her old, scarred hills with light. The charge was flung in Sam Spencer's teeth, *publicly*, by a man who went out of his way to beard the redoubtable Sam. As it were, this New England ex-Senator rubbed his Puritan fist right under Sam Spencer's nose! As it were, this Puritan made a mark in the sand, and dared Sam to toe it. And the doughty Spencer did not come to the scratch.

The doughty Sam, slapped upon one cheek, meekly turned the other. The Puritan crowed over Sam, and Sam showed the dominecker!

* * * * *

The man who turns the other cheek usually gets *that* slapped also; and Sam Spencer was no exception to the rule.

Mr. Chandler had no sooner smacked one of Sam's jaws than he whirled in and smacked the other.

He flung at Spencer this disgraceful accusation, to wit:

That he, Sam Spencer, had intimated he would *not* object to the grant of further powers to the Interstate Commerce Commission, PROVIDED *Charles A. Prouty were removed from that tribunal and another man put in his place.*

Who is Prouty, that Sam should be so hungry for his scalp?

Why, Prouty is that member of the Interstate Commission who has been most pronounced in his antagonism to corporate extortion, lawlessness and corruption. Down with Prouty!—cries Spencer. Let *me* pick a man for Prouty's place!—demands Spencer.

Give *me* the men of the Commission, and *you* can make any kind of a law you like!

Was *that* Sam Spencer's position? Ex-Senator William E. Chandler said that it *was*. He said so in the public prints; and *Sam Spencer has never dared to enter his denial.*

* * * * *

Talk to the people about net earnings of one *cent per mile!* Explain away the doubling of the property and the increase of net earnings 525 per cent. by saying *it might have been* 6¼ *cents per mile!*

Poor little Devil's Advocate! Let us follow him into his corner, and take away from him even the power to grunt.

* * * * *

In July, 1905, the Hon. S. G. McLendon, of Thomasville, Ga., published an article on "Railway Capitalization and Legislation." Mr. McLendon is well known to me as a careful, conservative student of public questions—the last man to play the mouthing demagogue. Unless I am much mistaken, he has been, for many years, an attorney for railway corporations. He has no grievance, and is not a candidate for office.

Let us hear him.

Speaking of the Southern Railway System, he first names the ten separate railroads which the Southern gobbled up when it was reaching out for monopoly. He shows that in Georgia the Southern got hold of 996 miles of road. What was the *cost value* of this property? In round numbers, $12,000,000.

But Mr. McLendon did not base his conclusions entirely upon cost values. He thought that this would be unfair to the corporations. Therefore, he was willing to allow an additional 60 per cent. for all such other charges as might legitimately be charged up to the *capital* account.

Now, conceding this, the sum total of the investment was $20,536,000.

This was more than $20,000 per mile. Upon that capitalization Mr. McLendon concedes the right of the corporation to a reasonable return. But he, like any other just man, protests that it is unfair and oppressive for this railroad to compel the people to pay such exorbitant rates as will enable the corporation to reap a profit on a capitalization of $68,000 per mile.

That which is reasonable per cent. of net income on $20,000 per mile is manifestly excessive when the stock is watered up to $68,000 per mile.

* * * * *

But what are we to do? Our Constitution is a dead letter. Our railroad commission is a mere branch-office of the Wall Street corporations which exploit us. Not satisfied with the ten railroads listed by Mr. McLendon, the Southern owns the whole "Central of Georgia" system, whose figurehead president is J. F. Hanson, *the Republican*—who used to write the fine articles against railroad consolidation which I prized so highly that I pasted them into my scrapbook.

So it has come to pass that the state of Georgia is completely dominated, ruthlessly pillaged and corruptly governed by the combination of Democratic boss and Republican boss which is gradually growing familiar to the eyes of the most casual and careless observer of public affairs.

* * * * *

"Lynch Law!" cried Sam Spencer when Rate Legislation was proposed.

A profound respecter of the law is this identical Spencer. No man has shown a more scrupulous regard for the property rights of his fellow-man.

For instance, *when he confiscated to his own use that carload of coal belonging to the John E. Smith Manufacturing Co.*, of Thomson, Georgia, he was doubtless actuated by some high and holy motive.

I feel sure that no sordid consideration could have influenced his conduct. If you or I had stopped that car of coal and taken it, or converted it to our own use, I fear that some uncharitable judge and prosaic jury would have landed us in the penitentiary. But Sam Spencer's railroad, being entrusted with a carload of coal belonging to the manufacturing company just named, deliberately took the property without

the knowledge and consent of the owner and converted it to the use of the corporation.

Anybody punished for this crime—this larceny after trust? No. Nobody arrested, even. The criminal laws are for the weak. The strong defy them. Take to *your* use a piece of property belonging to the Southern Railway, and *you'll* soon see the difference.

I wonder what Pendleton of *The Telegraph* can say about the car of coal.

I wonder what Sam Spencer can say. *Let him explain it if he can.* I will publish whatever he may wish to say.

* * * * *

But there is another case, happening within my own vicinity, which demonstrates Sam Spencer's profound regard for law—his scrupulous respect for the property of others.

The town of Thomson, wherein it is my joy and privilege to reside, owns its own electric lighting plant, and buys coal for its use. The Hon. Ira Farmer, Mayor of Thomson (and recently chosen by white primary for Democratic State Senator), states in his newspaper, *The McDuffie Progress*, that, on Jan. 1, 1906, the town ordered a carload of coal for its electric plant. The coal did not come, and after waiting weeks and weeks, the Mayor at length received a report from the coal company that "The Southern Railroad, without rhyme or reason, *confiscated this car*, and used it on their company coal chutes." I wonder what the Devil's Advocate will say about *this*.

I wonder what Sam Spencer himself will say.

Here, *in the one town of Thomson*, the lawless, insolent, greedy corporation has *plundered two shippers* of the goods which *were entrusted to it for transportation*.

The same general condition exists throughout the ten Southern states in which this Wall Street corporation has thrust its paws. Even as I write, the Commission of South Carolina is protesting to Sam Spencer about the dangerous condition of his roadbed, calling attention to its rails that are too light and its cross-ties that are worn out.

But what does Sam care? *He* doesn't mind our little commissions. Let the roadbed run down, let the ties rot, let the light rail give way, let the decayed bridge fall—*it is cheaper to pay for the accidents than to provide against them.*

The one thing that must *not* go down is the dividend. Sam's masters *must* have more than a fair return on their money. Let the deadly grade-crossing remain; keep rails and ties as long as they will hold together; renew the bridge *after* the catastrophe; overwork the crew as long as they can stand it; lay double tracks when you get good and ready; don't spend money for automatic car-couplers until the Federal Court makes you; provide no decent accommodations at any way stations; miss connections when it suits you; delay as many passengers as you like; clap on whatever rates you think the traffic will bear, and then *litigate*, till you wear out your victims!

To divide the profits, leaving the investors with *twenty per cent. interest* while the remainder is spent in betterments along the line of the road—that would be folly.

True, it would result in the saving of human life, but who cares for *that?* Nobody.

Not long ago a shudder ran over the continent when the newspapers reported that terrible "accident" in the West. The cause of the tragedy was *overwork* put upon a night operator in the telegraph office.

What did it matter?

It did *not* matter.

Within a week the discussion dropped. Human life is *so* cheap, and the corporation influence is *so* strong, that we grumble a little at each repetition of the ghastly "accident," and then we sink back into an indifference that is appalling when you realize what it means.

* * * * *

"Lynch Law!" cried Sam.

Didn't want any more power given

to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Still, if he could bounce Prouty, and put in some man of his own choosing—J. F. Hanson, for example—he would "gin in," as a special mark of his readiness to concede to the Government the authority to make laws.

Affable, conciliating Sam!

* * * * *

But, not knowing what *might* happen, Sam resolved to lose no time in hauling in his hay.

Consequently he slapped a bond issue of $200,000,000 upon the Southern Railroad.

Run this financial deal through your mental shredder, my son, and then see what it comes to, in simple English.

Those bonds are a mortgage on the mighty transportation system known as the Southern Railway.

That transportation system holds the South in the hollow of its hand.

Through its monopoly, the Southern Railroad dominates the South in every field of industry.

To save our lives, we cannot, under present conditions, escape the clutches of that monopoly.

The bond issue which mortgages the Southern Railroad *is a mortgage on you!*

The interest on those bonds will be extracted, annually, from *you.*

The principal of those bonds will, eventually, be made good by you.

TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS!

And as Colonel John P. Fort stated in the Atlanta *Journal*, "these avaricious Wall Street financiers *have already divided among themselves* $80,000,000 *more in bonds* THAN THE PROPERTY COST THEM."

As Colonel Fort says, "*their avarice is insatiable.*"

Colonel John P. Fort is one of the largest peach growers in the South. He is a Democrat. His father before him was a Democrat. Selah!

* * * * *

Hear ye *him:*

"Every industry along the line of this immense system will be taxed for a generation to pay this unnecessary mortgage placed upon the carrier of the products of our soil."

Eighty million dollars, added to two hundred million dollars, make *three hundred million dollars.*

According to Colonel Fort, this huge sum is clear profit to the Wall Street financiers, over and above what they paid for the property.

That sounds like one cent a mile, doesn't it?

"It might be six and one-quarter cents," says the Devil's Advocate.

So it might. But according to Mr. Chandler, it is fifty million dollars per year; and according to Colonel Fort, there has already been a division of $300,000,000 *of clear gain on the cost price.*

Well may Mr. McLendon exclaim: "If George III could come back to life and look upon the situation he would, no doubt, wonder what had become of the descendants of those men who changed the map of the world and the destiny of the human race, all because of a tax of threepence the pound on tea."

* * * * *

"*Lynch Law!*" yelled Spencer, when the President cried, "*Stop thief!*" Whereupon a mere non-combatant Puritan from New England walked up to Sam in public, and rubbed his knuckles under Sam's nose.

Dared him out into the big road, as it were.

And Sam didn't "cheep." He knew that Chandler had the evidence to prove him, the recreant Georgian, to be an ally of Wall Street thieves, who rob the South of fifteen million dollars a year, *and his guilty conscience made a coward of him.*

Yet this little bit of a Devil's Advocate, Pendleton of *The Telegraph*, is not ashamed to do what Spencer himself was ashamed to do.

Bold, because irresponsible; confident, because uninformed; secure in his audience, because certain of its case-hardened political bigotry, this local tin-horn blower sounds a defiance, and a challenge which would be a

marvel of courage if it were not so much of a joke.

"*One cent per mile profit, increased to six and one-quarter cents per mile, gives* 525 *per cent. increase in net earnings.*"

Having extracted this startling illustration from the innermost regions of his gray matter, this little Devil's Advocate has the stupefying hardihood to add:

"THIS ILLUSTRATION IS SUFFICIENT TO SHOW HOW MISLEADING WATSON TRIES TO BE."

Possibly the illustration is sufficient to show how misleading ONE little Devil's Advocate tried to be. The intelligent reader can judge between us.

Free Lectures for Washington Negroes

THE Congress of the United States collects such a vast sum of money every year from the taxpayers that it sometimes puzzles our legislators to know what to do with it.

You might suppose that when the treasury gets full and goes to running over the natural remedy is to reduce taxation.

You simpleton!

If Congress should reduce taxation, the infant industries of the country would suffer. For instance, that promising baby of ours, the Steel Trust, only reaped a net profit of one hundred and nineteen million dollars last year, and part of this was due to the glorious fact that our blessed Tariff enabled the manufacturers of steel products to sell them to the foreigner cheaper than they sell them to us.

Thus our blessed Tariff not only protects the American manufacturer but protects the foreign consumer likewise. The *American consumer* of steel products pays double prices for steel products in order that the foreigner may have cheaper goods and the manufacturer higher profits.

So you see, my son, *you* maintain the blessed Tariff; *you* enable the manufacturers to earn $119,000,000 per year, clear profit, on steel and iron goods; *you* enable the foreigner to get cheaper plows, axes, knives, chains, nails, cultivators, mowers, rakes, engines, etc., than you can get for yourself.

If a man like John Randolph or Robert Toombs were sizing up the situation to which I refer, he would blurt out, "The tariff which you uphold *with your blind devotion to Party* works in one direction to give enormous profits to the manufacturer, and in the other to give cheaper goods to the foreigner, and YOU catch hell in *both* directions!"

And this would be true, for when you pay double prices for what you buy, you not only lay up huge fortunes for the manufacturer, but you make it possible for him to sell to the foreigners the same goods *you* buy at such a low price that the foreign manufacturer cannot meet the competition.

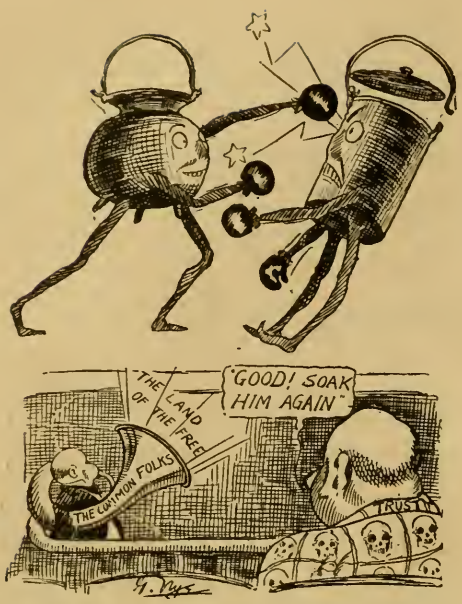
To wring money out of you in this way is pretty hard, isn't it? To make you pay double prices on all the goods you buy is tough on you, is it not?

It *is* tough; and whenever you wake up to the fact that *both* the old parties have imposed this infamy upon you there will be a kettle of fish.

But at present, you will not believe me. You who are Democrats will say that the Republicans did it. You who are Republicans will say that the Democrats did it. Thus the pot and the kettle will keep up the argument for many years to come, while the leaders of the two old parties play upon your *party prejudice*, keep you divided and rob all of you in the interest of such baby enterprises as the Steel Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Standard Oil Company, the Lumber Trust and the gigantic transportation companies.

Now when Congress has wrung from you, by such unjust methods as I have indicated, a treasury-full of money, that fund ought to be used for *your* benefit, shouldn't it?

Not a dollar should be wasted or



"The pot and the kettle will keep up the argument for many years to come."

misspent. To take your money to pay for automobiles that are used by department officers is wrong. Yet they do it. To use this money to pay for carriages, carriage drivers and carriage horses for Government officials in the Capital is wrong. Yet they do it.

The law permits the hire of "wagons" to transport freight in the Government service, and allows the employment of "laborers" to do the manual work in the departments.

But when these high and mighty men of the administration hide an automobile under the demure name of "wagon," and conceal their carriage drivers, flunkies and chauffeurs under the simple title of "laborers," a wrong has been done you—for the law never meant to tax you and your family for any such purpose.

You did not know that such things were going on, did you?

No, of course not. Why didn't the Democrats tell on the Republicans? Why didn't the Republicans tell on the Democrats?

My son, they did not tell on each other because in that misuse of your money, as in many instances of the same sort, they both are tarred with the same stick.

What one does the other does; and they think it best to say nothing to *you* about it.

* * * * *

Having a full and overflowing treasury, Congress decided to spend a portion of the money in hiring men to deliver free lectures to the Afro-Americans in Washington, D. C.

Why these negroes should be preferred to all others is a mystery. If it is right to take your money out of your pocket—money which is badly needed by your own family—and devote it to such a purpose as the employment of public lecturers for Afro-Americans, I cannot see why the Washington variety of that breed should monopolize the benefit. If you have got to be taxed to pay for public lectures for the blacks, why not pass the thing around? Why not give New York and Chicago some?

* * * * *

Evidently the Congress which represents *you* believed that the Washington negro was such a modest, not to say diffident, creature that he needed a national brace-up.

Did you ever happen to come in contact with a genuine *Washington negro?*

If that event has happened to brighten your earthly career, you will realize the necessity that was upon Congress to do something, and to do it quick, to keep the shrinking timidity of the Washington negro from degenerating into a racial weakness.

He is *so* shy, *so* lacking in self-esteem, self-assertiveness, bumptious self-importance, arrogant pretense and Good-as-you-if-not-better high-headedness!

Clearly, Congress did right to take some of your money to hire lecturers to talk to this quiveringly bashful Washington negro, with the view of elevating his estimate of himself.

Looking over the Washington *Post*, not long ago, I read with great attention the report of one of the free lectures which Congress gave to the

"The law never meant to tax you and your family for any such purpose."

Washington negroes at *your* expense. The lecturer of the evening was a certain gentleman styled "Lieutenant Thomas H. R. Clarke."

The *Post* represents him as being a veteran of our late arduous struggle with Spanish guns and Armour & Co.'s tin cans.

Having fortunately escaped the dangers of the bullets and of the embalmed beef, Lieutenant Clarke is now serving his country as a clerk in the Treasury Department.

Just why it was that the Argus-eyed Government, in looking for a lecturer for Washington negroes, singled out Lieutenant Clarke, it is nobody's business to know. It answers every legitimate purpose to say that he *was* selected, and that he lectured, and that *you* paid the bill. Selah.

Being a veteran of the arduous Spanish-Armour war, Clarke is, of course, chock full of marches, battles, sieges, corned beef, soups, potted ham, and a miscellaneous belligerency.

To expect of such a man that he would lecture on any other subject than that of war would be as unreasonable as to hope that Hobson might say a dozen words without mentioning a big navy.

Consequently, when the *cream dealer cream* of Afro-American society, in Washington, poured into the hall that evening to listen to the lecture which *you* paid for, Lieutenant Clarke was not only on deck in his most militant get-up, but his mind was bent upon war and warlike men—especially upon those great warriors of the negro race who have filled the world with their renown.

And who do you think headed Lieutenant Clarke's list of negro warriors?

You could not guess in a thousand trials.

It was Hannibal!

Yes, sir; the lecturer, whom *you* paid, did his level best to weed out from the character of the Washington

"It was Hannibal!"

negro his distressing diffidence by telling him that Hannibal, possibly the greatest of all the soldiers that ever lived, *was a negro!*

If it doesn't make you feel good, clear down in your boots, to learn that *your* Congress is spending *your* money to hire men to talk to the Washington negroes in *this* style, then you are, indeed, a hard man to please.

Lieutenant Clarke did not include Cæsar and Alexander in his list of negro warriors, and his omission to do so merits a mild censure.

When we taxpayers have to pay for public lectures nothing will satisfy us but thoroughness. We want no half-way business. Our lecturers must go the whole hog or none.

Alexander and Cæsar were just as much negroes as Hannibal, and Lieutenant Clarke should not have omitted their resplendent names. How can Washington negroes—the *aleet* of Afro-Americanism—be lifted out of the depths of their humility by Hannibal *alone?*

True, the great Carthaginian was a phenomenal soldier, but after all, he got whipped.

In this circumstance there is the dead fly of discouragement which leaves the Washington negro sinking into the soft mud of morbid diffidence. To lift him to firm ground where his automobile can go at ease, and his confidence in himself will suggest that he claim the whole sidewalk as he shoulders white women aside, the lecturers whom *you* pay should not stop at Hannibal.

Lieutenant Clarke should, by all means, add Alexander and Cæsar to the illustrious negroes who are on his list, and thus aid the Washington negro in the development of that attractive disposition and engaging manner which render him already an object of admiring affection to everybody that knows him.

If the common people of this country, the average taxpayers, could see the Washington negro as he actually is, and could realize how very much he needs Governmental patting on the back, they would not only be grateful to Congress for hiring lecturers, as aforesaid, but would peremptorily insist that the said lecturers throw in Napoleon Bonaparte, for good measure, in addition to Hannibal, Alexander and Cæsar.

If the Washington negroes have got to be fed on historical lies, at public expense, I think we might as well give them a bouncing big one while we are at it.

Napoleon was as full-blooded a negro as Hannibal; and while he also got whipped, his career might, in some slight degree, serve to stiffen the spine of that nerveless individual whom the Government is pampering at *your* expense—the Washington negro.

* * * * *

On Lieutenant Clarke's list of Great Commanders who were negroes I found at least one negro.

This was Toussaint L'Overture.

Toussaint *was* a negro, and *was* a Great Warrior—the equal, no doubt, of Osceola, Tecumseh, Pontiac and Sitting Bull.

He may have been as great a commander as the Shafters and Funstons who got fuss and feathers out of the war with Spain; and if Lieutenant Clarke honestly believes that he can inject confidence into the system of the Washington negro by telling him that Toussaint *was* the equal, as a war-

rior, of Shafter and Funston, I have no objection to his doing so.

Only, I think that if the Washington negroes crave lectures of that kind, they should pay the lecturer. I hardly think that the taxpayers should foot the bills for any such donkey business as free lectures of that description.

Editorial Comment

Our Supreme Court is a fine old institution. Its five to four judges are the wonders of the world. By tossing heads and tails, or by spitting at a mark, five of these old fellows (downing the other four) announce "decisions" which cry havoc throughout the world.

For instance, the nine Supreme Expounders of the Law recently had a tussle with the Divorce Question. Supreme Expounders *ought* to know the Law. If there *is* such a thing as knowing the Law, then the *nine* Supreme Expounders ought to all know it *alike*. Nevertheless and notwithstanding this self-evident proposition, the Supreme Expounders do *not* understand it *all alike*.

Such a state of things is depressing. When ignorant jurors disagree, we are not surprised. When a County Court rips up the legal opinions of a rural J. P., nobody marvels. When the Superior Court undoes everything that the County Court has done, we bow to the will of the law and the Lord, and cultivate the spirit of resignation.

When the State Supreme Court reverses the Superior Court, we think nothing of it, for what would be the good of the higher court if it did not keep a rod in pickle for the lower court?

And when the State Supreme Court reverses "its own self," now and then, what is *that* but an evidence of the fact that a Court, like a man, is fearfully and wonderfully made?

* * * * *

Not long ago the newspapers published an incident which happened in one of our United States.

A citizen, accused of a high crime, had been tried and convicted in a Court of Competent Jurisdiction. The lawyers carried the case to the Supreme Court of the State, and secured a reversal. The man was retried in the lower court and again convicted.

The lawyers traveled to the higher court again and again got a new trial.

For the third time the lower court wearily plodded through the process of a trial; and for a third time the accused was convicted.

Buoyantly, the lawyers arose and journeyed once more to the higher court. For the third time, that august tribunal found a hair in the soup, and the whole kettle of soup was upset on account of that one hair.

When the case was called a fourth time in the court below, the judge had it stricken from the docket. Disgusted, discouraged, indignant, he swore that he wouldn't bother with the case any longer. Consequently, a convicted criminal escaped punishment *because* the Supreme Court kept insisting that the whole house should be torn down, on account of one nail in the weather-boarding which had not been driven in straight.

* * * * *

But, as I was intimating, our greatest court, the Supreme Court of the United States, does not seem to be any more able to agree upon *what is the Law* than a J. P., a County Judge, a Superior Court Judge or a state Supreme Court. It is the rarest thing in the world for The Supreme Expounders to harmonize the style of argument addressed to them in the famous Income Tax Case indicated that Joseph Choate and his associates took the Supreme Expounders to be the commonest variety of mortals, accessible to stump-speech appeals, to class prejudice and to political passion.

The decision "handed down" by a five-to-four vote proved that Choate had sized his men up about right.

But as to the question of Divorce: The Supreme Expounders have decided by a vote of five to four that a legal divorce cannot be granted unless the defendant be a resident of the state in which the suit was brought and within the jurisdiction of the court.

Thus thousands of *bona-fide* suits for divorce, brought under statutory provisions, and acted upon by all parties as legal, are rendered null and void.

Women who honestly believe themselves to be wives are not wives, though living with men whom they call husband.

Children, born in what was thought to be lawful wedlock, are bastardized. Innumerable complications are precipitated upon thousands of innocent people who were guided by able lawyers, who followed the plain letter of the law, who were acting in good faith with the court and with the defendant, and who now find that the state laws under which they proceeded are not considered valid by the five Supreme Expounders that outvote the four.

* * * * *

According to this fool decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, there was never any legal marriage of Andrew Jackson to Rachel Robards.

Captain Lewis Robards lived in Kentucky. His wife lived in Tennessee. The divorce which Captain Robards secured from his wife was authorized by the Legislature of Virginia, and granted by a jury in what is now Kentucky.

There were no proceedings in Tennessee at all. Mrs. Robards was not served and did not appear and plead. In other words, the divorce case against her proceeded, *ex parte*, in another state.

According to the five-to-four decision just proclaimed, Captain Robards committed adultery when he married another woman, and their children were bastards. Not only that, he was guilty of bigamy.

Rachel Robards, the wife who *thought* she had been divorced, and who *thought* she had become Andrew Jackson's wife, was *not* his wife, but, through an honest mistake of law and fact, lived with him in a criminal relation.

And Andrew Jackson, who *thought* Rachel was his wife, and who loved her devotedly as such, had no wife at all, but only a paramour.

According to the five Supreme Expounders, one of the greatest of our Presidents defiled the White House by occupying it for eight years with a woman to whom he was not married; and whose legal husband could have *truthfully* accused her—if the decision in question is good law—of "living in adultery with another man, to wit, Andrew Jackson."

* * * * *

When you open one of those brightly labeled tin cans which come from the packing-houses of Chicago, you never know what kind of meat, or soup, or "extract" you are going to fire into your stomach.

It may be a part of one of Armour's consumptive cows, or of his cholera-killed hogs. It may be a portion of gangrened beef that was treated with chemicals before it was canned. It may be a rotten ham that was dosed on boric acid. And when you come to *Sausage*—but, as the preacher would say, "Why dwell?"

* * * * *

During that ever-memorable war with Spain, our Army was shot at by the enemy with all the missiles of Christian warfare, but not much hurt.

The real damage inflicted upon the American soldiers was done by the Chicago Beef Trust. The deadly tin can of Armour and his fellow-murderers was the missile that laid our gallant soldiers low.

The Spaniards, armed with guns, fought us by land and sea, fired upon us from ship and shore, *but could only slay a few hundreds*—LESS THAN THREE HUNDRED!

The Armour Packing Company, and similar murderous money-hunters, went into our camps as friends—*not* as enemies—to feed our men, *not* to slaughter them; yet the deadly tin can, filled with putrid meat or poisonous

"The Armour Packing Company went into our camps as friends."

chemicals, *struck down the American soldiers by the thousand.*

The packing-houses of Chicago did us more harm, during the war, than the combined armies and navies of Spain.

If our Government had been smart, it would have let Spain buy canned goods from Armour and his confederates.

After Armour's tin cans had enfiladed the stomachs of the Spaniards for a month or so, Cuba wouldn't have seemed to them to be worth a struggle.

If *ever* we have another war, I am in favor of letting the Chicago packers feed the enemy.

Armour can kill them off faster with his tin-can batteries than our battleships could ever hope to do.

* * * * *

The Hearst newspapers have thrown the stand-patters into a flutter and flurry by proposing that the Government *waive* its custom house duties on building material, in order that the stricken city may rise out of its ashes without having to pay heavy tribute to the Steel Trust and kindred piratical combinations. Of course the stand-patters lustily protest. The sacred Tariff must not be touched, not even to relieve such dire distress as that which exists at San Francisco.

The stand-patters claim that the Government *can't* waive the Tariff—not even by act of Congress. In the most ludicrous manner, they appeal to the Constitution to protect them against any such partiality on behalf of the desolate city.

Yet it has not been a great while since, *in that very port of San Francisco*, an eminent dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church was graciously permitted to evade the payment of Tariff duties upon certain precious personal belongings of his.

The entire Tariff system was set aside for the benefit of this eminent dignitary of the Church. In courtly phrase, the officials who did this gracious act called it "extending the *courtesy of the port.*"

* * * * *

Another instance occurs to me:

Some years ago the Khedive of Egypt sent to this country a magnificent gift of diamonds for Miss Minnie Sherman, daughter of General W. T. Sherman.

If I am not mistaken, the jewels came through the port of San Francisco. At any rate, the law demanded a large

sum of money as Tariff upon these diamonds, and General Sherman did not feel inclined to pay it. Congress was appealed to, and a resolution was speedily passed, waiving the whole Tariff system in favor of Miss Minnie Sherman.

But then, you see, the Tariff upon diamonds did not affect such infant industries as the Steel Trust and our other baby enterprises which the standpat congressmen are elected to "protect."

* * * * *

Have you read Senator La Follette's speech on the railroad rate question?

It is a great speech, and if you are interested in that subject you would do well to write him for a copy.

* * * * *

Senator Bailey, of Texas, has thoroughly impressed Messrs. Spooner and Knox with the fact that they must look to their laurels. His speech on the constitutionality of his proposition to clip the claws of the Federal Courts was a masterpiece.

* * * * *

An attempt will be made to get the Federal Government to endorse $200,000,000 of 5 per cent. bonds to be issued by San Francisco.

Congress should not authorize a measure so illegal and so dangerous.

The Government should not go security for the debts of any individual or corporation. All such propositions lead to grave abuses of the powers and resources of the Government.

The untaxed capitalists of the country would be glad to get 5 per cent. bonds, guaranteed by the United States, as an investment for their money.

National Bankers will favor such bonds as a support to their system of privilege.

Therefore, powerful influences will be exerted in favor of the scheme. But every member of Congress who votes for the measure should be marked for punishment by his constituents.

* * * * *

President Roosevelt is discovering that the Morris incident is hard to hush up. When that disgraceful act of brutality was committed by his man Barnes, Mr. Roosevelt should have promptly disavowed it, and expressed his regrets. Had he done so, he would have risen in the esteem of his countrymen. No one, who is at heart a gentleman, approves of personal violence inflicted upon a helpless woman. No manly man shrinks from apology when wrong has been done by himself, or by those in his employ.

The employees of the President were guilty of personal violence, in the White House, to a lady who had gone there to see the President on business.

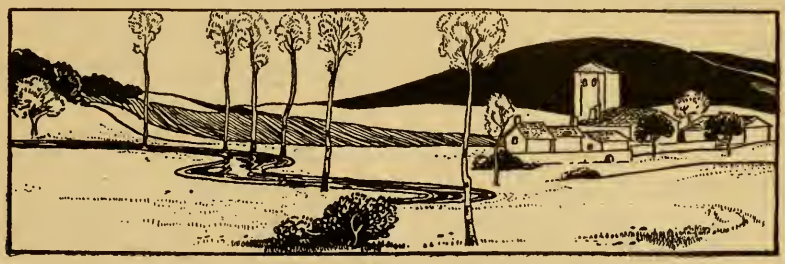
She had the right to go there. She had the right to see him. When refused an audience, she would have done better to retire, than to say she would wait until she *could* get a hearing, but her continued presence in the public reception room was not a very heinous fault. She was doing no harm to anybody. There was no danger to be apprehended from her remaining in the room till closing hours. Had she been the wife of Booker Washington, or Judson Lyons, or Dr. Crum, or Bishop Turner, it is dollars to doughnuts that Roosevelt's white and black niggers would not have fallen upon her in the violent and brutal way that they fell upon poor Mrs. Morris.

For the outrageous assault committed upon the person of Mrs. Morris Mr. Roosevelt should have entered a disclaimer and an apology. By so doing, he would have righted himself in the eyes of everyone, excepting, possibly, that most contemptible cur, Congressman Hull, the brother of the lady who was the victim in the case.

When Mr. Roosevelt endorsed the conduct of the brutes and refused all expression of regret to the lady, when he rewarded the chief brute, Barnes, by giving him a choice appointment, when he apparently made use of patronage in other directions to hush up a scandal, he put himself in a false position that is sure to work him vexation and harm.

Senator Tillman deserves the thanks of the womanhood of the country for

the dauntless manner in which he has endeavored to drag forth into the open the ugly facts of this infamous affair, and to expose the culprits to the public censure which should lash them with its whips of scorn.



The Songs

BY THOMAS WALSH

WOULD God some little song might come
To hearts of men—as in the spring
The birds confide to branches numb
In April's earliest blossoming—
Till parched lips, no longer dumb,
With Life's melodious floods might ring,
Ah, would the song might come!

But gone is boyhood from the heart,—
For all the bright dream-armies fade;
Knights, saints and troubadours depart,
The shepherd swains, the lily maids.
Ah, minstrel, where thine oldtime art
To flood with tender serenades
The windows of the heart!

I would some giant song might wake
And o'er earth's coasts gloom-haunted throw
A surge Time's citadels to shake
And cast his funeral tapers low;
A song of triumph that should break
In thunder through the vales of woe,
I would such song might wake!

Then through earth's cities shall the cry
Proclaim the long-appointed days
Of gladsome beauty. Hates shall die;
Craft yield the soul its rightful praise;
The high fates put their terrors by
And man walk chainless on Life's ways.
Ah, God, to hear that cry!

Two Reporters Try High Finance

BY THOMAS HENRY TIBBLES

TWO reporters in Omaha got into a hot discussion over that everlasting question of money. They did not have much money themselves, but their war of words was just as fierce as if they were both millionaires. One was known in the office by the name of Uncle Ben, because at one time he had the children's page, and the other was called the Tramp, because his assignments had for a long time taken him to the extremes of the city. They were very great friends, and very fond of playing jokes on each other.

Uncle Ben had had a windfall. An old aunt died and willed him a vacant lot in the city. He declared he was going to build a house on it, be a landlord and a plutocrat and have some standing in the world. How he was going to get the money to build a house no one knew, but he kept declaring most positively that he was going to build that house, for if he did not, that lot would have to be placed on the debit, instead of the credit side of his ledger. He said he had found out what his aunt had paid for that lot ten years ago, had gone to the courthouse and figured up the taxes she had paid during that time, and the taxes amounted to more than the increase in the value of the lot. He was not going to allow a dead aunt to impose a burden on him that would take part of his salary every year. She had never liked him, and he supposed that she had taken that way to get even with him; but he was going to change that account from the debit to the credit side of his ledger by building a house on it and renting it.

One day the Tramp said to him: "You had better attend to your run, get your stuff in on time and stop that talk about building a house. How are you going to build a house when you have no money to build it with?"

"On credit," proudly answered Uncle Ben. "Credit is the greatest thing in the world. More than 95 per cent. of all business in the world is transacted on credit. I am going to use that mighty engine of modern civilization to build a house."

"You are, are you?" said the Tramp. "Credit is the greatest thing in the world!" The Tramp blew a long, low whistle, and then continued: "You know Helmer, the watchman down at the U. P. depot. He tried that game about twenty years ago here in Omaha. He started a drygoods store on credit—that is, he deposited his note in the bank and got permission to draw checks on the bank for that amount. In the bank statement his note appeared as a deposit of $10,000, and Helmer went into business. Then he went into bankruptcy, and just escaped the penitentiary through the skill of his lawyer, and he owes that lawyer half of his fee yet. That will be the end of your credit business, only you will land in the penitentiary, for you haven't money enough to give a lawyer a retainer fee to keep you out."

"Did Helmer have any money at all of his own?" asked Uncle Ben.

"Yes," said the Tramp, "a few hundred dollars that he had saved from his salary as superintendent of a department in a big store, and if he had put that at interest, adding to it what he could save from his salary every month, he would have been well off now, instead

of sitting up nights as watchman down at a railroad station.

"Well, if I don't build that house, that lot will ruin me," Uncle Ben replied.

"I can tell you how you can transfer it to the other side of the ledger," said the Tramp. "Sell it. You can get nearly a thousand dollars for it. The greatest thing in the world is not credit. It is interest. Put the money at interest. Wise men get interest and fools pay it. I've got seven hundred dollars at interest and I began with only fifty dollars. I'm the one that is going to be a plutocrat and you are starting toward the penitentiary. Many tiers of cells in the penitentiary are filled with bankers and others who tried to do business with credit, but the men who get interest ride in automobiles and take summer outings in private yachts."

"I don't care what you say," answered Uncle Ben. "I am going to build that house on credit."

A few days afterward the two reporters were walking along the street when the Tramp said: "Let us go into that cigar store and get some cigars."

"But I haven't a cent of money," Uncle Ben replied.

"All right," said the Tramp, "it's my treat," and the two walked in.

Uncle Ben, in the lead, went up to the counter, asked for his favorite brand of cigars, and took one from the box the dealer handed to him.

The Tramp went on down to the other end of the counter, selected a cigar and turning on his heel was about to pass out of the door when Uncle Ben called to him and said: "Here, you haven't paid for the cigar that I got."

The Tramp gave Uncle Ben a stony stare and replied: "Who are you? What are you talking about?"

"Come now," said Uncle Ben. "None of your nonsense. You know that you asked me in to have a cigar and I haven't a cent of money with me."

"You can't work that game on me," replied the Tramp. "I've seen it played too many times. Use your credit. That's 'the greatest thing in the world.'" Then the Tramp stepped outside of the door, the cigar dealer stepped in front of it, and told Uncle Ben that he could not leave the store until he paid for that cigar.

Uncle Ben tried to explain, said if the cigar dealer would let him go out on the street, he would find someone in less than five minutes who knew him and he would get the money. At last he handed the dealer his card, but nothing would satisfy the man but the cash. Finally an acquaintance of Uncle Ben came in and handed him a dollar. All this time the Tramp had been on the outside, looking through the window, enjoying the situation immensely; but when Uncle Ben stepped out, the Tramp started down the street as if the devil were at his heels.

The two reporters met in the office the next day, and neither alluded to the affair at all. When the other reporters heard of the trick, they told the Tramp that he had better keep on watch, but the only revenge that Uncle Ben seemed to take was whenever he saw the Tramp talking to some respectable-looking man, to walk up and in a pitiful voice say to the Tramp: "You couldn't pay that fifty cents you owe me, could you?"

Some weeks passed away and the matter seemingly had been forgotten. The two reporters were still great friends, always joking with each other. One night after the paper had gone to press and just as the first rays of the sun were shooting up in the east, the two were standing on the corner of Farnam and Sixteenth Streets waiting for a car to take them home. All at once Uncle Ben said: "I will have to go back to the office. I left my pocketbook and everything else in my desk. I haven't even a nickel to pay my street-car fare."

"Never mind," said the Tramp. "Here's a quarter. It's all I have with me, but it will pay both fares," and he handed it over to Uncle Ben.

The two reporters entered the car, each taking a separate seat, one behind the other. There were not many

passengers that early in the morning. Like the reporters, they were all night workers, and tired and silent. Presently the conductor came along and Uncle Ben paid his fare. Then the representative of the great corporation asked the Tramp for his fare.

"Didn't that man pay it?" asked the Tramp, pointing to Uncle Ben.

"No, he did not," said the conductor, still standing with his hand outstretched.

The Tramp leaned forward, took hold of Uncle Ben's shoulder, gave him a shake and said: "If you did not give the conductor my fare, why don't you do it?"

Uncle Ben glared at the Tramp and said to the conductor: "I call on you for protection from that reprobate. It is your duty to protect the passengers from insult."

"Come, now," said the Tramp, "don't make a fool of yourself before the whole car. You know that I just gave you a quarter to pay our fares with."

"Conductor," said Uncle Ben, "that fellow is a dangerous man. I should not wonder if he were one of these holdup men. At least keep your eye on him. He may attempt to hold up the whole car if he fails with me."

The Tramp settled back in his seat with a look of despair on his face, and the conductor extended his hand and asked for the fare again.

"Look here, now," said the Tramp, "that fellow is a chum of mine and he is playing a dirty, mean trick on me. I haven't a cent with me, but here is a fountain pen; I'll give you that until tomorrow as security for my fare and come and redeem it."

"Have no use for fountain pens," said the conductor. "Fare, please."

In his lap the Tramp had quite a large package. He held that out to the conductor and said. "There are five pounds of the best porterhouse steak. I tender that for my fare."

"Porterhouse steak is not legal tender in these United States," replied the conductor. "Hand me over a nickel or off you go."

"Neither you nor the company can eat a nickel," replied the Tramp, "and you can eat that porterhouse steak."

That was too abstruse a proposition in political economy for the conductor to understand. He simply put out his hand again and said: "Fare, please."

Not a word was said for a minute or two, but at last the conductor lost patience and said: "You pay your fare or off you go."

A moment or two afterward he pulled the bell rope, the car stopped and he shoved the Tramp along the passageway, down the steps and off the car. Then he did begin to tramp in a very realistic way. The streets were unpaved and muddy and he was nearly two miles from his home.

The next day when the two reporters met in the office, they stood and glared at each other for a full minute. At last Uncle Ben said: "Call it even?"

"As to the carfare and the cigar, I will," replied the Tramp, "provided——"

"Provided what?" asked Uncle Ben.

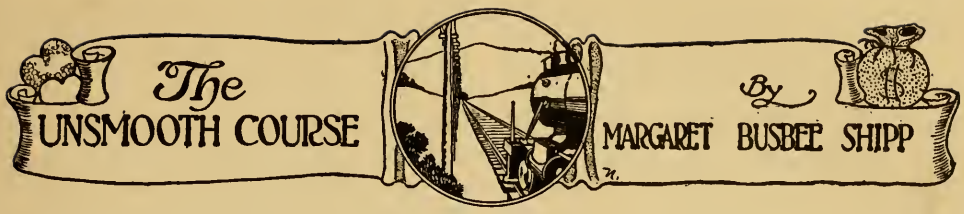
"Provided you will renounce your assertion that credit is the greatest thing in the world."

"I will," said Uncle Ben. "I've changed my mind. The greatest thing in the world is 'legal tender.'"

Its Altered Status

LITTLE CLARENCE—Papa, what is the Golden Rule?

MR. CALLIPERS—Well—er—h'm—at any rate, my son, it is not what it used to be.



"JACK, you must temper your buoyancy to a sedate cheerfulness. Now that our engagement is announced, you simply invite the comment, 'What can John Finley see in her to make him look so radiant?'"

Marian's reprimand was belied by the tender pride of her smile. She had reined up by the sidewalk when she caught sight of him, and now she moved for him to take the place beside her in the cart.

"I'm afraid I can't achieve that quiet serenity as long as I'm beside you. I feel as if the earth belonged to me today, and, as that is too big a possession to squeeze into a cab, I was walking to the station."

"Confess, were you thinking of me or of my steel rival?"

"Of both. Aren't you the reason I care so much about the railroad? I shall be back Thursday, probably, and shall see you that evening. I hope I'll bring the best possible news for us —sweetheart, that 'us' is so new and so delicious—I have hated the thought of taking you from the comfort of your father's home to drudge along with me, but now I don't think I'll have to ask that sacrifice."

"Do you know, Jack, it sounds silly —sentimental, if you please—but I rather grudge the quick success! I had dreams of being a real helpmate to you. But don't think I'm quarreling with your plans—you've worked so hard, you deserve the success I'm sure you will have. I'll put you out here; Vixen has such impetuous manners toward trains. Good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye, and bless you!"

He strode through the station, found a seat in the train, and opened his morning paper. A few minutes later he was interrupted by a shrill voice calling his name.

"Tel'gram fur yer! Office boy said if I'd hike on my bike I might nab you in time. Sign quick, train's 'bout movin'. T'anks."

Finley received too many telegrams for the yellow envelope to bring a chill of apprehension. The smile still lingered in his eyes, and he was humming a bar from the opera to which Marian and he had gone the evening before, as he tore open the envelope.

Mother taken suddenly ill. Pneumonia. Doctor fears you cannot reach here in time.
ISABEL.

Over and over he read it, dazed and stricken.

His little mother—he must go to her at once—but the conference, the railroad. . . . Then he forced himself to think quietly and clearly of the situation.

He was due at X Junction at noon where he was to meet the president and the chief engineer of the new railroad. That the railroad would pass through Maxton, a thriving town, and the terminus of the Z. & Y. Railroad, was considered a foregone conclusion. The village of Rillsboro was not on any railroad, but it was directly in the path of the line now building, and the chief engineer had advised the straight route rather than the curve through Maxton. The *Enterprise* declared that it was merely a feint to make Maxton take stock, but she had called the bluff by the offer of a liberal subscription.

Finley had been quietly at work for five years, since a time when the coming of the new road seemed but a nebulous possibility. From an uncle he had inherited a private toll-road, which had been built between X

Junction and Rillsboro, but with the coming of the Z. & Y. the inhabitants of the Junction had gradually drifted to Maxton, until the toll-road ceased to pay, and, finally, to be used. But there it lay, a strip of twenty-four miles of level roadbed, to which Finley could give the right of way.

Rillsboro, at the confluence of two streams, with fine water power, and magnificent forests, had every facility for manufacturing. Finley had bought the best milling site in the town, and had secured an option on a large tract of virgin forest. It would cost the management less to build through Rillsboro, and, once in touch with the outside world, Finley believed its growth would outstrip Maxton's. Believing absolute secrecy an essential to success, he had employed no legal adviser, and, as he was a civil engineer, he had surveyed the course for himself. There was no one to whom he could delegate the work. The committee from Maxton was to meet him in the president's private car that day. Finley had looked forward with keen delight to the discussion, so sure was he of the force of the arguments he could marshal. But the men who were there to decide the matter would hardly remain, switched off in their car at a cross-roads junction, while he went to his mother. Sentiment and business are the oil and water of life; the success of those who try to mix them has not been conspicuous. If he were not at the conference at the appointed hour, the road would go to Maxton, and the work, the hope, the ambition of five years in a moment would be obliterated.

He tore a leaf from his notebook and wrote hurriedly:

I received the inclosed telegram just as I was leaving. The doctor thinks I could not reach home in time; and I feel that I have no right to choose a course by which you would suffer. The restrictions and hardships of narrow means would fall heaviest upon you. Besides, there are the people of Rillsboro, whom I have grown to regard as my friends, and whose interests I cannot sacrifice. Mother would be the first to advise that my future belongs to my promised wife. Shall see you at the earliest possible moment.

Always wholly yours,
J. F.

He gave it to the porter to mail, and while the hours slipped toward noon he sat staring vacantly at his paper, seeing only a little face framed in the softest white hair, with a certain wistful childishness in the eyes.

How she had retained the subtle and ineffable quality of youth, through her sympathy with younger lives! John was but a baby of three months when his father died, leaving the wife little save the memory of happy years. Yet she had wonderfully contrived to wrest comfort for a small brood out of that slender income. It seemed to the man as if he could hear her sweet "God bless you!" to each in turn as she tucked them into bed. Night was her miracle time, when old things must be made new, so they must go to sleep very quickly, and in the morning . . . When it came, muddied shoes would be standing in a polished row, the buttons off George's blouse would be in place again, torn stockings would be darned, Isabel's hair-ribbon would be pressed smooth and fresh, and only a search could determine which leg of Jack's trousers had caught on the nail. The tenderness she had lavished on their childhood, the loving comradeship when they were older grown, the education which was the fruit of her unremitting self-denial—but how estimate the largess she has poured out every day of her life?

He thought of what their old minister had said of her, "the soul of a soldier and the laugh of a girl." He was never to hear her laugh again—his mother!

"Junction nex' station, suh. Take yo' grip?" asked the porter.

Then suddenly John Finley knew that he was not going to X, that there would be no railroad to Rillsboro, nor luxuries to offer his wife. What he had mistaken for a decision had been the last flight of ambition and self-interest. He was going to his mother.

Nothing else was conceivable. Oh, God, if he might only be in time!

It was dusk when the train pulled in at the familiar station, but he discerned his brother, impatiently walking to and fro on the platform, waiting for him.

"Mother is quite conscious at intervals." George answered the question the other's lips could not frame. "She is constantly asking for you. She told the doctor today, 'I can't go even to my husband until I've seen Jack once again.'"

He drew up at the door before George had finished giving the details of her sudden illness. Isabel met them on the threshold, the quiet bravery of her face making the brothers suddenly recognize her likeness to their mother.

"Her mind is wandering again—she has been talking of dressing a doll for me, of the first day George went to school, and just as I came out she spoke of 'Frog-eye' Martin, as you boys used to call him. Don't you remember that big bully who cut you so badly, Jack?"

Following Isabel, they slipped noiselessly into their mother's room. The slight face was moving restlessly on the pillow. John leaned down to listen to the low words:

"Oh, Father, let no root of bitterness spring up in my heart nor in my children's. It is so easy to love and to forgive—except when anyone hurts Jack!"

He bent over and kissed her. She opened her eyes; recognition and a wonderful joy leaped to them.

"*Baby mine!*"

All John Finley's life he would hold that flawless memory, the ultimate tenderness, the exquisite happiness, in his mother's face as her heart linked all his childhood and manhood in the little name of long ago.

One weak hand fluttered to touch his bronzed cheek, even as, when he lay on her breast, his baby fingers had strayed against her face.

A sweet and holy peace rested upon the hearts of the sons and daughter as they kept their last watch together until the dawn, when the frail body could no longer hold the dominant soul.

Pacing in his mother's garden, among the old-fashioned, shell-pink roses, and the box hedges glistening in the early dew, John Finley's thoughts were abruptly brought back to a consciousness of the outside world.

A messenger brought a telegram, and, opening it, he read the curt lines:

> Cannot see you. Am leaving for some time. Please do not write until you hear from me. MARIAN WESTERLEY.

It was directed to him at his home, so Marian must have learned of his change of plan. He suddenly recalled that he had forgotten, in the tumult of his mind, to send her a second message.

He had noticed, subconsciously, the morning paper lying on the doorstep, and he went in search of it now. Headlines across the front page ran: "Railroad Passes Through Maxton."

The evening papers must have contained the same news, so that was how Marian had learned that he had not stopped at X. Her cold command in his darkest hour was practically the severing of their engagement; he realized that. Not for an instant did he accuse the girl he loved of being mercenary.

"She's above that. It's some inscrutable woman's reason. Perhaps she feels that in sacrificing her interests I have proved that she is not my first thought. But, whatever the reason may be, it's final. Marian doesn't jump at conclusions, but, when she reaches them, they're immovable."

He made one or two turns about the garden, his mind too chaotic with pain for definite thought. He heard Isabel's voice calling him, and tried to straighten his face to betray nothing. What did life hold for him? In a few short hours he had lost everything which made it worth the living.

No, not everything, he was still thankful with every fibre of his being that he had not forfeited his birthright,

that he had not bartered his mother's last blessing.

Isabel's boy was coming in search of him.

"Uncle Jack, mother says somebody is waiting for you in the parlor."

The room seemed dark after the radiant sunshine out of doors, and for a moment he could not distinguish his visitor. Just a moment—for, in another, two arms were around his neck, and Marian, all the guard of her reserve swept away, was pouring incoherent words of tenderness, sympathy and love against his breast.

"Oh, sweetheart, did you get that telegram?" she asked when she was calmer. "I took the night train, hoping to reach here before it was delivered. When your note came, when I thought you could use the selflessness of your dying mother as an excuse for your selfishness—oh, God, the anguish of it! Womanhood, yes, motherhood, cried out against what I believed you had done. I meant never to see you again when I sent that telegram. When the evening paper came, and I saw that you had not been at the conference, I wired to X about my message, only to find that the operator there had just repeated it to you. Then I persuaded father to bring me here. He is in the other room with your sister. Oh, Jack, I had so nearly lost you forever, and in the hardest way to bear! How light is any suffering compared with the soul's failure! Don't bother about the railroad, darling. I don't care anything about it, for I have you and my faith in you!"

He held her to him, his heart breathing a prayer to be true to the ideals of the two women who loved him. Then he led her into the room where his mother lay, as if asleep, with a spray of old-fashioned roses in her quiet hands.

The day came when the Z. & Y. extended its line to Rillsboro and the growth and development that followed surpassed Finley's most sanguine expectations and justified the dogged determination with which he had held on to his property there. Because of the increasing needs of their children, he and his wife rejoiced in the easement the future promised. But John had learned meantime the sweetness there lies in work companioned by a loyal and large-hearted woman, and he counted it not the least of his many blessings that he had waited ten years before the railroad came to Rillsboro.

A New Englander and the Negro

BY JOHN C. REED

HERBERT SPENCER somewhere says that the highest type of mind retains "modifiability of belief" to the last. Such is very rare. Not many parallels can be found to Sir Robert Peel's repudiation of the theory sustaining the Corn Laws, nor to Lyell's adoption of natural selection which had been demonstrated by Darwin, a man much younger than himself. It seems to me that Charles Francis Adams's change of opinion is fully as striking as either of the two mentioned. In the *Century* for May he publishes an article entitled, "Reflex Light from Africa." In this he tells of what he saw in Africa last year. Consider the following quotations:

"What gleam of supposable light does a brief visit to the White Nile throw on our home problem? A good deal—perhaps! In the first place, looking about me among Africans in Africa—far removed from that American

environment to which I have been accustomed—the scales fell from my eyes. I found myself most impressed by a realizing sense of the appalling amount of error and cant in which we of the United States have indulged on this topic. We have actually wallowed in a bog of self-sufficient ignorance—especially we philanthropists and theorists of New England. We do so still. Having eyes we will not see.

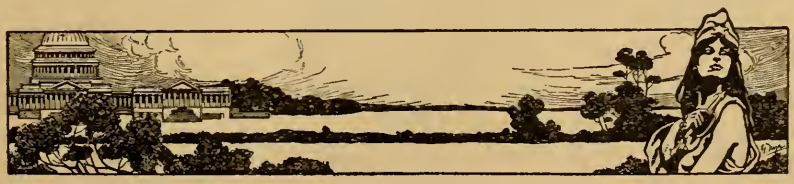
"One has but to read Baker's account of the conditions which prevailed in the Soudan anterior to 1890 to appreciate the utter fallacy of the theoretical rights-of-man and philanthropical African-and-brother doctrines. In plain vernacular English—they are all 'rot'—'rot' which I myself have indulged in to a considerable extent, and in face of observable facts which would not down, have had to outgrow."

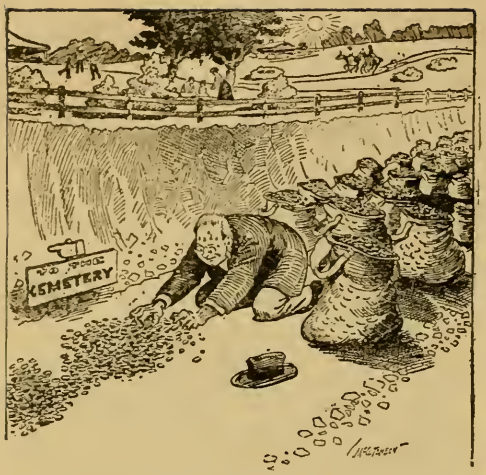
I do not disparage the rest of this article by failing here to quote further. I think it is the ablest discussion of the ethnological difference between the African and the Caucasian which I have ever observed. The editor of the *Century*, vouching as his authority Professor Franz Boas, courageously disparages the force of Mr. Adams's article. What Professor Boas asserts as cardinal facts, and the conclusions he draws, are wide of the mark. The real question is, What shall we do with that great mass of negroes in the Southern States, exposed as they are to the political and industrial competition of vastly stronger rivals in the same body politic? One may admit with Professor Boas all that he says in making "the primitive negro community" "a model of thrift and industry," and the achievements in government and institutions which have been made in parts of Africa, and yet demonstrate that these facts throw no light at all on what I have just stated to be the all-important question. It is probable that Professor Boas would claim that if the negro were left to himself in Africa without external interference he would in time develop high civilization and good government. Suppose that to be true, how does it enlighten us upon our problem? There can be nothing in the South like the independent evolution of the negro just supposed.

Far more illuminating is this language of Mr. Adams; "The white man and the black man cannot flourish together, the latter being considerable in number, under the same system of government. Drawing apart, they will assuredly become antagonistic, an opposite theory can be maintained, and will work with more or less friction where the whites greatly dominate and the black element is a negligible quantity; when, however, the black predominates, the theory breaks down, and some practicable solution is reached not in conformity with it. As Hamlet was led to observe, in a quite different connection, 'This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.'"

Mr. Adams expresses no opinion upon the plan of segregating the negroes into their own state, which I earnestly advocate in my late book, "The Brothers' War." But for all that I believe that I can rightly claim him as that one who, of the many now beginning to side with me, is my most powerful ally.

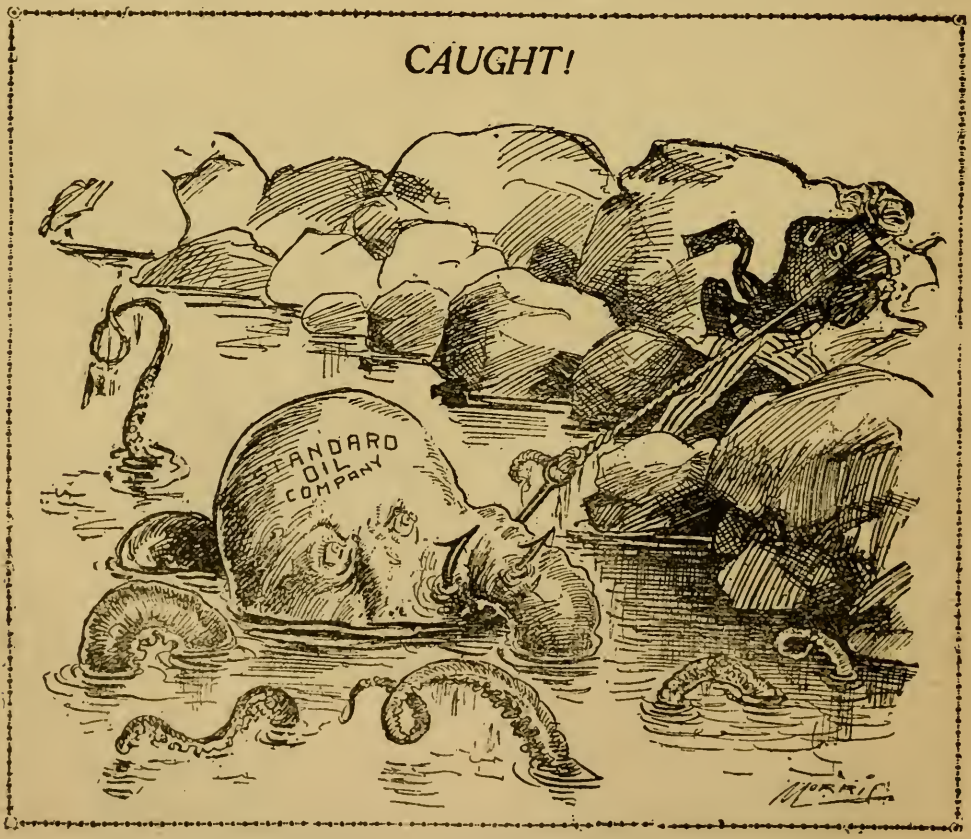
I must emphasize the suggested parallel between San Domingo and British government of Egypt, what is said of our treatment of the Philippines, and the closing section of the article on the "Veiled Protectorate." In all these Mr. Adams shows the ripest political wisdom and ablest statesmanship.





As Bad as the Muck-Rake Man Is the Man Who Looks no Higher than Money.
McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune

Paying the San Francisco Losses
R. D. Handy, in Duluth News-Tribune



Caught!

Morris, in Spokane Spokesman-Review

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BY THOMAS E. WATSON.

(*Copyright 1906 by Thomas E. Watson.*)

ANDREW JACKSON was born on March 15, 1767.

There has been a hot dispute over the place of his birth, but the weight of the legal evidence favors South Carolina.

His parents were immigrants from the northern part of Ireland, where the people are mainly Presbyterians in religion, and where there is an intermixture of Scotch blood; but there seems to be no positive proof that the Jacksons belonged to the over-worked family of Scotch-Irish.

They were poor people, living at Carrickfergus, linen weavers by trade, and, if any one of them had ever been prominent in any way, the story is lost. The most painstaking researches made by enthusiastic hero-worshipers have failed to trace the Jackson lineage to a single cattle-lifting lord, or to any other member of that upper world into which the biographical snob is so eager to cast his anchor.

The Jacksons were plain, common, industrious, honest folks, who held a respectable, independent place in their own community, but who were not so prosperous as to resist the temptation to try their fortunes in the New World.

Hugh Jackson, brother to Andrew's father, had been a soldier in a British regiment, and had served in America. He was present at Braddock's defeat, and may have known Fausett, the Virginia scout, who is said to have given the rash British general the wound of which he died. (*See note.*)

Apparently, Hugh Jackson became interested in the efforts of the Catawba Land Company to colonize its holdings in the Carolinas, for upon his return to Ireland he began to get together a band of kinspeople, neighbors and friends, for the purpose of emigrating to America.

Among those whom Hugh Jackson persuaded was his brother, Andrew. But, before everything could be got ready for the voyage, Hugh Jackson fell in love with the daughter of well-to-do parents, and married her: and the wife of Hugh was so satisfactory in herself and her surroundings that the happy husband decided to remain in the old country—his wife having vetoed his emigration scheme.

His brother Andrew, however, had probably already made his arrangements to go to America, and, having got unsettled, found it not so easy to sink back into his former life: therefore, after some hesitation, he and the three Crawfords, one of whom was the husband of his wife's sister, took ship for Charleston.

Upon his coming to North Carolina, it seems that Andrew Jackson was too poor to buy land. Instead, therefore, of locating in the Waxhaws Settlement, where most of the immigrants from Carrickfergus had bought homes,

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Note:

"The Virginia provincials, under Washington, by their knowledge of border warfare, and cool courage, alone saved the day.

Braddock was himself mortally wounded by a provincial named Fausett. A brother of the latter had disobeyed the silly orders of the General, that the troops should not take positions behind the trees, when Braddock rode up and struck him down. Fausett, who saw the whole transaction, immediately drew up his rifle and shot him through the lungs."

"*The Great West,*" *Howe.*

he went to Twelve-mile Creek, a branch of the Catawba.

Here he was seven miles distant from the Waxhaws Settlement, and was face to face with the gigantic task of carving out a farm from the wilderness.

The historian, the orator, the painter, have been eager in the duty of blazoning the deeds of our pioneer missionaries, law-makers and soldiers. The names of these heroes live, and deserve to live, in letters of light upon the records of our country. But, to our pioneer farmers, justice has never been done. Theirs was a combat calling for every soldierly trait of John Smith and Miles Standish. The patient courage which swung the axe, in the depths of primeval woods, was no less heroic than the bravery which made the musket conquer. The toil of the warrior's march was slight by comparison with the homely, but exhausting, work of preparing the soil for the sowing of seed. The arrows of the red men were not more deadly to the soldier than were the fevers which rose from the swamps and pulled down the settler as he struggled to open out his farm.

In the South, in the East, in the West, the story of the pioneer plowman of America is one of dauntless courage, of quiet heroism. He found the New World a wilderness and he has well-nigh made it a garden. His axe, his spade, his hoe, his plow, his muscle, his brain, his very heart and soul have all been enlisted in the work; and never once have his lips uttered the craven's plea for "Protection." Never once has he gone to the doors of legislation begging special favors. Never once has he lied to government and people for the purpose of securing a selfish advantage at the expense of his fellow-man.

No. He has not only not demanded of the government either Protection or Privilege, but he has submitted—yes, for one hundred years he has submitted! —to be robbed of a portion of his annual produce in order that our Infant Industry Capitalists should be able to build up the corporate power which now, in the form of Trusts, dominates the Republic and secures the lion's share of all the wealth created in every field of industry.

Like many another pioneer of the American wilderness, Andrew Jackson found the task too hard. He died under the strain. The impression which his famous son had as to the immediate cause of his death was that he ruptured a blood vessel in the handling of a heavy log.

The body of the hero who had fallen in the fight for his wife and little ones—the fight to make a home for them in the wilderness—was buried in the graveyard of the Waxhaw Settlement church. In after years, when efforts were made to identify the spot, it could not be done.

* * * * *

According to local tradition, there was held at the cabin-home of the dead man the grewsome "wake" which was customary among the Irish in the Old Country. Relatives from the Waxhaw settlement came out to Jackson's "clearing," when they learned that he was no more; and, after preparing the body for burial, their grief gradually wore itself out, and the whisky-jug became the ruling factor of the occasion. As lamentation gave place to revelry, it is said that "the corpse came in for his share of the refreshments." What this may mean, each reader shall judge for himself.

The same tradition claims that the body was hauled from the cabin to the graveyard upon a rough wooden frame or sled, and that such was the disorder of the journey that the corpse was jolted off the sled and "tumbled on its face in a little bottom," on the banks of Waxhaw Creek, near the crossing.

The man who was riding the horse, which was hitched to the sled, had not known that he had lost his load until one of the funeral party in advance, happening to look back, saw "the sled bouncing up and down, in a very light way."

They had to go back two miles before they came to the spot where the body had rolled off the sled.

The numerous biographers of An-

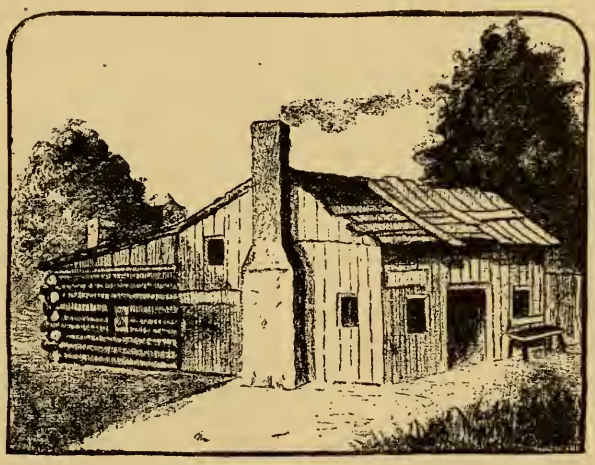
drew Jackson have shunned this local tradition as something entirely too horrible to put in print; yet books are only valuable to the extent that they tell the truth. The story is useful as an illustration of the extreme roughness of frontier conditions at that time; the poverty of the Jacksons, and the rude simplicity of border funerals.

The immigrant had gone into the unbroken wilderness to build his log cabin; and apparently there was no wagon road from his "clearing" to the Waxhaw Settlement.

When Abraham Lincoln died, his face discolored so rapidly that those in charge, to save the feelings of the people who would want to gaze upon the revered features, painted out the shocking discoloration; and, thus artificially masked, the martyred President was borne to his tomb.

* * * * *

The widow Jackson and her two little boys did not go back to the distant, lonely cabin on Twelve Mile Creek. From the church-ground where the husband and father had been



BIRTHPLACE OF ANDREW JACKSON

The use of the wooden frame or sled to carry the body on, would indicate more strongly the lack of a road than the lack of a wagon, for, even though the Jacksons had no such vehicle, the Waxhaw relatives would have brought one if there had been a passable road. The corpse, tumbling off the sled and being left behind on its face in the little bottom, is uncanny, but to the dead the uncanny is not the uncommon.

The brilliant soldier—son of the Emperor Charles V.—Don John of Austria, who broke the sea-power of the Turks in the battle of Lepanto, died dismally in the Netherlands; and his body was carried on horse-back to Spain, in two sacks—half of the body in one sack and half in the other.

buried, they went to the home of George McCamie, who had married Mrs. Jackson's sister. Here, within a fortnight of the funeral, a son was born to the widow; and this son she named Andrew, after his father.

As soon as she was able to travel, the widow Jackson left the McCamie home and went to live with James Crawford, her brother-in-law.

Mrs. Crawford was an invalid, and Mrs. Jackson took charge of the Crawford housekeeping. Thus she and two of her boys lived for several years, the oldest son, Hugh, remaining with George McCamie.

The family name of Andrew Jackson's mother was Hutchinson. She had, at least, a primary English education, for it was she who taught Andrew

to read. That she was a woman of strong, lovable traits, is proven by the sound advice she impressed upon the mind of her great son, and by the passionate attachment to her which he carried throughout his life.

After the battle of New Orleans, when the victor had been crowned with laurel in the Cathedral and acclaimed like a demi-god through the streets, it was of his mother that he spoke to the officers whom he was about to disband —their glorious work being done.

"*Gentlemen, if only* SHE *could have lived to see this day!*"

As you follow the narrative of Andrew Jackson's career, you will hear him say many things that you will not approve, will see him do many things which you cannot applaud, but when you recall that at the very top-notch of his success and his pride, his heart stayed in the right place, and was sore because his mother could not be there to gladden her old eyes with the glory of her son—you will forgive him much in his life that was harsh and cruel and utterly wrong.

During each Winter, for two or three years, after he had reached the age of seven, Andrew Jackson was sent to the old-field school of a Mr. Branch. After this, he attended the select school which a Presbyterian preacher, Dr. David Humphreys, taught in the Waxhaw settlement. He appears to have been going to this higher school in the spring of 1780, when the inroad of Tarleton created a panic in that portion of the Carolinas. At some later period of his youth, he is said to have attended the old Queen College or Seminary at Charlotte a couple of terms, but the time is not definitely known.

As to education, therefore, it may be safely stated that Andrew Jackson enjoyed much more than the ordinary advantage of a back-woods boy of his time. At the age of ten, he had become so good a reader that he was often chosen to read the newspaper to the assembled neighbors; and he remembered with pride, in after years, that he had thus had the honor of "reading out loud" the Declaration of Independence upon its arrival in the Waxhaws. For a lad of ten this was, indeed, something to remember with honest pride.

He also learned to write "a good hand," which can be easily read even to this day: he was well up in arithmetic, and was fond of geography: grammar he detested, as most of us did. While yet a school-boy he wrote a composition which was in the nature of a patriotic proclamation, reminding his countrymen that they must expect occasional defeats and that they could hope to win only by steady effort and resolute courage.

From the advent of Tarleton, in 1780, and the Buford Massacre, until the surrender of Cornwallis, the widow Jackson and her boys were tossed hither and thither in the whirlwind of the Revolutionary War. The people of the Carolinas were divided, as they were in other states, some being Tories and in favor of remaining as subjects of Great Britain, while the majority were Whigs, and in favor of Independence.

The feud between the two local factions waxed bitter, splitting into savage groups almost every neighborhood, and often setting in hostile array, the one against the other, members of the same family.

The troops sent over to this country by King George committed many atrocities, some of which historians have shrunk from recording, but it is also true that many a nameless horror was perpetrated by our own people upon each other. In the later stages of the conflict, almost no mercy was shown by Tory to Whig, or by Whig to Tory.

After Gates' disastrous defeat at Camden, Andrew Jackson made his home for a while at the house of Mrs. Wilson, a distant connection of Mrs. Jackson. This lady lived a few miles from Charlotte. During his stay with her, Andrew made himself useful pulling fodder, going to mill, driving the cows to pasture, gathering vegetables for the table, carrying in the

wood, and taking farm tools to the blacksmith shop to be mended.

Mrs. Wilson had a son who became Andrew Jackson's playmate and friend; and this son, who was afterward a prominent minister of the Gospel, used to relate that whenever young Jackson went to the blacksmith shop he would bring back with him some new weapon, spear, club, tomahawk, or grass blade with which to kill the British.

Dr. Wilson remembered having told his mother one day, when speaking of Jackson, "Mother, Andy will fight his way in the world."

A girl of the neighborhood, who became in due time Mrs. Smart, happened to see Andrew Jackson as he passed along the road, on his way to the home of Mrs. Wilson.

She described the lad as being almost a scarecrow. He was riding a little grass-fed pony or colt, which was so small that the long thin legs of "the gangling fellow," Jackson, could almost meet under the horse's belly. The rider wore a wide-brimmed hat which flapped down over his face, which was yellow and worn. His figure was covered with dust, and as this Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance galloped along the road, he and his shabby little horse presented the forlornest spectacle that had ever greeted the laughing eyes of the girl who was to become known in Jacksonian annals as Mrs. Susan Smart.

Hugh Jackson, the oldest of the three boys, joined the band of patriots which was raised and equipped, at his own expense, by that noble leader, Colonel William R. Davie, of South Carolina. Only sixteen years of age, Hugh Jackson left the field hospital, where he had been suffering from fever, and joined in the assault upon Stono Ferry. The excitement, the exertion, the heat of the day (June 20, 1779), brought on a relapse, and the gallant youth died.

As to Andrew Jackson, he himself said,

"Take it altogether, I saw and heard a good deal of war in those days, but did nothing toward it myself worth mention."

However, he further stated that he acted for Colonel Davie as mounted orderly, or messenger, "being a good rider and familiar with all the roads in those regions."

He witnessed the battles of Hanging Rock and Hobkirk's Mill, and took part in a skirmish with the Tories at the house of Captain Sands.

Andrew and Robert Jackson were taken prisoners, and it was while so held that the boys were ordered, Robert first and then Andrew, to clean the boots of one of Tarleton's lieutenants. Both refused, and to each was dealt a savage sabre-cut which had much to do with Robert's death soon afterward, and which gave to Andrew a scar and a hatred which he bore to his grave.

To the rescue of her boys, came Mother Jackson, she who was "as gentle as a dove and as brave as a lioness."

The lads were so young, and were in such a desperate plight with smallpox, that the British officers were perhaps glad to get rid of such an encumbrance; at any rate they were released or exchanged, and the forlorn group, the mother and her sick boys, journeyed back to their home.

But Robert was already so far gone that he died; and when the smallpox left Andrew he was a mere skeleton. "It took me all the rest of the year (1781) to recover my strength and get flesh enough to hide my bones."

To the sacred cause of liberty, Elizabeth Jackson had already given two of her sons. The third had barely escaped a like fate. But the golden-hearted woman was not to be cast down, or taught cowardly prudence. No sooner was Andrew out of danger, than she sent him to the home of Joseph White, another brother-in-law, and set out, herself, to carry food and medicine to the sick and wounded patriots who were confined in the British hulks in Charleston Harbor.

Braver, it may be, than the soldier himself is the battlefield nurse who brings water to his parched lips, bandages to his bleeding wound, tender ministrations to his dying hours.

May it yet come to pass that some time, SOME TIME, in the unfolding of higher and better things, these angels of Mercy, the Good Women of the Christian Nations, may be able to rush in between the lines, as *once* happened in the days of old, and stay the hands lifted to shed human blood!

Elizabeth Jackson, in the spirit of consecration, went to what seemed to her the post of duty, thinking nothing of the cost to herself.

They were in prison—her neighbors, friends, compatriots—and she did visit them. She brought to the suffering prisoners words of comfort; messages from home; the motherly sympathy which heals like a balsam; the kind word which is sweeter than myrrh.

Then the ministering angel, the best of all created things, a good woman, passed out of the ship, carrying with her the deadly fever which knew no difference betwixt the good and the bad. After a brief illness she died, and she was buried near Charleston; but, like her husband, her dust lies in a grave that cannot be found.

After the loss of his mother (in the fall of 1781), Andrew Jackson remained with Joseph White, a saddler by trade, helping him in his shop, in the making and mending of saddles and harness. At the same time, he read everything he could lay his hands on—books, pamphlets and newspapers. His uncle's father was a local magistrate, possessed of a book of law forms and rules of common practice. Most young men would lay such a book underneath a volume of Sermons, and then spread a layer of dust over both; but Andrew Jackson afterward said that he read and re-read the law book until he knew it by heart.

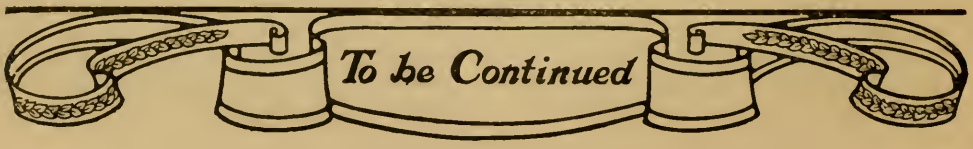
But at this period in his growth an unfortunate thing happened. The death of his father and his brothers had left Andrew Jackson the heir-at-law to a considerable part of the estate of Hugh Jackson, of Carrickfergus, his grandfather.

The amount, some fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars, was just about enough to unsettle the average young man, jostling him out of the routine of dull, monotonous industry—saddle-mending, for example.

The legal representative of the Hugh Jackson estate, in America, was the William Barton, of Charleston, at whose house Elizabeth Jackson had died. Why it was that he turned over the money to the young man before he became of age is not explained. Perhaps Andrew wanted the money, and had made up his mind to get it. If so, the conduct of Barton is comprehensible. Whenever Andrew Jackson wanted a thing and made up his mind to get it, he could become a most troublesome customer. At all events, Mr. Barton paid over the money to the boy, and the boy sowed wild oats with it.

He bought a fine horse, and fine equipments for the horse; he bought fine raiment for his own person, including a gold watch; he bought a fine pair of pistols, so that he would be ready in case it became desirable to shoot somebody. In short, he went to going all the gaits of a fast young man, until his money was gone.

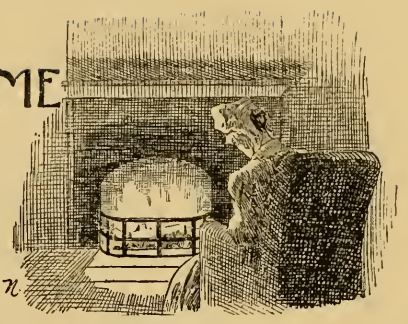
At the last, he made a bet which would have swept away even his horse, had he lost; but luck favored him; he won; and it is a convincing proof of his inborn good sense that he immediately paid up his debts, and rode his fine horse away from Charleston and its allurements.



HER LAST NIGHT AT HOME

BY

MARY E. STONE BASSETT.



IT was all planned for her. She was to go and live with Ruth. Her cherished belongings were to be divided among the children, and the house sold to pay off the mortgage put upon it to save their eldest son from debt.

At first she demurred at leaving home; but Ruth expatiated largely upon how much more comfortable her house was—no kerosene lamps, all electric lighting, water that followed spigots, a furnace which heated the rooms like summer. Surely an old person would be more comfortable there.

The old person thought in her heart that, no matter how wonderful Ruth's home was, it could not be like her own, where she had lived for over forty years. To this rambling old house her husband had brought her, a bride; here their dear happiness had begun, a happiness which every day had bound them closer together with the golden chains of love. Now he had been gone three years. She knew not to what undiscovered country—to what paradise of bliss—his soul had flown; she only knew that she was lonely beyond words without him.

Her children were all married; the three boys to city women, and Ruth to a rich country manufacturer. Two of her daughters-in-law she knew, but, the wife of her youngest son, Amos, she had never met. Amos had been married but a few months, and, owing to distance, she was unable to attend the wedding. However, she had sent, with a gift, her dear love to this unknown daughter; and often, in a maze of gentle thought, she pictured her, and strangely yearned toward her. It was a habit of hers, the creating of ideals. Had not each one of her children, as they came, seemed to her God-given and God-gifted? How she had apotheosized her sons, searching through the dusty archives of time, for tales of daring chivalry to fit their fancied deeds; and her girl, little Ruth, from the moment her foot touched the rocker to her cradle, she had begun to weave a web of bright romance, wherein the child figured as a radiant being.

Alas! the years brought sad disillusionment. She beheld her children growing to manhood and womanhood, possessed of practical worldly natures that at times, in spite of the sweet ties of maternity, rendered them almost aliens. Always in a bewildered way, her mother-love sought to share their commoner joys, but ever the mystical sensitive spirit in her rebelled. It refused to dwell on life's lower plains, but, shrouding itself in a white tent of mystery, drew apart. Thus was a seeming gulf fixed between her and her children, over which she yearned and hesitated, but could not cross. Her husband was the only being who dimly understood her struggles. With the divine instinct of love, he beheld the woman in her, warring with the immortal.

One child they lost, a wistful, sweet-faced boy, strangely like his mother. His death brought her throes of agony, that seemed to rend her very heart and defraud her spirit. "We understood

each other," she whispered, as she sobbed out her sorrow on her husband's breast.

The other children grew up strong and hearty. When it came time to educate them, the sacrifices of their life began. The little town in which they lived afforded but limited opportunities for advancement, so the children, one by one, were sent away to expensive city schools. To gain the necessary means, her husband, a country doctor, enlarged his practice with a specialty, which he gained by defrauding the hours of sleep to study. She discharged all but one servant, and wore only the plainest of frocks. What if the children accepted these sacrifices as a matter of course, and poorly repaid them? It was because they were young, and youth is essentially selfish.

At last the great task was accomplished; the boys were through college, and Ruth graduated from a ladies' finishing school. To be sure, their eldest son, their pride and hope, in seeking to carry out a doubtful business enterprise, had plunged himself deeply into debt. To save him, the doctor was forced to mortgage their home. "I shall be able to pay it off," he told her bravely, "and we could not see our boy suffer."

But he had reckoned without his host. Years of hard labor, his utter disregard for the comforts of life, were now like avenging spirits, demanding toll at every turn. In surprised and indignant protest he realized that his robust strength was a thing of the past. However, he hid the growing weakness from his wife, and plodded on.

Now they were alone in the old house. Its unwonted stillness and peacefulness seemed like balm to his suffering nerves. "Are you lonely?" he used to ask her across the little table set close beside the grate at night, the firelight twinkling on the polished silver, and lighting up her strangely young-old face with its deathless touch of innocence.

"I miss the dear children," she would answer wistfully. "But is it not like our first year of married life? How can I ever be lonely with *you*?"

Often, after the meal was finished, they would linger for hours before the fire, she reading aloud from his favorite poets, and he, as he laughingly termed it, "Just playing lazy."

One night she met him at the door upon his return from a long, cold ride, arrayed in a quaint old gown of soft white mull, a fichu of deep lace pinned about her shoulders, and her hair put up as she had worn it when a girl.

"I am pretending to be your sweetheart once more," she said merrily.

He caught her in his arms. "Ah, dear," he said, "you are more my sweetheart now than the day I married you. If there were no immortality of the spirit I should tremble when I think how the years have deepened and broadened my love for you. If I should ever leave you——"

She gazed at him with wide affrighted eyes. "Oh, no!" she cried suddenly, "not that, not that!"

He had meant to tell her all this night, to confess his growing weakness. Now his heart failed him. He would keep it back a little longer.

But something awakened her fears. From that hour she began, in the way of a loving wearied spirit, to watch his every move, to question him in regard to his feelings, to insist that he take more rest, to concoct for him tempting dishes and in all ways to wrap him about, to hold him in her deathless love.

There came a time when he could no longer hide his sufferings. The children came trooping home in answer to a summons. They appeared anxious, but not broken-hearted. He had a long talk with his eldest son, who promised to lift the mortgage from the home. One by one he called the others to his bedside. "You know your mother is different from most women," he said, "so sensitive and spiritual. Do not forget to cherish her." They promised, but smiled at the father's partial love.

He went away in an agony of suffer-

ing and her first cry was one of thankfulness for the released spirit. She thought she would not, if it were possible, call him back. But, after the funeral was over and the house had once more resumed its usual quiet, a great loneliness surged about her, ingulfing her with all the blackness of Stygian waters, and her soul cried out in a mighty travail of grief.

She went to visit the children, but could not feel at home with any of them; so she made vague excuses and returned. At the floodtide of her grief a thought came to her. She remembered —far back in her childhood—how her spirit had revelled in a debatable land, called "Make Believe." Could she not hark back to it now, tread again its fascinating mazes and thus persuade herself that *he* was with her *again*, at least in spirit? She told herself she would try, and the thought seemed to enfold her like a mantle of peace.

That very night she set for him a place opposite her own at the table, and dressed herself in the white mull and the lace fichu he had so admired. The dishes he liked best were served. Strangely enough this tacit recognition of an invisible presence brought to her a new gladness as of a sudden illumination encroaching upon the shadow of her bereavement. For the first time in weeks she smiled and felt the old lightness of heart.

From this hour she ceased to shed tears and began to live again her old life. Always, she made believe that *he* was with *her* and, to humor the fancy, retraced her steps along a rugged way to a time when they were both in the heyday of life. From a cedar chest in the garret she drew forth some old silk gowns and arrayed herself in them. Often she put roses in her soft silvery hair just as she had done in girlhood days. The long-stifled esthetic tastes in her awoke and her never-dying love for the beautiful spurred her on. The garden was now her chief delight. Never had she tended it more zealously and never had its blooms so repaid her. Inside the house her care was the same. Together she and Hesper, her faithful old servant, rubbed the mahogany until its rosy tints sprang richly into evidence, and polished the quaint silver to a last degree of brightness.

Now, at night, when the little table was drawn close to the fireside—just as *he* liked it—it was laid with the finest damask; the wax candles in the gilt candelabra were lighted and shimmered softly under silken shades of a tender pink; the cloth was strewn with flowers or else they were bunched loosely in crystal bowls, and the best silver and the egg-shell china, that, in other days, had marked the advent of a guest, were now in daily use. Then the mistress of the house, this strangely young old child in a gown of silk with the spidery old lace about her shoulders and roses in her hair, her innocent face flushed daintily by the softened light, would seat herself opposite that empty chair and play again that life was sweet and love immortal. The children declared, "mother was touched"; but, if this were true, it was the touch of divinity in her—the white light of Faith illuminating her soul.

So three years went by; then the shock came. Henry, her eldest son, sought her with tears in his eyes, and in a choked, repentant voice told of a life of fast living, ending in financial ruin. The place must be sold, he said, for he could no longer pay the interest on the mortgage. "I have appealed to the others. They say they cannot help me, but Ruth has offered to take you, and really, mother, it is much better for an old person like you to live with Ruth than to stay here alone with only Hesper to care for you."

Her very soul revolted at his words. "But I do not wish to go to Ruth!" she cried in an agony of doubt. "I will not leave my home!"

"I am so sorry," he said gently, and she saw in the eyes he bent upon her a reflected light which reminded her of his father. "But how can I help it? Oh, mother, do say you will be happy with Ruth!"

He was her first-born and the mother in her awoke. She could not see her

boy suffer—this child she had gazed upon with the first raptures of a welcome maternity. She hid her pain bravely and consented.

The place was quickly disposed of to a young physician but lately come to town. Then she wrote to Ruth and asked to bring with her some of her cherished belongings. Ruth answered very kindly but firmly, telling her that her home was already running over with modern furniture and mother had best divide the silver, the china and a few other things among the children, then sell the rest at auction. They would all come home once more and pick out what they desired.

Those last days in her home among her cherished lares and penates! She wandered through the upper rooms, admiring the dainty spotlessness of the beds and the whiteness of the dimity curtains at the windows. Downstairs the pictures on the walls seemed to her masterpieces of art, and the old furniture more graceful than any Ruth could possess. The soft rustle of her dress and her light footfalls were the only sounds that disturbed those quiet rooms attuned to the sweet, restful harmony of a holy peace. Slow, hot tears fell as she set about for the last time to sort the linen and to count the pieces of thin, old silver. Everything must be brought forth so the children would be free to choose. When it was all over and this her home no longer, would she not feel like a pilgrim devoid of scrip or purse set forth to journey through a strange land?

The last night she was to be alone before the coming of her children, it grew suddenly chill outside. A dull gray sky hung low and a sharp wind bit into the June day. At dusk Hesper lighted the fire in the grate and drew the little table close beside it. Later, her mistress came gently down the stairs—clad in the white mull and the lace fichu. Soft curls hung about her dainty spiritual face, and just back of her left ear she had fastened a bunch of faint pink roses.

Hesper cried out when she saw her: "Oh, missus, dear missus!" But her mistress lifted one waxen hand to bid her cease; then took her usual place opposite the empty chair at the table.

The old servant plied her with dainty dishes, but she could not eat—the food choked her. At last she said: "Take it all away, Hesper, and clear the table."

When her orders had been obeyed, she sought to dismiss the old negress who, trembling, stood pathetically in the doorway yearning toward her mistress.

"Go away, Hesper," she pleaded. "I must be alone."

But the faithful creature was not to be denied. "Oh, me chile, me poor lamb!" she sobbed; and flung herself at her mistress' feet burying her turbaned head in the soft folds of mull.

A delicate hand caressed her. "You have been a good servant, Hesper," said the sweet voice. "None could be better. I have always loved you. This has been our home for a long time. In a few days we must leave it forever. Oh, Hesper, do not make it harder for me by giving way like this! I—I cannot bear it."

The poor old darky rose suddenly and, throwing her apron over her head, rushed lamenting from the room.

Rocking back and forth in a low chair before the fire, the mistress sat alone. All about her stole the aroma of the past. The years seemed suddenly clustered into a rich bouquet—the dark and light blooms in graceful juxtaposition. Oh, how much of joy she had known! She wondered now that she had ever fretted over the little ills of life when he had been near to comfort her. Tonight she could not feel his presence—the chair at the table had seemed strangely empty. Could she, would she, apart from this dear home, be able to conjure again the past? Her face grew gray with terror as she thought of the arid years that might stretch between her and Heaven—years of isolation from him, her beloved. Oh, she could not bear it! Tears began to course down her cheeks, slowly at first; then with the very passion of sorrow. Her slender

figure shook beneath the onslaught of such a tempest, but at last her sobs grew fainter, her eyes closed, her head sank back until her face gleamed strangely pallid against the crimson cushion of the chair.

Was she asleep? One could not say, but she dreamed that he came to her smiling and, drawing from her hand the dainty lace-edged handkerchief, gently wiped her tears away.

"Idle tears," he whispered. "Let the children have our little earthly things. We do not need them. I saw you weeping over the silver and even over my old china teacup—foolish little wife, you will not need them. Why sorrow so? I have not forgotten you—I am still your own. Such love as ours never dies! Listen, there is another home awaiting you. For 'eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' Dry your tears; you have not long to wait. When the children come tomorrow, greet them joyfully and give gladly of your store. I say you have not long to wait."

When she awoke a little later, the wind had subsided and the summer rain was falling with soft resonant patter against the windows and voices of the night were calling. The candles burned low and the fire had gone out in the grate, for Hesper had not dared to replenish it. But she did not mind —she seemed to rest in the sweet effulgence of an ineffable peace—peace that surged about her like strong sunlight. "Oh," she murmured, "how happy I am!"

Next morning she and Hesper brought out all the silver, the spotless napery, the dainty old china, and placed them on the tables for the children to choose from.

As she worked she thought of Amos, her youngest born. He would bring his wife with him—this girl she had never seen but had dreamed about. It filled her with a strange little glow of excitement, this coming of Amos's wife.

How good it was—the trooping in of youth! No longer children, as the world counted them, but forever young to her. The boys kissed her vociferously and made much of little mother in their practical, sturdy way. "Doesn't she grow younger every day?" they cried to the girls, while Ruth held her very close and the two daughters-in-law bestowed upon her perfunctory embraces. Then came Amos's wife—a slight young thing who rested her head for a moment upon this new mother's breast.

She had looked forward to this day as one of the darkest in her life—this day of renunciation; but, somehow, it had dawned cloudless, a fragrant, jocund day with birds carolling in the trees outside her window. When she dressed she had felt a strange little fluttering of the heart, and a sudden weakness caused her to sink into the nearest chair, gasping for breath. But the trouble soon passed and she greeted her children cheerfully, laughing and chatting with her old-time merriment. When the noon meal was ended, she said to them:

"You know, children, my things are quite old-fashioned, but your father and I cherished them. You may take what you most desire and, while you are choosing, I—I think I will walk in the garden, if you do not mind."

"Do, mother," said Ruth laughingly, "then, if we quarrel, you need not hear us."

Strangely calm and peaceful she sought the dear old garden, where bloomed her cherished roses and other flowers that had woven garlands into her life.

Her soft white gown swept gently the borders to the paths and her lace fichu fluttered with every passing zephyr. She did not know how long she had been there, pacing back and forth, when suddenly she felt a presence near her and, turning, beheld Amos's wife.

Such a slight young thing—with a wealth of golden hair piled high on her head and waving about her forehead like a dim sweet aureola. The perfect oval of her face was lit by a pair of

dark eyes in which glowed the strange fire of the mystic. As she stood in the garden path—her tall, svelte figure clad in a blue gown of the softest texture, her fair young shoulders gleaming faintly beneath a scarf of gauze, she seemed to the elder woman like some ethereal blossom born to an alien sphere.

"I have come to walk with you, mother," she said gently.

In an instant the delicate span of an invisible bridge of sympathy was stretched between these two that their spirits might commune across its airy passages. The woman the world counted old held out her hand like an innocent child and clasped that of the younger. Together they paced silently up and down the shaded paths.

When she could command her voice, the mother spoke: "Why did you come, Amy?" she asked.

The girl paused and pressed one hand over her heart. "Oh," she cried, "I understood it all—how you have suffered—I felt it here. I could not stay and see them divide the things you had known with *him*—those precious priceless treasures you had both loved. It wrung my heart! Oh, mother, mother!" and she caught her breath in quick gasping sobs.

Lovingly the elder woman pillowed the golden head upon her breast. "Do not weep," she said in a trembling voice. "The tears and the anguishing are all passed; but it seems wonderful that you should feel it—you, a stranger, when my children, my very own, have not dreamed of it, have not thought what it meant to me. Oh, Amy, you are more my child than they!"

The young head was lifted and the strange tear-wet eyes gazed into her own. "You are like my dream-mother," she said, "tender, mystical and beautiful. I—I have always loved you."

The little mother smiled and a great satisfaction held her. "It is worth while to have suffered since I have found you, dear," she whispered. "I—I shall tell the father what a dear wife Amos has. You know he is our youngest—the baby."

When, hours later, good practical Ruth came to seek her mother, she found the two seated like children on the rustic bench in the little arbor—their laps filled with flowers and their eyes gleaming with the lustre of peace.

That evening the children gathered about their mother.

"I shall feel so safe, mother," said the eldest boy, "now that Ruth has taken you in charge. Really, you are too old to live alone."

Two of the daughters-in-law said gently: "We have chosen some of the silver, mother, to remember you by."

And Amos, with Amy standing close beside him, said softly: "Ah, little mother, I have the priceless old teacup that father used to drink from. How I shall prize it!"

"And I," said Ruth, "am to have the silver urn and the old china."

The mother smiled upon them all, lovingly, but her eyes rested longest on Amy; and, when a little later she felt a strange weariness, she bade them all good-night and, taking her new-found daughter's hand, went slowly up the stairs to spend her last night at home.

Ruth watched the two figures a little enviously and said to the boys: "Why should mother choose Amy when I am here?" Ruth could not understand.

Once in her own room her trembling hands swung open the door to an old cabinet fragrant with rose leaves and lavender. From a shelf she drew forth a tiny box and a package of faded letters. "See, Amy," she said, opening the box, "here is the gold heart set with pearls that he gave me on our wedding day, and here are his dear letters. I—I give them to you."

When all was silent in the house, she lay in perfect peace but wide awake. Once in a while she felt a strange tugging at her heart and a desperate catch for breath. Finally that all passed away and she prayed, clasping her delicate hands upon her breast, one holding a rose, for it was ever her habit to take a flower to bed that its fragrance might haunt her dreams. Somehow,

it seemed as if Amy and the flowers were blended. One moment she saw the tender mystical face and then riotous blooms on the rose he loved best. Presently all was kaleidoscoped into a wonderful pattern that glowed before her enraptured eyes, then resolved slowly into wavering curtains of light and color that swayed and swayed—and suddenly parted.

Next morning, Ruth went to call her mother, but she did not answer. She lay still with the rose on her breast, unfaded, and a smile on her delicate face.

There were tears and lamentations from all but Amy. She smiled in a strange yearning way above the quiet form. "How blest is dear little mother!" she murmured.

Amos, watching his bride, exclaimed suddenly: "Why, Amy, you are like mother! You have her same uplifting look! I know now what father meant when he told us *she* was different from other women. How he must have loved her!"

The Angry One

MR. WHITE—Oh, come, come, Slewfoot! There is no use in your putting up such a terrible howl because my dog has bitten you. He hardly broke the skin on your leg. Here is half a dollar for you. The dog isn't mad, anyhow, so what is the——

MR. SLEWFOOT—Nussah! I don' conspire dat de dog am mad, uk-kaze dess loogy at him now!—de bodacious scoun'rel am uh-settin' dere uh-grinnin' like he was in a deserved seat at one o' dese yuh comical-op'ry shows! I was dess bogen' along de road, 'tendin' to muh own cogitation, when dat varmint hopped de fence and 'sailed me like he was an evangelist—yassah, dess like an evangelist! Nussah, it's me dat's mad; and I isn't mad no measly little old haffer-dollah's wuth, needer, lemme tell yo'!—I's mad to de extenuation of a whole dollah, and increasin' in volocity at de rate of ten cents a minute, sah! Dat's dess how 'furiated I is, sah; dess how 'furiated!

The Trail of Life

THE trail of life leads out and far away,
We follow blindly for a little day;
And then our baffled brethren take it up,
Till they, too, drain the dark draught of death's cup.

The trail of life leads out and far away,
A sip of sorrow and a gleam of gay,
A feast of love, some bitter brew of wrath,
All follow blindly in the beaten path.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Good Insurance and Bad

BY ALLAN L. BENSON

THE most valuable asset of the life insurance companies is the ignorance of the public regarding life insurance.

Any of the companies would rather have its home office building burned and its agency force dispersed than to have the people clearly understand the difference between life insurance policies.

What would be the loss of a home office building? Only a few millions at the most, and the profits derived from gold-brick policies would have covered the loss before the corner-stone could have been laid. And the loss of an agency force? Nothing worth mentioning in comparison with the loss of popular ignorance. A few millions would organize another agency force, and, even at that, the greatest loss would be in the temporary stemming of the tide of new business—the highly profitable business of those who do not understand life insurance.

But destroy public ignorance and something has been destroyed that cannot be replaced at any cost. The goose that laid the golden egg is dead! Nothing is doing! The people are "on"! And straightway the business of life insurance simmers down to what it was in the beginning and should have been all the time—a plain, simple proposition of rendering to the public a necessary service at a reasonable cost.

It is the purpose of the present writer forthwith to give the readers of this magazine information about life insurance policies that would revolutionize the life insurance business if everybody who now has life insurance or who afterward become insured would act upon it. Hundreds of millions would also be saved to policyholders. And while it is not for a moment supposed that this article will revolutionize the insurance business, the information will nevertheless be given for the benefit of those who may feel inclined to act upon it.

Let us first discuss the kinds of policy that no person ought to take if he have any regard for his own pocketbook.

Wave away any man who comes toward you with a "participating" policy in his hands—a policy that pays dividends.

Consciously or unconsciously he is trying to bunco you. He is offering you something that is good for him, good for his company, but bad for you. Tell him so, however, and he will protest his innocence. He will tell you that "participating" insurance is the best for you—that it is the cheapest in the long run. And he will attempt to explain this with great care. "You pay this much more this year and every year and we will give you back something some time if you live long enough and keep paying. Thus the dividends reduce the cost of your insurance to the lowest point."

Only the agent does not put it this way. He quotes fictitious dividend estimates prepared by his company and advises you to let them "accumulate" for as long a period as he thinks you will stand for.

The agent having said this much, it is now time for you to talk.

Ask him why it is that the company he represents is so anxious you shall

get your insurance at the lowest possible cost that it is paying him from 50 to 75 per cent. more commission for selling this policy with dividends than it pays for selling a policy without dividends.

Ask him to explain this point to you fully. Tell him you want to know all about it. Perhaps his company has formed the habit of sacrificing itself for the benefit of its policyholders. If so, get the facts. Ask him to cite other instances in which his company has paid large sums of money to prevent the public from leaving an undue sum of money in its till.

Then there is another point. Ask him if he knows what life insurance dividends are. He will probably tell you that they constitute your share of the company's profits. If so, tell him he is wrong.

Tell him that dividends arise from three sources:

1. Fewer deaths than expected.
2. Lower expenses than expected.
3. Higher interest than expected on cash reserves.

Tell him that, when insurance premiums are fixed, they are made high enough to cover all eventualities, and that a dividend is only for the purpose of returning to the policyholder the excess that he has been charged over the cost of his insurance, plus the company's profit, if it be a stock company.

Then ask him this question:

"*Since the company you represent is bent upon giving me insurance at cost, why cannot it as well return to me the excess over cost that is included in the lower rate on a non-participating policy, instead of charging me a higher rate for a 'participating' policy and* THEN *giving me a dividend that will reduce the price of my insurance to cost?*"

Assure him that the non-participating rate is *always* fixed high enough to cover any excessive number of deaths that *might* come by reason of pestilence, but that in fact do *not* come.

Tell him that insured persons *never* die rapidly enough to make the cost to the company as much as it charges the people, even at the lower non-participating rates.

And then ask him again why it is necessary to pay *more* for a participating policy in order to get back the excess over cost included in the non-participating rate.

Perhaps he can tell. If he can, wire the home office at once. They will reward you bountifully for your trouble. For years, every insurance company has been looking for a man who could answer this question. As yet, not one of them has found the man. Some of the smaller companies, however, are sufficiently honest not to issue any policy on which there is not made some pretense of paying a dividend.

About this time, your agent, if he be still with you, may be telling you that, while it is true that a participating or dividend policy is more expensive during the *first* years, it is the "cheapest in the long run." Of course you are interested in the "long run," and at first glance that appeals to you. But wait a moment—think it over.

If you are so sure that you are going to live to reap the great benefits of this participating policy when you are seventy or eighty years old, *why insure your life at all?* Why let his company return to you in the distant future *part* of your premiums, when you can just as well keep them all if you are going to live?

The fact is that neither of you knows when you will die, and, if you are a prudent man, you will take into consideration the fact that only a small fraction of those who take out insurance keep it in force twenty years. The policy that is the cheapest *now*—not twenty or thirty years later—*is always the best one to buy.* But it is also the policy for which the companies pay the smallest commissions to their agents and therefore the agents prefer to sell policies that take so much from you that the companies find it profitable to pay much more to them.

Concluding the consideration of participating policies, this general advice may be given:

Shun them all.

Do not be swerved from this decision by the past reputation of the company that issues the policy, or by the frequency with which the dividends are to be paid. The companies that are paying comparatively good dividends today—and there are only three or four such, all of which are small companies—may be paying poor dividends next year. It all depends on the men who control the companies. You have nothing to say as to what your dividends shall be. The few insurance companies that are managed by honest men today may be managed by thieves tomorrow. One can never tell. Don't take any chances. Fix a limit upon what can be taken from you for insurance by buying a policy that leaves nothing concerning its future cost to the company's decision.

In other words, buy a policy that is issued on the *non-participating plan*— a policy that does not participate in dividends.

Even then, you will pay more than you ought to, for the rates on such policies are fixed sufficiently high to cover all emergencies—emergencies that never materialize. You ought to be entitled to have these excess sums returned to you in the form of dividends, but, if you try to get them, you will only lose more. Even an annual dividend policy, though it is the least objectionable of the participating policies, is not safe. It can be manipulated and you cannot stop it. A five-year dividend policy is worse, and a twenty-year dividend policy is simply robbery.

Then there is another policy that one never should buy:

Any form of an endowment policy.

An endowment policy means this and no more:

The company that issues it undertakes to insure your life and be your banker.

Of every $4 you pay the company, $1 goes to pay for carrying your insurance and the other $3 is held as an investment for you.

If you die before your endowment becomes due, the company pays your death claim just as it would if you had bought only insurance, *and confiscates your investment.*

There is nothing to it—for you.

Buy your insurance at one place and do your banking in another. Your savings, if deposited in a savings bank at compound interest, will amount to as much at any given period as they would if left with an insurance company. And, if you die, your savings bank will not confiscate your bank account.

Above all things, do not let an insurance agent delude you into the belief that an endowment policy "compels" you to save your money. It does nothing of the kind. A man who has an endowment policy upon which he has paid two annual premiums need not even pay his premiums for six years, if he does not want to. He has already paid enough to insure his life for eight years, and the company will keep his insurance in force six years more if he discontinue his payments. Furthermore, he can borrow his own money back from the company and pay interest upon it. All of these things are done every day. Nobody knows so well as the insurance companies how many policies are loaded with loans. And yet they continue to advocate endowment policies on the ground that they "compel" people to save. It is a lot the life insurance companies care about whether people save! What they *do* care about is the $3 out of every $4 paid on an endowment policy that is given to them to speculate with through their trust companies for a long term of years—money that they confiscate, provided the insured die before his endowment becomes due.

It is a rare thing to find an insurance man with an endowment policy on his *own* life—he knows better. He wants the other fellow to have the endowment policy. Search warrants would also reveal practically no participating policies on the lives of insurance men. A high home-office official occasionally takes a flyer on a $50,000 participating policy, but that is done only so that the

agents can cite it as proof of the superlative merits of the policy.

One who is about to buy insurance should also avoid any kind of limited-payment life policy, *whether participating or non-participating.*

A limited-payment life policy is one which provides for the payment of premiums only for ten, fifteen or twenty years, after which all payments cease, and the face of the policy is paid to the heirs of the insured at his death.

The argument of the insurance companies is that such a policy enables the insured to pay for its insurance "during the productive period of his life."

That is not the reason, however, why they like to sell limited-payment life policies.

They have two real reasons:

(1) Large additional sums are thus paid with which the companies can speculate until the policyholders die.

(2) And, of those who die before the completion of their payments, the companies have received much more than they would if the insured persons had paid smaller premiums with a view to paying them until death.

That's all there is to the limited-payment life policy. If one could know that he were going to live to be seventy or eighty years old, such a policy might prove attractive until the thought came that, if he were sure of living that long, it would be still better to take no insurance. And, even then, it would possess no financial advantage. The premium of a life insurance policy, of whatever kind, is always high enough to amount at compound interest to the face value of the policy at the time when the average man of the insured's age may be expected to die. The holder of a limited-payment life policy pays just as many dollars for his insurance as he would if he lived the average number of years, and paid until his death. He merely pays these dollars in a different way. He pays part of them by losing the interest on whatever he has paid in excess of the whole life rate.

Having enumerated the policies that one should not buy, advice may now be given as to what is the best in the way of life insurance that is available.

The present writer, from practical experience, considers yearly renewable term insurance to be the best life insurance issued. It provides merely for insurance on a fire insurance basis, with nothing "back" at any time prior to death. The rates, until old age approaches, are very low. Insurance on this plan should be taken in policies of $1,000 each, so that, as one's children reach maturity and become self-supporting, a policy can be dropped now and then. In this way, the increase in the rates due to advancing years can be offset, while giving dependents nearly twice as much protection for the premiums paid during the first part of their lives.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society issues such a policy, but only to the wise who insist upon having it. The policy is never advertised, and not one person in 50,000 ever heard of it. The Penn Mutual and the John Hancock also issue it. So does the Michigan Mutual. Doubtless the policy is also issued by other companies that have concealed the fact thus far.

Care, however, should be taken not to be deceived by a "convertible" term policy. A convertible term policy means that at the end of the term, which is usually five years, the insured must "convert" it into some kind of graft policy. Refusing to do this, the transaction is ended and the insurance ceases. Nor should any kind of term policy be taken that provides for any medical examination after the first. Such a policy is dangerous. The re-medical examination may come when the insured is physically unable to pass an examination. In such a case, his insurance would not be renewed. Yearly renewable term insurance provides for no medical examination after the first.

If unable to get a yearly renewable

term policy, a five-year renewable term is next in order. If you cannot get a five-year renewable term, take a ten, fifteen, or twenty-year renewable term, always making sure that no re-medical examination is required at the end of the term. Such policies are issued by the Provident Life and Trust Company, of Philadelphia, the Union Central, of Cincinnati, and a few other companies. The large companies, as a rule, do not issue renewable term policies of any kind.

Possibly your occupation may bar you from getting any one of these policies. Perhaps you are not engaged in work that is conducive to health. If so, try to get a non-participating whole life policy and pay a stipulated premium as long as you live. This policy has a cash surrender value and a lot of useless trappings that make it much more expensive than it ought to be, but it may be the best you can get. *But no man in ordinary health, or in an ordinary occupation, should ever take anything worse than a non-participating whole life policy.* That is bad enough, and no one need take worse.

As to where a non-participating whole life policy should be taken, there is this to say: Only the solvency of the company, the premiums asked, and the cash surrender values guaranteed need be considered with reference to this policy. All of the companies are solvent, and are charging such exorbitant prices for their insurance that they are likely to remain so. So the question of solvency need not be considered. The premiums charged by all companies are practically the same, with the exception of the New York Life, the Mutual of New York, the Prudential and the Mutual Benefit. All of these companies increased the premiums on non-participating policies on May 1, 1905. The New York Life, the Mutual and the Prudential also reduced the cash surrender values of their non-participating policies, though the Mutual Benefit contented itself with an increase of rates. The Mutual Benefit will, therefore, do better on a non-participating policy than any of the other three companies mentioned, and almost any other company in the country will do better than the Mutual Benefit.

Many of those who already have gold brick policies in their pockets can make profitable shifts if they care to do so. On this phase of the question, the following advice may be banked upon:

So long as you need insurance, never drop any policy to take another until you have passed a medical examination and have the other policy in your pocket. Unknown to yourself, you may have developed a weak spot that will prevent you from getting more insurance.

If you are in good health and have a twenty-year dividend policy of any kind, issued by any company, upon which you have paid not more than five annual premiums, take the cash surrender value of the policy and drop it.

If you have a whole life participating policy issued either on the five or the ten-year dividend plan, upon which you have paid not more than nine annual premiums, carry it until your next dividend is due and drop it. If you have carried it only three years, drop it at once without waiting for the dividend.

If you have an endowment or a limited payment life policy, upon which not more than half of the whole number of premiums have been paid, carry it until the next dividend is payable and let it go.

An annual dividend is good of its kind—and it's a bad kind—if the company is honest. You can tell if the company is honest by subtracting your last dividend from the annual premium. If the remainder is considerably less than the non-participating rate on the same class of policy, the company shows signs of honesty. But a difference of a few cents is no proof of honesty. An annual premium is usually paid only to those who pay their premiums for the following year, and a small difference means only that the company is willing to pay you a little to keep you coming. A large

difference is required to indicate that the company is paying you an honest dividend.

If you are more than fifty years old, and have a non-participating whole life policy, upon which you have paid more than ten premiums, keep it.

But whatever you do, if there are others dependent upon you, do not make the mistake of dropping all of your policies, and going without insurance, merely because you do not like the manner in which the business of life insurance is conducted. You can be robbed less than you are now being robbed, if you will heed the foregoing advice, but it is better to let the present robbery continue than to go without any insurance. And always bear in mind that there is but one class of persons who boast of their wisdom in never having taken any insurance, and that class is composed exclusively of those who have not died. Such persons, provided they have dependents who would have suffered in the event of their death, are entitled only to credit for the wisdom that enabled them to know that they would not die prematurely. The families of dead men never boast that their dead husbands or fathers were too shrewd to be inveigled into insuring their lives.

Of course it ought to be possible for a person to have his life insured without being compelled to submit to *any* robbery. The time will come when this can be done. That it is not now here, is due solely to the dense and widespread ignorance of the American people on the principles of insurance. A business man who would not buy a $500 vacant lot, without having his attorney investigate the title, will buy an insurance policy that means to him an ultimate expenditure of $20,000, without knowing any more about it than the gentleman from the country knows of the gold brick. He knows the amount he is to pay each year, and the amount the company is to pay him in the event of his death while the policy is in force, but that is about all. The writer knows a banker in Michigan who discovered last year that he must continue until his death to pay premiums on a $50,000 policy that he had carried twenty years. He says he was told that he had bought a policy upon which no premiums would be required after twenty years. His policy had "Twenty-Year Dividend" beautifully printed on the first page, and, not knowing what it meant, he jumped to the conclusion that it referred to the twenty-year period, during which he was told he would have to pay premiums. When the twenty-first premium became due last year, he learned the facts. It will cost him $1,600 a year for the rest of his life, because he did not buy life insurance as he would have bought a suburban lot.

This case is typical of thousands of others. Practically everybody is gullible on life insurance, because nobody knows much about it. The gentlemen down East are looking for this kind of people, and they have been playing them to the limit.

As an illustration of one of the most conscienceless frauds that are being perpetrated by most life insurance companies, the treatment of women who become insured may be cited.

Practically all of the companies discriminate in one way or another against women, on the ground that women as a class are more likely to die prematurely than are men as a class. One company will not sell non-participating insurance to women at any price; another adds $5 a thousand each year to the non-participating rate; another puts women in a separate class for dividends, which means nothing to the woman when she gets her policy, but is nevertheless a gentle way of breaking the news to her in the after years, that she will get no dividends worth mentioning; another will not sell a policy to a woman on anything except the deferred dividend plan—and so on.

Now all of these companies will sell annuities to women as well as to men. An annuity is the exact opposite of life insurance. When one buys an

annuity, he pays a lump sum at the beginning, or smaller sums during the first four or five years, and the company pays him an annual income until death. No medical examination is required, because the sooner the holder of the annuity dies, the better it will be for the company. In fact, if a person buy an annuity today for a lump sum, with the understanding that the company is to begin its payments to him at the end of the year, and then die tomorrow, the company simply keeps the lump sum, and pays back nothing. On the other hand, if the person live to be one hundred years old, the company must continue its payments until he dies.

It is therefore plain that annuity rates ought to be highest for those who might be expected to live the longest, and lowest for those who might be expected to die the youngest. And, since the companies have discriminated and are discriminating against women in life insurance, because of their alleged liability to early death, it would seem as if women should be sold annuities for less than men are charged.

The exact opposite is the fact. Women are charged more than men.

For a life annual income of $1,000, a man forty years old is charged $16,930.

For the same income for life a woman forty years old is charged by the same company, *that discriminates against women in life insurance*, $18,221.

What is the answer?

Just this:

Women as a class *do* live longer than men. Every actuary knows this.

Therefore the wrong is not in charging them more for annuities. They ought to be required to pay more for annuities than men pay, because they live longer to draw their incomes. They ought *not*, however, to be compelled to pay more for insurance than men pay, on the theory that they are likely to die young, and then be compelled to pay more than men for annuities on the ground that they are likely to live longer than men. This is a piece of brazen robbery that could not be perpetrated on a community that was familiar with life insurance. As a matter of fact, women ought to be able to buy life insurance for less than men pay, and the only apparent excuse for charging them more is that they know so little about life insurance that they will pay it.

Another method of life insurance robbery, that can be stopped whenever the people wake up and demand that it cease, pertains to the fictitious death-rate indicated by the American Experience Table of Mortality, so-called. Life insurance rates are based on the probable number of persons of any given age who will die each year. If premium rates be based on a table that indicates a higher death rate than is ever experienced, the people are required to pay too much for their insurance.

Exactly that situation exists. The death rate indicated by the American Experience Table of Mortality is never experienced. Read any congratulatory New Year letter to policyholders from the president of a life insurance company and you will be likely to find with the other good news the fact that "our company has experienced during the last year a very favorable mortality rate." Of course you are supposed to congratulate yourself upon the fact that you are insured in a company that is so careful about the selection of those upon whose lives it assumes risks. As a matter of fact, the statement indicates nothing of the kind. A company could be almost careless in the selection of its risks and still not suffer the death rate that is indicated by the American Experience Table.

The American Table was as good as it could be when it was made. Sheppard Homans compiled it thirty years ago from the experience of a single company—the Mutual Life of New York. Having the experience of only one company to guide him, it was doubtless inaccurate from the first. But science has increased the average

of human life since then. Officially, the life insurance companies do not know it, though everybody else does. They still base their premium rates on the old table, although a better table has since been compiled from the experience of thirty American companies, and the National Fraternal Congress has compiled another that is perhaps the best of all. But these later tables indicate a lower death rate—a death rate that would not justify present premiums.

The extent of the inaccuracy of the American Table may be judged by comparing it with the National Fraternal Congress Table. The American Table declares that, of 100,000 men forty years old, 979 will die before they become forty-one. The National Fraternal Congress Table shows that only 640 will die. The discrepancies at other ages are as great. And the accuracy of the Fraternal Congress Table has been confirmed by every fraternal association that has not had an abnormal mortality rate thrust upon it by the withdrawal of its good risks.

But the life insurance companies nevertheless stick to the old American Experience Table of Mortality, with its inaccurate, ancient figures. It is always well to be "conservative," you know—especially when conservatism means a shadow of excuse to keep up premium rates.

Besides, the people have never asked that the American Table be abandoned Most of them never heard of it.

Thus are life insurance policies made and sold.

A Comparison

"NOW, dar's dat 'ar Mr. Jawn D. Rockefeller," remarked old Brown-back. "I yeahs 'em say dat he's got so much money dat he couldn't spend it all if he lived a thousand yeahs and worked at it day and night, and de strain of it is uh-killin' him."

"Well-uh, muh suzz!" returned Brother Quackenboss. "He's like a cullud man in a patch o' watahmillions uh-ripenin' faster dan he can possibly eat 'em. No wonder de po' personage is plumb wo' out!"

A Pertinent Question

"AH, yes, my dear young friend," said the eminent philanthropist and supreme head of the Consolidated All-the-Necessities-of-Life Trust, the while his pale, ascetic face beamed with the beatific, self-satisfied placidity so often observed on the countenance of a Jersey cow. "Reviewing my long, and, I trust, not wholly useless, career, I have become convinced that the only way to win true success is to deal honorably with your fellow-men, to implicitly follow the dictates of a clean conscience, to ever heed the teaching of the Golden Rule, and walk in the straight and narrow way."

"And—ah—Mr. Robafeller," returned the dear young friend, "don't you sometimes regret that you didn't find it out sooner?"

JEFFERSON'S BIRTHDAY
"Boys, Quit Your Fighting!"
McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune

THE GENIE OF THE COAL HOD
If the Trust Once Calls Him Forth, He Will Never be Get Him Back Again
Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal

Wouldn't it be a Good Joke if Mr. Trust Would Find Some Such Brick as This Under the Old Hat?
Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal

The Next Constitutional Convention

BY HON. WALTER CLARK

Chief Justice Supreme Court, North Carolina

SOME DEFECTS IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES NECESSITY FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION TO REVISE IT

AMENDMENTS DISCUSSED

Election of Senators, Judges and Postmasters by the people.

Term of President six years, and ineligible for re-election.

The electoral vote in each state to be divided pro rata according to popular vote therein for each candidate.

Repeal, or modification, of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Each Congress to expire at the election of its successor.

AT Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, was proclaimed "Liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof." And there, too, eleven years later, was another notable event, when, on September 17, 1787, was issued to the world the Constitution of these United States. It is the latter—"its defects and the necessity for its revision"—that I wish to discuss.

Just here it is well to call to mind the radical difference between these two conventions: That which met in 1776 was frankly democratic. Success in its great and perilous undertaking was only possible with the support of the people. The great Declaration was an appeal to the masses. It declared that all men were "created equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights—among them life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—to secure which rights, governments are instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and that, when government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and institute a new government in such form as shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." Never was the right of revolution more clearly asserted or that government existed for the sole benefit of the people, who were declared to be equal and endowed with the right to change their government at will, when it did not subserve their welfare or obey their wishes. Not a word about property. Everything was about the people. The man was more than the dollar then. And the convention was in earnest. Every member signed the Declaration, which was unanimously voted. As Dr. Franklin pertinently observed, it behooved them "to hang together or they would hang separately."

The convention which met in 1787 was as reactionary as the other had been revolutionary and democratic. It had its beginning in commercial negotiations between the states. Wearied with a long war, enthusiasm for liberty somewhat relaxed by the pressing need to earn the comforts and necessities of life, whose stores had been diminished, and oppressed by the ban upon prosperity caused by the uncertainties and impotence of the existing government of the Confederacy, the Convention of 1787 came together. Ignoring the maxim that government should exist only by the consent of the governed, it sat with closed doors, that no breath of the popular will should affect their decisions. To free the members from all responsibility, members were prohibited to make copies of any resolution. They were also forbidden to correspond with constituents or others as to any matters pending before the Convention. Any

record of yeas and nays was forbidden, and one was kept without the knowledge of the Convention. The journal was kept secret, a vote to destroy it fortunately failed, and Mr. Madison's copy was published only after the lapse of forty-nine years, when every member had passed beyond human accountability. Only twelve states were ever represented, and one of these withdrew before the final result was reached. Of its sixty-five members, only fifty-five ever attended, and, so far from being unanimous, only thirty-nine signed the Constitution, and some actively opposed its ratification by their own states.

That the Constitution thus framed was reactionary was a matter of course. There was, as we know, some talk of a royal government, with Frederick, Duke of York, second son of George the Third, as king. Hamilton, whose subsequent great services as Secretary of the Treasury have crowned him with a halo, and whose tragic death has obliterated the memory of his faults, declared himself in favor of the English form of government with its hereditary executive and its House of Lords, which he denominated "a most noble institution." Failing in that, he advocated an executive elected by Congress for life, senators and judges for life, and governors of states to be appointed by the President. Of these he secured, as it has proved, the most important from his standpoint: the creation of judges for life. The Convention was aware that a constitution on Hamilton's lines could not secure ratification by the several states. But the Constitution adopted was made as undemocratic as possible, and was very far from responding to the condition, laid down in the Declaration of 1776, that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Hamilton, in a speech to the Convention, stated that the members were agreed that "we need to be rescued from the democracy." They were rescued.

In truth, the consent of the governed was not to be asked. In the new government the will of the people was not to control and was little to be consulted. Of the three great departments of the Government—Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary—the people were entrusted with the election only of the House of Representatives, to-wit, only one-sixth of the Government, even if the House had been made equal in authority and power with the Senate, which was very far from being the case. The Declaration of 1776 was concerned with the rights of man. The Convention of 1787 entirely ignored them. There was no Bill of Rights and the guarantees of the great rights of freedom of speech and of the press, freedom of religion, liberty of the people to assemble, and right of petition, the right to bear arms, exemption from soldiers being quartered upon the people, exemption from general warrants, the right of trial by jury and a grand jury, protection of the law of the land and protection from seizure of private property for other than public use, and then only upon just compensation; the prohibition of excessive bail or cruel and unusual punishment, and the reservation to the people and the states of all rights not granted by the Constitution—all these matters of the utmost importance to the rights of the people—were omitted and were inserted by the first ten amendments only because it was necessary to give assurances that such amendments would be adopted in order to secure the ratification of the Constitution by the several states. For this we are indebted to Thomas Jefferson, who was unfortunately not a member of the convention, being at that time our minister to France. On his return he suggested these amendments and the pledge to adopt them, without which the Constitution would not have been ratified by a sufficient number of states.

The Constitution was so far from being deemed satisfactory, even to the people, and in the circumstances of the time for which it was framed, that, as already stated, only 11 states voted for its adoption by the convention, and only 39 members out of 55 attending

signed it, some members subsequently opposing its ratification. Its ratification by the conventions in the several states was carried with the greatest difficulty, and in no state was it submitted to a vote of the people themselves. Massachusetts ratified only after a close vote and with a demand for amendments; South Carolina and New Hampshire also demanded amendments, as also did Virginia and New York, both of which voted ratification by the narrowest majorities and reserved to themselves the right to withdraw, and two states rejected the Constitution and subsequently ratified only after Washington had been elected and inaugurated—matters in which they had no share.

George Washington was President of the Convention, it is true, but as such was debarred from sharing in the debates. His services, great as they were, had been military, not civil, and he left no impress upon the instrument of union so far as known. Yet it was admitted that but for his popularity and influence, the Constitution would have failed of ratification by the several states, especially Virginia. Indeed, but for his great influence the convention would have adjourned without putting its final hand to the Constitution, as it came very near doing. Even his great influence would not have availed but for the overwhelming necessity for some form of government as a substitute for the rickety "Articles of Confederation," which were utterly inefficient and whose longer retention threatened civil war.

An instrument so framed, adopted with such difficulty and ratified after such efforts and by such narrow margins, could not have been a fair and full expression of the consent of the governed. The men that made it did not deem it perfect. Its friends agreed to sundry amendments, ten in number, which were adopted by the first Congress that met. The assumption by the new Supreme Court of a power not contemplated, even by the framers of the Constitution, to drag a state before it as defendant in an action by a citizen of another state, caused the enactment of the Eleventh Amendment. The unfortunate method prescribed for the election of President nearly caused a civil war in 1801 and forced the adoption of the Twelfth Amendment, and three others were brought about as the result of the great Civil War. The convention of 1787 recognized itself that the defects innate in the Constitution and which would be developed by experience and the lapse of time, would require amendments, and that instrument prescribed two different methods by which amendments could be made.

Our Federal Constitution was adopted 119 years ago. In that time every state has radically revised its constitution, and most of them several times. Indeed, the constitution of New York requires that the question of a constitutional convention shall be submitted to its people at least once every twenty years. The object is that the organic law shall keep abreast of the needs and wants of the people and shall represent the will and progress of today, and shall not, as is the case with the Federal Constitution, be hampered by provisions deemed best by the divided counsels of a small handful of men, in providing for the wants of the Government of nearly a century and a quarter ago. Had those men been gifted with divine foresight and created a constitution fit for this day and its development, it would have been unsuited for the needs of the times in which it was fashioned.

When the Constitution was adopted in 1787 it was intended for 3,000,000 of people, scattered along the Atlantic slope, from Massachusetts to the southern boundary of Georgia. We are now trying to make it do duty for very nearly 100,000,000, from Maine to Manila, from Panama and Porto Rico to the Pole. Then our population was mostly rural, for, three years later, at the first census in 1790, we had but five towns in the whole union which had as many as 6,500 inhabitants each, and only two others had over 4,000. Now

we have the second largest city on the globe, with over 4,000,000 of inhabitants, and many that have passed the half-million mark, some of them of over a million population. Three years later, in 1790, we had 75 post-offices with $37,000 annual post-office expenditures. Now we have 75,000 post-offices, 35,000 rural-delivery routes and a post-office appropriation of nearly $200,000,000.

During the first ten years, the total expenditures of the Federal Government, including payments on the Revolutionary debts, and including even the pensions, averaged $10,000,000 annually. Now the expenditures are seventy-five times as much. When the Constitution was adopted, Virginia was easily the first state in influence, population and wealth, having one fourth the population of the entire union. North Carolina was third, and New York, which then stood fifth, now has double the population of the whole country at that date, and several other states have now a population greater than the original union, whose very names were then unheard and over whose soil the savage and the buffalo roamed unmolested. Steamboats, railroads, gas, electricity (except as a toy in Franklin's hands), coal mines, petroleum, and a thousand other things which are a part of our lives today, were undiscovered.

Corporations, which now control the country and its government, were then so few that not till four years later, in 1791, was the first bank incorporated (in New York), and the charter for the second bank was only obtained by the subtlety of Aaron Burr, who concealed the banking privileges in an act incorporating a water company—and corporations have had an affinity for water ever since.

Had the Constitution been perfectly adapted to the needs and wishes of the people of that day, we would still have outgrown it. Time has revealed flaws in the original instrument, and it was, as might be expected, wholly without safeguards against that enormous growth of corporations, and even of individuals, in wealth and power, which has subverted the control of the Government.

The glaring defect in the Constitution was that it was not democratic. It gave, as already pointed out, to the people—to the governed—the selection of only one sixth of the government; to-wit, one half—by far the weaker half—of the legislative department. The other half, the Senate, was made elective at second hand by the state legislatures, and the senators were given not only longer terms, but greater power, for all Presidential appointments, and treaties, were subjected to confirmation by the Senate.

The President was intended to be elected at a still further remove from the people, by being chosen by electors, who, it was expected, would be selected by the state legislatures. The President thus was to be selected at third hand, as it were. In fact, down till after the memorable contest between Adams, Clay, Crawford, and Jackson, in 1824, in the majority of the states the Presidential electors were chosen by the state legislatures, and they were so chosen by South Carolina till after the Civil War, and, in fact, by Colorado in 1876. The intention was that the electors should make independent choice, but public opinion forced the transfer of the choice of electors from the legislatures to the ballot-box, and then made of them mere figure-heads, with no power but to voice the will of the people, who thus captured the executive department. That department, and the House of Representatives, mark today the extent of the share of the people in this Government.

The Judiciary were placed a step still further removed from the popular choice. The judges were to be selected at fourth hand by a President (intended to be selected at third hand) and subject to confirmation by a Senate chosen at second hand. And, to make the Judiciary absolutely impervious to any consideration of the "consent of the governed," they are appointed for life.

It will be seen at a glance that a constitution so devised was intended

not to express, but to suppress, or at least disregard, the wishes and the consent of the governed. It was admirably adapted for what has come to pass—the absolute domination of the Government by the "business interests" which, controlling vast amounts of capital and intent on more, can secure the election of senators by the small constituencies, the legislatures which elect them, and can dictate the appointment of the judges; and, if they fail in that, the Senate, chosen under their auspices, can defeat the nomination. Should the President favor legislation and the House of Representatives pass the bill, the Senate, with its majority chosen by corporation influences, can defeat it; and if, by any chance, it shall yield to the popular will and pass the bill, as was the case with the income tax, there remains the Judiciary, who have assumed, without any warrant, express or implied, in the Constitution, the power to declare any act unconstitutional at their own will and without responsibility to anyone.

The people's part in the Government in the choice of the House of Representatives, even when reinforced by the Excutive, whose election they have captured, is an absolute nullity in the face of the Senate and the Judiciary, in whose selection the people have no voice. This, therefore, is the Government of the United States—a government by senators and judges—that is to say, frankly, by whatever power can control the selection of senators and judges. What is that power? We know that it is not the American people.

Let us not be deceived by forms, but look at the substance. Government rests not upon forms, but upon a true reply to the question, "Where does the governing power reside?" The Roman legions bore to the last day of the empire upon their standards the words, "The Senate and the Roman people," long centuries after the real power had passed from the *curia* and the *comitia* to the barracks of the Pretorian Guards and when there was no will in Rome save that of their master. There were still tribunes of the people, and consuls, and a senate, and the title of a republic; but the real share of the people in the Roman Government was the donation to them of "bread and circuses" by their tyrants.

Years after the victor of Marengo had been crowned emperor and the sword of Austerlitz had become the one power in France, the French coins and official documents still bore the inscription of "French Republic"—"République Francaise."

In England today there is a monarchy in form, but we know that in truth the real government of England is vested in a single House of Parliament, elected by the people, under a restricted suffrage; that the real executive is not the king, but the prime minister and his cabinet, practically elected by the House of Commons, whose term of office is at the pleasure of the majority of that house; that the king has not even the veto power, except nominally, since it has not been exercised in a single instance for more than 200 years, and that the sole function of the House of Lords—a club of rich men representing great vested interests—is in the exercise of a suspensive veto (of which the king has been deprived), which is exercised only till the Commons make up their mind the bill shall pass—when the House of Lords always gives way, as the condition upon which their continued existence rests. So, in this country, we retain the forms of a republic. We still choose our President and the House of Representatives by the people; but the real power does not reside in them or in the people. It rests with those great "interests" which select the majority of the Senate and the Judiciary.

This being the situation, the sole remedy possible is by amendment of the Constitution to make it democratic, and place the selection of these preponderating bodies in the hands of the people.

First, the election of senators should be given to the people. Even then consolidated wealth will secure some

of the senators; but it would not be able, as now, at all times to count with absolute certainty upon a majority of the Senate as its creatures. Five times has a bill proposing such amendment to the Constitution passed the House of Representatives by a practically unanimous vote, and each time it has been lost in the Senate; but never by a direct vote. It has always been disposed of by the chloroform process of referring the bill to a committee, which never reports it back, and never will. It is too much to expect that the great corporations, which control a majority of the Senate, will ever voluntarily transfer to the people their profitable and secure hold upon supreme power by permitting the passage of an amendment to elect senators by the people. The only hope is in the alternative plan of amendment, authorized by the Constitution; to-wit, the call of a constitutional convention upon the application of two-thirds of the states, to-wit, thirty states. More than that number have already instructed in favor of an amendment to elect senators by the people.

It may be recalled here that in the Convention of 1787 Pennsylvania did vote for the election of senators by the people. A strong argument used against this was that the farming interest, being the largest, would control the House and that the Senate could only be given to the commercial interests by making its members elective by the legislatures—which was prophetic—though the deciding influence was the fear of the small states that if the Senate was elected by the people its membership would be based on population.

It is high time that we had a Constitutional Convention, after the lapse of near a century and a score of years. The same reasons which have time and again caused the individual states to amend their constitutions, imperatively require a convention to adjust the Constitution of the Union to the changed conditions of the times and to transfer to the people themselves that control of the Government which is now exercised for the profit and benefit of the "interests." Those interests, with all the power of their money and the large part of the press which they own or control, will resist the call of such a convention. They will be aided, doubtless, by some of the smaller states who may fear a loss of their equal representation in the Senate. But in truth and justice it may be that there might be some modifications now in that respect without injury to the smaller states. There is no longer any reason why Delaware, or Nevada, or Rhode Island should have as many senators as New York, or Pennsylvania, or Illinois. It would be enough to grant to every state having a million of inhabitants or less, one senator, and to allot to each state having over one million of inhabitants an additional senator for every million above one million and for a fractional part if over three-quarters of a million. This, while not putting the Senate frankly on a basis of population, would remove the dissatisfaction with the present unjust ratio and would quiet the opposition to the admission of new states whose area and development entitle them to self-government, but whose population does not entitle them to two senators.

The election of the President is now made by the people, who have captured it, though the Constitution did not intend the people should have any choice in naming the Executive. The dangerous and unsafe plan adopted in 1787 was changed in consequence of the narrowly-averted disaster in 1801. But the method in force still leaves much to be desired. It readily lends itself to the choice of a minority candidate. It is an anomaly that 1,100 votes in New York (as in 1884) should swing 70 electoral votes (35 from one candidate to the other) and thus decide the result. The consequence is that while, nominally, any citizen of the Republic is eligible to the Presidency, only citizens of two or three of the larger states, with doubtful electoral votes, are in fact

eligible. All others are barred. For proof of this, look at the history of our Presidential electors. For the first forty years of the Union the Presidents were confined to two states —Virginia and Massachusetts. Then there came a period when the growing West required recognition, and Tennessee, Ohio, and New York commanded the situation for the next sixteen years. The Mexican War gave us a soldier who practically represented no state, and was succeeded by a New Yorker. Then for the only time in our history "off states" had a showing, and Pennsylvania and New Hampshire had their innings. Since then the successful candidates have been again strictly limited to "pivotal states"—New York in the East, and Illinois, Indiana and Ohio in the West.

This condition is unsatisfactory. The magnetic Blaine from Maine was defeated, as was Bryan from Nebraska. Had the former hailed from New York and the latter from Illinois, the electoral votes and influence of those states would have secured their election.

It would be dangerous, and almost a certain provocation of civil war, to change the election of President to a per capita vote by the whole of the Union. Then a charge of a fraudulent vote at any precinct or voting place, however remote, might affect the result; and as frauds would most likely occur in those states where the majorities are largest—as in Pennsylvania or Texas, Ohio or Georgia—a contest would always be certain. Whereas, now, frauds in states giving large majorities, unless of great enough magnitude to change the electoral vote of the whole state, can have no effect. The remedy is, preserving the electoral vote system as now, and giving the smaller states, as now, the advantage of electoral vote to represent their senators, to divide the electoral vote of each state according to the popular vote for each candidate, giving each his pro rata of the electoral vote on that basis, the odd elector being apportioned to the candidate having the largest fraction. Thus in New York Mr. Blaine would have gotten 17 electoral votes and Mr. Cleveland 18. Other states would have also divided more or less evenly; but the result would be that the choice of President would no longer be restricted to two or three states, as in our past history, and as is likely to be always the case as long as the whole electoral vote of two or three large "pivotal" states must swing to one side or other and determine the result. This change would avoid the present evil of large sums being spent to carry the solid electoral vote of "pivotal" states, for there would cease to be "pivotal" states. At the same time this would avoid the open gulf into which a per capita ballot by the whole Union would lead us. While the electoral vote of a state should be divided, pro rata, according to the popular vote for each candidate, it is essential that each state should vote as one district, since its boundaries are unchangeable. To permit the legislature of each state to divide it into electoral districts would simply open up competition in the art of gerrymandering.

By the Convention of 1787 the term of the President was originally fixed at seven years and he was made ineligible for re-election. This was reduced to four years by a compromise that he could be re-elected without limitation. This was done in the interest of those who favored a strong government and a long tenure. Washington imposed a limitation, by his example, which will not always be binding. An amendment making the term six years and the President ineligible to re-election has long been desired by a large portion of the public. Indeed, when the Constitutional Convention of the Union shall assemble, as it must do some day, to remodel our Constitution to fit it to face the dangers and conform to the views of the people of this age, with the aid of our experience, in the past, it is more than probable that

the powers of the Executive will be more restricted. His powers are now greater than those of any sovereign in Europe. The real restrictions upon the Executive power at present are not in Constitutional provisions, but in the Senate and Judiciary, which often negative the popular will which he represents more accurately than they.

(*To be concluded.*)

His Eruption

"WHILE I am one of the last of the persons in the world to pick flaws with my neighbors," virtuously said good Miss Philenda Ann Pine, "I can't help but think that Deacon Judson Peavy is a *leetle* too emphatic, at times, for a professor of religion and a pillar in the church. Why, when he fell down stairs—it was last Thursday, and I was there, me and Mrs. Judge Tubman and Cyrilla Stang, seeing about the festival and oyster supper—with the cane-seat rocker, which he was bringing down from the spare-room, and tripped about half-way, and fell and introduced his head through the cane seat, and cut a summerset right in front of us all, and flapped out through the screen door and went down the long steps and ketched the cyclopeedee agent, who was coming up in fourteen parts, as it were, just about at the waist-band, causing 'em both to go clear down to the bottom, locked in each other's frantic embrace, and fetch up with a 'Chug!' against the stone hitching-post, he said, real loud and vehement, 'Confound the dod-gasted luck to drat!' and I hold, in view of his station and what was naturally expected of him, that he ought to have counted at least one hundred before he said a word, and especially in view of the fact that the agent was so badly wrenched in his back that he was obliged to cripple over to the tavern and take to his bed, and the deacon didn't have to subscribe for the cyclopeedee, after all!"

Enjoyment

HOW can I catch the sunlight
And wear it in my hair?
Is there a golden apple
Whose core is not despair?
How can I suck the honey,
Unless I kill the flower?
How can I be happy,
Yet keep the happy hour?

GEORGE E. WOODS.

THE SOLILOQUY OF THE DIFFIDENT YOUNG MAN

BY

ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON.

HELLO, Tommy, old boy! I'm mighty glad to see you. How's everything over in the Colonies? Good! Yes, it's true, but I don't see anything to faint over; I'm not a baboon or a leper. Well, what if I did say that woman was only a necessary evil! So is tobacco. Thanks—they look kind o' black and rough, but I reckon they'll burn. Come on around to the side porch and I'll tell you all about it. Though aside from a few details, I suppose it happens a good deal the same way.

I was just finishing the irrigation dam in Paradise Valley—and by the way, son, there's the biggest waterworks scheme since the ancients fixed up old Mareb. Why, take it in the spring and —but then I'll tell you how to get engaged first. Well, I sent Bess a picture of the dam with myself in working togs in the foreground, and this is what started the avalanche. Just before the camera was snapped some cribwork threatened to give way, I forgot all about the picture and started to exhort the gang a little. 'Twas a motley lot—Japs, Guinies, Greasers—an awful mixture. About all the mother-tongue they savvied was good working profanity, and I passed them out what I happened to have with me. It made a great picture—my sombrero was tilted, my shirt was open at the neck, even my puttees seemed to give local color, and there I stood with my left fist drawn back at my side and my right index finger pointing at the cribwork, while the expression on my face would have stopped a runaway automobile. I looked like Salvani, or whatever his name is, in "An Enemy to the King."

You know that this was Bess's last year at Vassar and of course she had a very dearest chum. She always has one—sometimes she keeps the same one six weeks at a stretch; but this one was the real, genuine, true-until-death article; and of course she showed this very dearest chum the picture and there was where the avalanche started to rumble a little. It seems that Helen was a romantic little cuss and she looked at the picture pretty often and finally got the notion that this was my professional pose. And she was filled with an unholy desire to come out and see things as they really were.

Bess intended to come out and rough it awhile for her health as soon as she graduated. Bess is a mighty good fellow in camp—wears an old felt hat, short skirt and leggins and is never a bit of bother, but I soured up considerable when I found that the health of the dearest chum was slipping cogs too. I'm as sympathetic as a sponge, but I'm no trained nurse.

You know how I am. I never could understand what the dickens made me so devilish diffident. I don't stutter, I'm not deformed and I've had as many married men among my ancestors as anybody, but drive me up to a strange skirt and I shy every time. It isn't as if I was just brought in from the range, either, because Bess has worked me everyway that a man can be worked, but I just can't seem to get city broke.

It wasn't so bad this time, however. Helen, that's the dearest chum's title,

and it fits her like a glove, was as game as a bantam in spite of her frayed-out health. If time wasn't so scarce in this busy world, Tommy, I could give you some loving pointers about a girl's health. The first time that Helen tried to ride a pony it bucked like a pneumatic drill, but never a squeal got through her lips. Her hair, which is yellow and fine like a bunch of raw silk, came loose and floated about like a cloud. It is the dandiest hair I ever saw and it clogged up the atmosphere until you could just catch a glimpse of her face now and then, bobbing up like Venus or Minerva or one of that clique coming up out of the surf. I finally got hold of the curb, pulled up the pony's head, out spurred him into a gallop and we did about fifteen miles before we got back. She said it was the time of her life, but I noticed that she was mighty careful not to break any campstools that evening and she walked slow and dignified, like a duck on slick ice. But you can bet that she never hauled up the white flag.

I like anything that's game. I don't care if it's a dog or a horse or a woman; I like to see 'em make a good fight and I cottoned to her right from the start—but this didn't give me any new courage. I was more afraid of her than any I had ever met before, and yet I was as lonesome as a calf as soon as she was out of my sight. We rode every day, an Englishman, who owned a big ranch close by, coming along to make a fool of himself over Bess. The more I saw of Helen, the more I understood why a man got married and the less I could see how he managed to live through the proposal. I used to roam about at night making up what I wanted to say to her, but hanged if I could ever finish even when I was alone.

After a time we got into the habit of going riding in little groups of two, but it was no use—she treated me as if I was her little brother and I treated her as if she was an angel with her wings in the check-room. One day we were alone in the foothills when three Guinies popped out from behind a rock and opened the conversation by telling me that they were minded to carve me up a little. I had fired them the day before and could easy see that they were out of humor, so I told Helen to head for camp, but nary a head—she just stayed to see the fun.

I happened to have my hypodermics with me, and all they had was a parcel of surgical tools, so I told them that I would count twenty and then begin to shoot. They waited until I reached five, and then they started to walk toward Italy. By the time I got up to fifteen they were galloping gaily, and when I reached twenty they were just in pretty range. I didn't want to muss them up any, but I tossed them a little lead close enough to make them bow politely, and they scudded away like an antelope with its tail on fire. It was as safe as a French duel, but Helen branded me a hero on the spot. Nothing heroic, but mighty good luck, because I never pack a gun any more, and only had them that day because Helen wanted to learn to shoot a forty-four. It would be a handy thing to know when she got back East.

Her eyes were mighty soft after that, and I made up my mind to propose right there. Then I took another invoice, and decided to wait until next day.

Next day we rode out to the same place, and climbed the rocks for a view. She was talking about how brave and cool I was, while I sat with the cold sweat running down the back of my neck, trying to pump up my spunk. Finally I turned and looked at her shoes and started in, with a voice that shook like a wire cable in a gale of wind: "Miss Kenyon—I have something to say to you. That is, there is something I should like to ask you—only—only—" She caught my eyes, and it blinded me so that I had to look down at the ponies, while she said kindly: "Well, why don't you ask me, then, Jack? I'm not vicious."

Well, that braced me up and I knew that I was going to get my petition on file at least, but just then I looked up and there was that diabolical Ikey Kikee coming up the rocks hunting

herbs—the little Jap that I wrote you of, who was always getting into scrapes. Well, I shut up like a folding-bed, and my gray matter got all tangled into a knot. I tried to finish but it was no use. "Miss Kenyon," I mumbled, "I—I—I wanted to ask you how much longer you intended to stay out here?"

She didn't say anything for a minute and then her eyes began to snap, and she gave me a look which cooled off the whole landscape. I knew it was a break to ask a guest how long she intended to stay, but I had no idea that she would take it so hard. Finally she said: "I did not intend to go for some time yet, but I am getting tired a little of the lonesomeness and think that I shall go tomorrow."

I apologized all I could remember, but she was as firm as a barrel of cement after a cold bath. Bess was getting a little afraid of the Englishman, so they both packed up that night. It seems that this misguided creature had proposed once a day ever since Bess had been there. This is the way life goes. If you don't ask for what you want, you won't get it, and if you do ask, you won't get it anyway.

Helen softened up a bit down at the station, and told me that she had had a perfectly lovely time, and would be mighty lonesome for the old foothills when she got back home. Her eyes were moist and glisteny, and I had to turn and look at the foothills a minute myself. I felt awful. She made me promise to come and see her when I got back East, and then she climbed on to the train, and the sun went out. Bess kissed me good-bye and told me that I was a regular chump. Bess always tells me some little secret like this, so that I won't mourn for her after she has gone.

It was a long drive back to camp, and it seemed a heap sight longer than it really was. We finished up in a couple of months, and then I came back and got my name in most of the papers. People were just beginning to realize what my little dam meant in the shape of new acres.

As soon as I had my hands washed, Bess began to make plans to go and see Helen, and as I was feeling pretty good, I consented. She made me buy a suit of sage-green flannels with a stripe in them. Think of it! I felt like a watermelon, only I lacked the ease of manner. Well after a week or so of coaching me how to talk English and keep my feet off the tables, we started. Bess took a trunk along—she takes a trunk if she is only going across the ferry to do a little shopping—and I took a suit-case. It was all right until we got on the car, and then I began to wilt. I wore my green suit, a light pink shirt, and a straw hat that cost twenty-five real American dollars. Wouldn't that give you a palpitation! And only a few days before, Bess had made the customary remark about fools and their money, because I had paid the same price for a bull pup that was a beauty. I don't weep when I let go my coin, but when I've been bled I hate to advertise it; and every one that I met looked at that hat and smiled. I felt like a dish of ice-cream on a radiator.

Bess is not diffident—she has brass enough for an eighty-horse-power pump—and it was her presence which held me in line. I knew that she could tell them what I thought about things, and get me out of embarrassing positions. We bowled merrily along, Bess talking forty knots an hour, and my spirits getting lower and lower. Well, I knew that by the time I arrived I would not be able to stammer out an intelligible how-de-do, but Bess never let up on her chatter about soireés, receptions and dances. I dance like a Texas steer. That girl is absolutely heartless. Not about the poor dumb creatures, goodness knows! A fellow can't go out for a walk with her without getting into a dozen scraps with the teamsters, and lugging home an armful of down-trodden cats; but when it comes to the real, spiritual anguish of her fellow-man, she is as grim as a glacier.

When we got off at the station there was a full dozen of girls waiting for us. You know how they carry on when

they catch a new victim. I had a fine chance while they were hugging and kissing Bess, but I was so weak in the knees that I let the train get away before I had sense enough to climb back and hide. Presently Helen noticed me and her face broke into a glorious smile. It was the twenty-five dollar hat or the watermelon make-up, I suppose, but anyway, it was a mighty dandy, eighteen-carat smile all right. Then she called the roll. I like this wholesale introducing. I'd just about as soon take a written examination on Persian history.

After a time two of them trudged off with Bess and the other nine fought over me. I say the other nine because Helen did not seem to care to draw any that hand; she just backed off to one side and stood pat. After a time they got it settled and we marched away with one of the dear things on each side of me looking into my face, and you can't imagine how grand I felt. It wasn't a bad scheme, though, as all I had to do was to wear a merry smile and keep from treading on their toes. Presently Bess came back and said that Mabel Waring wanted her to stay all night with her and see some sketches which were started at school. They all took a deep interest in this and discussed it so earnestly that I expected to have somebody fire in a riot call. I prayed that the motion would be overruled. Once I tried to get the floor, but the competition was too strong, so I fell back on prayer again. My side lost the debate.

We reached the house about five P.M., just as the Judge was turning in at the gate. It is a monster big house and the Judge matches it to a T; he stands well over six feet and carries two-seventy nicely. Our baggage had arrived, so Bess had me dump my things in a corner of my room and she put the duds she would need that evening into my suit-case. Bess is always clever in thinking up little conveniences like this. She told me what I should wear and how I should act and hustled off with the Waring girl, while I felt like a marooned pirate and hoped that she would have a miserable time. It was easy to see that Helen was still raw over that break I had made out at old Paradise. Aside from the one smile she had given my color scheme, I did not seem to be worth the price of admission.

While I was wallowing around in my gloom the Judge came in like a spring morning. He is a man, the Judge is. He's got his little old dignity all right, but he don't loaf in it much about the house. He took me down the hall to the bathroom and showed me the shoe-shining outfit and where there was a lot of clean towels cachéd away and told me to feel perfectly at home. After a time he said: "Well, it's time to dress for dinner," so I got ready to take the wrinkles out of my clawhammer.

There's a nice, handy garment, Tommy. They wear well, too. Mine was built ten years ago and was a snug fit. I've gained thirty pounds since then while the old spike-tail has barely held its own. Full dress is no idle term with me. When I wear my grand opera make-up I have to sit with my stomach drawn in and my shoulders drawn back. This adds to my other social joys. From the moment I poke my head in at the bottom of a white shirt my peace of mind flits. I wrestled with four collars before I could get one to stick without its being too rumpled to wear. Bess gets eloquent about the crime of the check-rein, but her only brother must wear a three-inch collar on a two-inch neck. No front gates either; one of these that catches a little wrinkle in your chin and gives you a bite every time you move. Next came the white tie. Bess won't let me wear a ready-tied tie because it's bourgeois. There may be good philosophy in this, but it's too subtle for me, because she also says that I must tie it as smooth and even as a boughten one. Bess is troubled some with Art and I think it has warped her judgment a little. At last, however, I descended, looking like a Hoopenkeimer illustration and managed to eat a meal without disgracing my ancestors.

I kept my eye on the Judge, used the

same tools that he did and ate the same quantity of the same stuff. I was sorry that he was so fond of salad-dressing, because it was hot; it was frightful hot, but I was game and followed his pace like a hero.

The Judge had quite a family that evening. First came Helen—I looked up once and found her looking at me and her eyes were soft like they used to be out in the foothills and I choked and nearly spoiled the whole program. The Judge thought it was the salad-dressing. He seemed proud to think that I liked it as well as he did, so he laughed and said, "It *is* hot, isn't it? But it's mighty good. Have some more." And like the brainless idiot that I am, I took some more.

Then there were his wife and her sister. The sister is what they call nowdays an old maiden bachelor girl. It has kind of thinned and soured her up a bit, but she's a good sort at that. There were a couple of boys, nasty little imps that sat together at the foot of the table. First they would whisper and then they would laugh, making you think that your tie was over your collar or that you had been eating with the wrong fork. Then there were two young ladies and an intimate friend of the family. He had a mighty fund of talk and is one of these cusses who say the things that other people are ashamed to think.

It was a merry meal and as no one found half time enough to say the things they wanted to say, I had nothing to do but keep cases on the Judge. The Judge has implicit faith in his liver medicine and when we broke away, I could hear the strap in the back of my low neck vest creaking. The Judge has a Scotch terrier, one of these little yellow fellows with their eyes packed away in wool. He spent most of his time sitting up, bumming the Judge for bits of meat. When we finished, the Judge took his napkin and played with him pretty rough. Pretty soon the terrier got interested, clamped his teeth into the napkin and commenced to growl. The Judge shook and jerked and swung him around, as pleased as a boy. Finally he gave an extra hard jerk and the napkin tore in two, while the Judge laughed out loud and patted the terrier's head. "There's a pup for you!" said the Judge. "When Sandy gets his grip, something has to go."

There was an awful gang there that evening and I about checked out my surplus nervous force trying to answer promptly when any one asked me a question. Helen softened up and tried to show me off, but it was no use. She looked prettier than ever and I felt more ungainly. Bess had told me not to talk shop, and there I was. Helen would start me off on some bridge or breakwater or something and I would forget myself and talk like a human being for a couple of laps, and then smash would come Bess's injunction and I would stammer and ball up and ask her if she did not think it extremely warm. I took that girl's testimony on the weather at least twenty times that evening, but she stood the grueling like a quarter-horse and never called me once.

It was an evening to give the oldest man there is a brain fag, but I staked out a corner of the sofa and fished out an album from beneath it and managed to hold out until eleven, and then they called it off and I joined the Judge in the library. He had his coat and shoes off and I shed mine, borrowed one of his pipes and we kept the talk bouncing back and forth until midnight. The Judge didn't giggle and say, "Oh, how perfectly lovely!" he talked about the West and things like that which make a man feel back on earth again and it lifted my load a heap.

I undressed, blew out the gas and lay on top of the bed in my pyjamas. It was beastly hot. Mine was a front room, but it was not popular with the breeze. There were some fine old trees in the yard and I could hear the air sliding through the leaves, soft and cool and tempting. Presently I noticed that the air in the room was getting a little too prominent and then I remembered that I had blown out the gas. We burn electrics at home and

candles in Paradise Valley, and if there is a single opening left, you can always trust me to show folks that I really ought to be a farmer. I got up and turned the confounded gas off and sat in the window and felt miserable. I would have taken a blanket and dropped out for a snooze under the trees, but there was no way to get back. The roof of a wide bay window in the parlor was right beneath me, but I was afraid that I would break the glass getting back or else oversleep myself, so I sat in the window and chewed a cigar. I couldn't find a match.

Presently I noticed that I was getting thirsty. I did not think that this amounted to much until I tried to forget it and then I was lost. It grew like a Japanese rose-bush. I needed water worse than a desert. It was awful. I would have given a horse for a bucket of the good old alkali which tastes like the soap that grandma used to make. There was no water in my room and that bathroom was over somewhere in the next township. It was that infernal salad-dressing; the Judge must have been raised in Mexico.

I threw myself down on the bed but that thirst spread like a plague. There actually wasn't enough moisture in my veins to float the corpuscles about and I could feel them settling all over my body, especially in my brain. Clots! I had gobs on my brain. Once I was lost on the Mohave for thirty-six hours, without water; but I didn't notice the thirst much—not like that night.

There was that confounded bathroom, clear at the far end of the hall, with a row of females on each side. I knew that if I tried to run the gantlet the same thought wave would strike every one of those females and we'd meet in a bunch in the dark hall.

But there was not use arguing about it—I had to have water. So I opened the door with extreme caution and listened. Not a sound. I sneaked down the hall like the Last of the Mohicans, but when I reached the door there was a light shining under it and the sound of water—good, sweet water—being vigorously splashed about. Somebody taking a bath, but whether a late evening or an early morning, I could not tell. It seemed as though I had been on the tenterhooks a month already.

I scooted back to my room and lay on the floor with my ear to the door, listening. In a few hours I heard the bathroom open and someone come up the hall. I waited ten or fifteen minutes and then made another start. I had only gone a short way, however, when another door opened and a figure in a bath-robe floated out and headed for my water supply. I came back to port, cursing my luck but resolved that no matter whether the rest of the menagerie were getting ready for breakfast or only making preparations for a cool sleep, I was scheduled to be the next occupant of that bathroom.

The moon sank just then and I lay on the floor in total darkness, and you could have fried an egg on the back of my head. You remember the Black Hole of Calcutta? Jugjug Dooley, or one of that bunch, shut up two or three hundred Englishmen in a ten-by-twelve cellar with only one window. I know just how the last man in the lowest layer felt. I lay there on the floor with my ears pointing toward the bathroom like a hound's, while the lining of my throat dried up and crumbled off into my windpipe. I was getting thirsty. Blood, vinegar, turpentine—Iwas willing to drink anything that could be poured.

Just as my fate hesitated between spontaneous combustion and apoplexy, the footsteps came back up the hall and, as soon as the door was closed, out I dashed. I flew down the hall, and, finding the bathroom open, jumped in and locked the door after me. I could taste the water already and began to feel about for the faucet. I had intended to fill the tub and see if I could drink it dry, but now I knew that I could not wait. I would just slip my mouth over the faucet, turn her on full force and drink until sun-up.

With hands stretched out before me

I went cautiously forward, hunting for that faucet—I always was lost in the dark. Suddenly I stumbled over a chair and fell plump upon a bed. Next moment that beast of a terrier jumped up, barking like an Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe and the bed creaked under the Judge as he grunted sleepily; "What's the matter? Who is it?"

I backed off hastily, stumbled over the chair again, lost my temper and kicked the chair into some kind of a screen, which fell crashing against the wall, making more noise than a dynamite explosion. My big toe was all crumpled up and, before I could recover my temper, I said—well no matter what I said, but it was plenty stout. There is a limit to what even a burro will stand.

Finally, with the howling cur trying to find a grip that suited him, I found the door—wrenched it open and plunged—into a closet. I backed with both engines and the terrier found a chance to attach himself to the left leg of my pyjamas just as the Judge struck a match. It was one of those eight-times sulphur ones and, before it got through coughing and spluttering, I seized the pup by the tail and gave him a swing. There was a ripping sound as the pyjama leg gave its dying wail, and the terrier sailed through the air, knocking the Judge down into a chair and putting out his smudge, but not before I saw the door I wanted.

I darted out into the inky hall, slammed the door after me and sprinted for my room. I could hear the Judge and the terrier telling what they were going to do as soon as they got their pants on. I jumped into my room and locked the door, feeling as though I had just been caught in an attempt to rob a baby. I forgot all about my thirst, and sat on the bed panting, while my heart beat cathedral chimes every quarter second.

Instantly a pair of lean arms were clasped about my neck and a screech, which loosened all my teeth, plowed its way out into the peaceful night; "Help! Help! Help! There is a man in my room! Help! Help! Help!"

Strange as I was to Eastern customs, I could easily see that things were coming to a head. The Judge and the intimate friend of the family and that confounded terrier were charging up and down the hall with their arms full of guns, the good mother was screeching her trouble into the telephone, while the boys took turns springing a burglar alarm out of the window.

Have you ever seen a mama-bear getting ready to preserve the integrity of her family? Well, that is just the way I felt about it. I hate to be firm with a woman, but it was Aunty's bones or Helen's nerves, so Aunty lost out in the shuffle.

I plunged for the door, trying to remember whether I had locked it with a key or a bolt. I expected to be shot and torn to pieces out in the hall and there was a savage joy in the thought. But the cherub that watches over idiots was right on his beat that night and I found the window first.

There was a screen in it, but I knocked that out and stepped out on the roof of the bay window which led right to my own haven of rest. But the roof was slippery with dew and I slid off and fell right onto a man coming out of the parlor window. It broke my fall and almost did the same business for his neck. I grabbed him by the throat and he began to cuss. It flashed across me that if I killed him I could lay all the upstairs muddle to his account, but I always hate to kill a man if there is any other way out, and, besides, this man was wearing a stand-up collar and I thought he might be one of the smart set out on a practical joke. A fellow reads of some mighty queer carryings-on in the upper ten and it wouldn't be square for a stranger to butt in and spoil the laugh, so I shook him around a little and said: "What's your game, son? Hurry up! There's apt to be a cyclone strike us any time." I was getting clearheaded again.

Well, he told me a pitiful tale about coming to elope with Jane—the second girl at the Kenyons', you know—and that when he whistled she told him to

go into the kitchen and wait. The door was unlocked so he went in and waited. He started in to tell me how mighty unpleasant waiting in the dark was; but I told him not to waste any time over that part of the story as I already knew more about it than ten men of his size could learn in a month.

He said that he had often been in the kitchen before, so he got the cooking whisky and some apple-pies and tried to comfort himself. He said that whisky always made him hostile and when the clock struck half-past two he thought that she was false, so he made up his mind to let her go to Jericho. He went into the parlor to get a sack of old coins that Jane had shown him once and had said was worth a mint of money. He said that when he reached the parlor, he noticed that there was something doing up stairs; he heard the dog racing up and down the hall and then he noticed wrestling in the room overhead and started to run. But the whisky had befuddled him and by the time he had found the window and got out of it, I pounced upon him.

I felt that I was more or less complicated in Jane's absence, so I asked him a few questions in a kind, fatherly voice. He said that Jane's mother would not let them marry so they were going to be married on the sly and run off to New York. He said that he had the license in his pocket. A man with grit enough to plan such a move as that would be hard to scare, but I had to bluff him or kill him so I said grimly: "Now listen to me, boy. If you tell just what I want you to, I'll save your life. Otherwise it's you for a long term in the pen. First get up and pull that window down and don't try to escape. Remember that I am the man who whipped Caudiff. Now you must stick to that eloping story and show the license, but you have to act a whole lot drunker than you really are. Tell them that you went upstairs to look for Jane, wandered into the Judge's room, was dog-chased into some woman's room, and when you tried to escape by the window, I grappled with you and we rolled off the porch. Which will you do—say that and go free or spend the next few years in cold storage?"

He was a wise youth, and just as he thanked me with tears in his voice the Judge and the intimate friend and the infernal terrier rushed into my room and lit the gas. "He's not here," said the Judge. "He ain't under the bed," said the intimate friend. The terrier had more real Western sense than all both of 'em put together. He poked his head out of the window and you should have heard him ripping up the record of Sherlock Holmes.

'What are you doing down there?" said the Judge, kind o' savage.

This tone always pacifies me, so I answered as mild as skim milk: "Why, I'm holding the burglar, Judge. How did you all manage to escape him?"

The young fellow tried to speak, but I choked him for his own good and told the Judge to bring me down some clothing for fear the executive committee of the Prurient Public might be out star-gazing. Then I whispered to the young fellow to remember what I had told him and to talk slow. It pays a man to talk slow when he's lying, especially if he's a single man and hasn't had the right kind of practice.

The Judge and the intimate friend marched him into the dining-room with their ancient and honorable muzzle-loaders looking mighty deadly. I'll own up that I wouldn't have risked my life by shooting one of the blame things. The Judge was wearing his dignity and a pair of trousers over his pyjamas and he passed out some solemn questions to what he called the prisoner at the bar. Well the prisoner was pretty wise and came out strong on the bar part. He acted pretty well loaded up, but he made his confession according to my specification and we compromised by letting him go, and the Judge even promised to get the consent of Jane's mother.

The ladies all lined up before the trial was over and they looked mighty pleasant in their lace shawls and fuzzy

cloaks. Just after we had turned the prisoner from our bar to somebody else's, the police force arrived and the Judge had to hand out a whole box of high-art smokers to square himself. After this the balance of the household started upstairs and I mustered up courage to ask for a drink of water. Helen said that we would have to go to the icebox for a cool one, so we went. She was wearing a long, pink, furry kind of a cloak with a rolling collar trimmed with white fuzz; and her neck looked like a lily in a bath of morning clouds. It gave me an awful fainty kind of a feeling in my throat. While she was chipping some ice in a pan, she said, soft and low, as though she was thinking out loud: "Love is a strange, strange thing. Just see what it drove that poor boy to."

I smelled what little of the cooking whisky was left and it would have been a disgrace even in Nevada. "Yes," I said. "It certainly is a frightful torment. If that bottle was full to begin with, his head will split wide open before morning."

She turned on me as if I had said a cuss-word and snapped out: "Well, you need not worry; you are never apt to feel it—but then I should not say that after what you have done tonight. I always knew that you were brave and I shall never forget that you risked your life for—for Aunty and me."

Then I began to breathe fast; I seemed to be charged plumb full of electricity and something popped a bundle of words into my head all put together. I don't know whether I had heard 'em or read 'em or dreamed 'em, but one thing is sure, they were the proper words to say, so I put my hand on my heart and bowed and said, "My life and all that I possess is thine." It sounded bully and I would have said it again, but I looked up and our glances met. Then all of a sudden I felt mean; I hated myself for the lie I had made that boy tell. I hated to think that I was a sham and—oh, but I did feel small! Then I thought of all the circumstances and that it wasn't my fault that it was me instead of a burglar in her room, so I took heart again and looked into her eyes once more, but she wouldn't look at me; she looked into the pan of chipped ice.

She seemed a frail little thing there alone in the night and I kind of felt sorry for her. Before, I had always been so frightened at her that I had never dared to look at her for more than a second, but now I saw that she was so small and weak that she needed a man to stand between her and the big rough world. While I was looking at her, she raised her eyes again, our glances seemed to touch and the whole night was filled with music. I never saw such eyes. Deep! They were as deep as the sky in May and rich and soft and warm and—oh, well, you can't imagine them. They shone like stars, with just a tiny glint in each; like a dewdrop with a sunbeam laughing through it. They seemed—but then it's no use, I can't give you the slightest idea how her eyes looked.

Then I noticed her hand lying on the table. It seemed like a little wet bird in the grass and I just picked it up to warm it. It flutttered like a little bird, too, but it couldn't get away. When I once got a hold of that hand, everything changed. I know how a *man* feels now! When I got hold of that hand I didn't care six cents for the whole balance of creation; it might do for a foundation, but had nothing to do with the real structure which we were going to build. She began to tremble and my chest began to bulge out and I felt myself growing. Me shy! Why, boy, I've got more nerve than Brigham Young; only mine's got a proper focus to it. I was as free from care as old father Adam on his first meeting with Eve, and when she looked as if she would faint, I took her in—well, there isn't any need to finish. If you ever get this far along you'll know what to do. In a few minutes it flashed across me that probably she needed rest, so I told her to trot along up to her bunk while I settled some private affairs with her father.

I found the Judge in the library, drawing some light blue peace through

a big black cigar. I walked in and took one of the same and opened up my plan as formally as I could, because I really felt like hugging him for having taken such good care of Helen all her life. Oh, I was daft! I felt like a butter-fly just graduated out of the caterpillar class, but I knew that the Judge hadn't had such a change of heart, so I began as politely as I could. "Judge, I said: "I want your daughter. I've saved up——"

"What!" said the Judge pulling his feet off the table.

"Yes," I said soothingly: "We want to get married—both of us. So I thought I'd better let you know how my finances stood."

He looked at me a long time and I thought he was trying to get up his nerve to offer me some kind of a dicker on the maiden aunt; but finally he gave a little chuckle and said: "Well, if you both want to get married, I suppose that I shall have to give my consent, but this will come mighty sudden to Dick. But, changing the subject, there's one little thing that I can't figure out. Where did the pup get this?"

He held up the part of my pyjamas which had been taken prisoner in the first skirmish, so I told him the whole story like a man and he lay down on the davenport and laughed till the house shook. Oh, he's all to the good, the Judge is.

Dick? Why Dick was the intimate friend of the family. He's visiting over in Europe this winter.

The Unremembered

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON

WE guard the quiet sleep
Of those forever gone,
And sacred memories keep
As we fare on.

Above each narrow bed
Sweet flowers are blooming yet——
Nay, it is not our dead
That we forget!

But, oftentimes, aside
From living friends we turn,
And those affections hide
For which they yearn.

Lives by our own lives crossed
Have claim all else above;
And hearts that love us most
Need most our love!

Shavings

"BY the Great Omelet!" clucked the old hen, as she cuddled down upon the thirteen eggs, "this nest is made of excelsior. No doubt about it, this is going to be a shaving set."

"HE DID IT SO WELL, HE'D DO IT AGIN, AGIN."

Lieutenant Hobson—"If she's got to be sunk, I'm the boy to sink her"

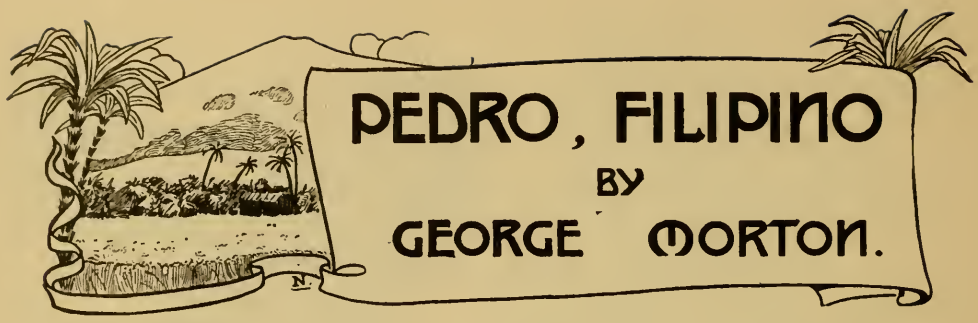
Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal

THE CZARSKI HAS SOMETHING ON HIS HANDS.

Naughton, in Duluth Evening Herald

STRENUOUS

W. A. Rogers, in N Y. Herald



IT was one of those dreary rainy evenings in June, so like many other rainy evenings in the Philippines, that a scouting party of thirteen men crept laboriously along the well-worn trail that skirted the western shore of Luzon.

All day long, as many days before, it had been raining almost incessantly, a fine drizzling rain, and the overhanging boughs, when carelessly struck, added a shower of cold. clinging drops on some unlucky head.

The trail was soggy and slippery at intervals of level and ascent, each declivity was strewn with boulders and interlacing roots which the wash of water had left uncovered, and traveling was most difficult. But the men were inured to such and deemed it no uncommon hardship. For two long, exciting years they had aided in the chase of the wily "Tagals" of Luzon, over shelving paddies, through soggy marsh, jungles deemed nigh impassable before, and on trails unused and old.

Since early morn they had been scouting over the neighboring hills, seeking trace of a ladrone band which was said to be located thereabouts. But their search had been fruitless, and, somewhat disgruntled, they had turned upon the first trail that led them campward, along the jagged coastline of the China Sea and also by the hut of Pedro.

Pedro was just an ordinary Filipino, under the medium stature, brown-skinned, dark-eyed, his straight, black hair worn pompadour, his mind befogged by ages of ignorance, his suspicions sharpened, his treacherous nature developed, and his hatred of foreign usurpers strengthened by four centuries of Spanish cruelty.

He was, of course, what a superior force had called a rebel, what his own termed patriot. Had not the "Americanos" killed his brothers, his comrades, set the torch to many a village and many a field of grain? Had not the padre (Heaven-sent messenger of the church) denounced them in fiery discourse as monsters who sought to bind his people in the ever-tightening toils of serfdom? What liberty was this that was to be forced upon them? He could not understand, and so, obedient to a vague idea of present freedom, and a savage desire for revenge, he still followed the waning fortunes of his army, who for safety had divided their forces into small bands, concealed in secret camps, waiting for an occasional opportunity to swoop down at some unguarded moment upon these dread Americanos, strike from out some deadly ambush and then seek their mountain fastnesses again.

A few days before, he had come down from the secret camp of his rebel band, above in the distant mountains, down to the home where lived his wife, a new-born son and a diseased mother. He had been away for so long, some returning scout had told him of the son and, out of a longing love, he came.

'Twas dangerous, he knew, for the cursed Americanos from the village quite a distance eastward, which held a garrison, prowled continually about the district where stood his bamboo hut. But as yet his home had been

unmolested, and, by his native knowledge of the woods, he had hoped to come, tarry a few days, fondle the son cheer the wife, comfort the mother and return, unnoticed.

Inferior creature that he was, he loved the woman he called his wife with all the passion of his tropic blood; he loved the dashing mountain streams, the green-clad hills, the home of his fathers, with all his savage fervor. He had been joyful in the untrammeled freedom of the wilds, as, ever alert, in the early mists of the morning, he had journeyed homeward alone through the shades of the forest, along the narrow trail that led over the summits of the silent hills, through grassy glades where fed the meek-eyed deer, down by the tumbling cascades and limpid pools of pure mountain brooks, downward and ever downward, until, at evening time, as Old Sol was stealing down behind a veil of golden tapestry and gilding the water with a golden sheen, emerging from the forest's solitude to a point overlooking the sea, quite near he could see one lonely mountain peak rising, majestic in its solitude, from its surrounding fellows, and, nearer still, beneath its sheltering shadow, was his home.

At the sight, a flood of pleasant memory had rushed over him, memory of days now gone, when by love's labor he had built the thatched-roofed cottage nestling at the edge of the forest, where the little valley began and near the restless sea; cleared the space about it and planted it with grain and then, at the time of the field's first greenness, brought to it that soft-eyed maiden for his own. How, even in the beginning of his joy, war's dark, unheeding clouds had gathered and now, the storm, bursting, had spent its fury and only the wreckage remained.

And later, when darkness had cast its shroud over all, he had come unexpectedly upon them sitting in the pale glow of the torchlight, the wife crooning a native song to the berry-brown babe; the mother, cigarette between teeth, dozing peacefully. Glad surprise, tearful embraces, endless questioning was there, just as it would have been in our happier land. Now for three days they had basked in each other's smiles, built a future for the first-born son and refreshed their love. Tonight, under cover of darkness, he would take his leave of them, repair again to those rebel haunts and wait, for he knew not what.

And, sitting thus, on this last evening, his heart was heavy. The damp chill of the air, the dismal dreariness of continual rain and the boom of the pounding surf, all contrived to deepen sadness, and the constant dread of discovery by the Americanos, which alone marred his pleasure through these days, grew with the gloom.

"Silence, men!" It was the sergeant in command who spoke. He had sighted, as they reached the open, a little hut set in the centre of a waving field of rice. It was a pretty scene if one troubled to observe. After sending several men to guard the exits on the farther side he led the remainder, silently, through the dismal mist, upon it. The sudden barking of a dog which caused the sergeant to curse between his teeth, brought Pedro to his feet. He saw the outlines of those khaki figures; chilling fear seized him, and, true to instinct, he turned to flee. Quickly, stealthily, he dropped from a window opposite the side of their approach. Down, low-stooping, he wriggled his way through the tall rice in futile effort to reach the sheltering forest unseen.

Directly in his front came the sharp command to halt, and, looking in the direction of the sound, he saw the sinister muzzle of a Krag, and back of it a brave blue eye. Sinking down he lay, limp and motionless, until the sergeant, coming up, seized him gruffly by the neck and set him on his feet, a trembling animal.

A quick search revealed his rifle and bolo, finely-wrought, within the hut—tell-tale evidence of his guilt. Then in the Spanish language they questioned Pedro of his comrades, how

many there were and where but to every question Pedro answered, also in the Spanish tongue, "*Yo no entiende*" (I don't understand).

The soldiers exchanged meaning glances, and Pedro caught the whispered suggestion "*agua*" (water). That word brought added terror, for it could mean naught else save the savage mode of torture, "Water-cure." He remembered how in his boyhood, during a tribal war, he had seen it administered. How they had laid their victim on his back, held by strong hands, and, placing a bolo between his teeth and prying his jaws apart, had poured cup after cup of water into his open mouth, so that swallow or strangle he must. How when filled almost to bursting, his eyes bulging from their sockets, and water oozing from his nostrils, they had released him, forced the water from him and relieved him of his pain, and how in the following hysteria, he had told them all he knew. And, as that scene came in his mind, fear held him dumb.

No command was given. By common consent the party started; Pedro shoved ahead, a guard ever at his back; the rest in single file behind. Down along the barren beach toward where a little stream was swallowed up in a hungry sea. And, quaking, trembling, Pedro went.

What thoughts passed through that fear-stricken mind we can only guess. Perhaps it was a patriot's blood that stirred within him, and, rather than disclose the secrets of his comrades, he chose to die. Perhaps the racking fear of coming torture snapped the weakening threads of reason. At any rate, by some sudden impulse, he ran straight for the water's edge, where huge breakers, whipped into fury by the winds, seemed exacting vengeance of the silvery sand. Three Krags cracked in unison, then another and another. You could see the crimson stain of his life-blood on his *comisa* before the firing ceased, and then he pitched forward, fell face downward, arms outstretched, upon the sand.

Eight bullet holes they found as they turned him about, jesting all the while. One, more frugal than the rest, searched his waist-belt, appropriated the few small coins he found there, and so they left him, dead.

When, continuing on their way, they had passed out of sight among the trees, a dusky female figure, a child at her breast, stole out from behind a screen of tall bamboo, hurried down to that still figure on the beach, and with a despairing, rending gesture, knelt beside him.

The sun came out for a moment through a rift in the clouds, lighting up with weird effect, as of a halo, those figures there near the wash of the sea. On one side were the dark, murky mountain shades, upon the other the continual procession of foam-capped breakers pounded upon the sand. Then clouds shut out the sun, and a screen of falling rain came as a curtain over the scene.

Far above the changeful currents of our atmospheric covering, where clouds are not, where no erratic wind brings chilling rain or blinding snow, where countless worlds, some peopled perhaps, some useless cinders, whirl at reckless speed through trackless waste in dumb obedience to unbreathed command, a great Omnipotence looked down, saw and, seeing, pitied.

No Connoisseur

MRS. AVENOO—Is Mr. Meeker your first husband?

MRS. MEEKER—Of course. You certainly can't imagine that I had any previous experience when I chose him.

Direct Election of Senators

BY ALBERT GRIFFIN

NEARLY all thinkers admit that the personnel of the United States Senate is not even nearly what it ought to be. The belief is almost as general that one of the principal reasons for this regrettable fact is the circuitous method by which senators are chosen, and, because of these convictions, the sentiment in favor of their election directly by the people is rapidly spreading and deepening.

While the law requires that senators shall be *elected* by legislatures, it is notorious that the most of those who do not practically buy their seats are *selected* by capitalists and corporation managers. Fortunately, however, the recognized unfitness of so many members of that no longer "august body," and their increasing subserviency to corporation influences, and disposition to ignore the interests and wishes of the people, is not only strengthening the feeling that "*something* ought to be done about it," but that "that something ought to be done quickly."

The House of Representatives has repeatedly sent to the Senate constitutional amendments providing for the election of senators by the people—but the Senate has always deposited them in committee coffins. Many state legislatures have also requested the submission of such amendments—but not the slightest attention has been paid to their action by the Senate.

Even if an amendment should be submitted it would still hardly be possible to secure for it the approval of the required three-fourths of the state legislatures. Without taking space to give the reasons, it must suffice here to say that it is practically impossible to amend "legally" any part of the federal constitution against the wishes of the plutocracy—which constitutes only a small fraction of one per cent. of the voters. Whatever alterations may be made in it will have to be made by extra-constitutional—if not actually revolutionary—methods.

It is true that that little understood document has been changed repeatedly, but, in each and every instance since 1806, the provisions of its amending section have been, more or less knowingly, ignored or defied. The most of these changes were promulgated by the Supreme Court in the form of "interpretations." Some were illegally incorporated by Congress, while one was simply "put into practice by the people." And I submit that what the people have done without the help of courts or of Congress in one instance they can do in this somewhat similar case. All that is needed is the nerve of those who "know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain them"—*by exercising them.*

Back of the demand that the people of any state shall be permitted to elect their own senators directly by their own votes is the foundation principle of our political institutions, viz.: the right of self-government.

The basic issues really are:

Have we—*the people of today*—the inherent *right* to govern ourselves?

If so, should we not insist upon exercising that right in the way that will most certainly put into the Senate men who will properly represent us—and do what *we* believe ought to be done?

It is well known that the framers of

the Constitution did not believe the common people capable of self-government; and the purpose of the electoral college was to put the selection of the chief executive into the hands of a carefully selected few. The expectation was that the Presidential electors would generally be chosen by state legislatures. Also it was understood and intended that the electors were to exercise their own judgment in discharging this duty. That is, the manipulators were to have two small bodies to manage. Thus, if they failed with the first (the legislature) they might succeed with the second (the electors). But, almost from the first, the legislators were required by their constituents to relegate the choice of electors to them; and the convention system of nomination soon transformed the electors into simple automatons.

It is true that the language of the constitution remains unchanged; but, practically, it is a constitutional corpse, and the work is done in accordance with an unwritten arrangement which enables the voters to perform this function. However, much useless red tape has to be reeled off, quadrennially, at considerable unnecessary expense.

What is even worse, in order to secure the President of their choice, men have sometimes to vote for a vice-president they do not desire, and vice versa. The important fact is, however, that this provision has been made to work very differently from what its framers intended. This change of method, though attended by no excitement, was really a revolutionary proceeding—for, in effect, it amended the Constitution, in an important particular, in a way not therein provided. Dissatisfied with the plan formulated in the Constitution, and being unable legally to change its language, "the people" of one state after another exercised their inherent right of self-government, and took the matter into their own hands.

Evidently, if we—the people of today—are as intelligent and independent as our ancestors were, we can now, in a similar way, take the election of senators into our own hands. To do this we have only to insist that our legislator shall enact laws providing:

1. That, at every election preceding the expiration of a senatorial term, or of the filling of vacancies, the names of senatorial candidates *shall*—not merely may—be placed upon the ballots, and properly attested returns sent to the legislature.

2. That all legislators shall be required to accept the vote cast for senators as positive instructions to vote for the candidate who shall have received a majority of the votes—without regard to the member's personal or party preferences.

It is true that legislators could not be legally compelled to vote as thus directed, any more than presidential electors can now be legally compelled to vote as directed by the conventions nominating them—but they would do so in this case as surely as they do it in the other.

The more that dispassionate thinkers consider this subject, the clearer it will appear that, whenever the people of any state determine to do so, they *can* immediately substitute the suggested method for the present one. It is not necessary to wait until the entire nation can be aroused to fever heat, for each state can act independently; and, now that the revolt against bossism and machine rule is so general and strong, its leaders should utilize this opportunity to increase the people's power to control their own affairs, by *actually exercising* their much vaunted, but too infrequently used, right of self-government.

A few states have already authorized the putting of names of senatorial candidates upon the ballots, but I think that none *require* that it shall be done. Moreover, votes for senatorial candidates are understood to be binding, even morally, only on legislators who belong to the voter's party, while in the plan herein proposed the whole matter would be practically settled at the polls—without any ifs, or ands, or buts. It would be an exercise, as well as an

assertion, of the right of the people to govern themselves.

The importance of this matter justifies dwelling upon it a moment. The proposed law would be based upon the assumption that the voters of each and every state have an inherent right to select each and all of their own officers, agents, or servants, *in any way they see fit*, without regard to the course pursued in any other state, or the orders of ancestors—provided that they do not trespass on the rights of citizens of other states. The senatorial election machinery, which was constructed more than a century ago, has long worked more and yet more unsatisfactorily; and if the people can change it only in the way then prescribed—and *which is now impracticable*—it is clearly a misuse of language to call us a self-governing people.

If it be said that the Constitution did not prohibit the people from taking the choice of presidential elections into their own hands, it will be freely admitted that it is equally true that it does not prohibit the election of senators in the way herein suggested. In both cases, the plan defeats the admitted intention of a constitutional provision, but it does this in the interest of better government, trenches in no way upon the rights of anyone, and is an exercise of the people's inherent right of self-government.

The present plan also has a baneful influence on *state* affairs, by mixing national with state issues. The election of a senator is a national matter, and it should be considered mainly from that standpoint; but, in the selection of state legislators, state and local interests should be paramount, and the less they are complicated with national and international problems the better.

It is also well known that a "senatorial issue" often lowers the character of legislatures. At such times, candidates for the Senate, or their supporters, are frequently allowed to dictate the legislative ticket, and in such cases, they seldom choose those who would make the best legislators. Moreover, the man some of the voters of a district believe would best conserve the interests of the state is opposed to their choice for senator—or vice versa—in which case one interest has to be sacrificed. Clearly this should not be. This is not self-government. And the only way to avoid such dilemmas is for the people to vote directly for senators, and to consider only state problems when selecting legislators.

In addition to the state and local interests, which should be paramount in the choice of legislators, many illegitimate considerations are also frequently very potent—and are generally unknown until after the election. In short, the present method allows the selection of a senator to be affected, and often controlled, by considerations that have nothing whatever to do with his fitness for the position—and some of which will be best subserved by an unfit person.

Again, the election of a senator by a legislature is final—no matter how strong the belief that it was corruptly effected. He may be dishonestly nominated by a caucus at night, and elected the next day—yet, in the absence of legal *proof*, he is "safe for six years." But a nomination by a convention is not final. It is true that conventions, as well as legislatures, may be corrupted, or stampeded, but in such cases, voters *can*—and *sometimes do*—refuse to consummate the corrupt bargain or unwise decision.

In 1904, Massachusetts and Missouri elected Democratic Governors, and Republican legislatures and electors. Kentucky once elected a Republican Governor and a Democratic legislature. Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Kansas, and many other states, have elected state officers belonging to one party, and given the control of the legislature to another.

No matter what party might profit in this, that, or the other case, the principle of self-government imperatively requires that the people of each state shall be permitted to choose their senators in any way they prefer.

Not a few of the states are hopelessly in the grip of corporations and grafters,

but others are still comparatively free, and every one that breaks one of its shackles, and takes a step forward by electing its senators by a direct vote, will strengthen the hands of the believers in self-government everywhere—and stimulate to action other states.

But no time should be lost, for every year additional fetters are fastened, or old ones strengthed.

That the people can—and some day will—prove that they not only know but dare maintain their rights is certain. The uncertain thing is: How soon will they, in some such way, prove that "the best cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy"?

At Eventide

BY MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

I MEAN to do so much! Sometimes I say
To my most tired heart and restless brain:
Wait but a little while. On some sweet day
I shall slip off, as garments, all the pain,
The bitterness of labor wrought in vain;
The noise, the weariness, the ceaseless fret,
Shall put aside, and for a space forget.
And open wide my heart and cast out sin,
And call God's radiant choiring angels in.

And yet suppose, on some fair eventide,
That I should watch, as Abram watched of old,
All the closed tent-doors of my heart flung wide,
To welcome angel-guests into my fold,
And they should find my dwelling-place too cold!
The tent windswept, of kindness never done,
Its floor weedgrown, of battles never won;
Its shrine dust-choked of selfishness and sin,
And all too late I called the angels in!

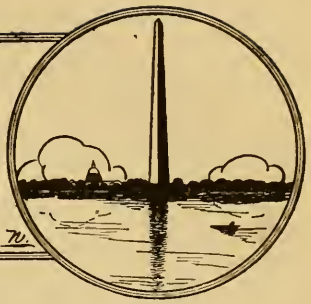
His Philosophy

"I YEAHS tell, fum the specifications of the Cuhnels and Majuhs and Jedges, dissembled down at the postoffice," ruminatingly remarked square-headed old Brother Quackenboss, "dat de hon'able gen'lemen in the Senate and de House o' Misrepresentatives streenyusly objects to bein' stigmatized as 'grafters.' Umph-yas! I's nodiced dat de blacker a nigger is de mo' volcanically he disrupts at bein' called a nigger; but I's also took note dat it don't exculpate him fum bein' a nigger dess de same!"

The Frost Bud

BY

Maud Grange.



SHE was a fragile little woman of the pale anemic type which, like the last poor bud put forth by the rose at frost time, withers before its bloom. A woman, one would have said, who had but gazed upon life from afar, to whom its deeper joys and deeper sorrows were all unknown. Yet romance had once touched her with its evanescent, springtide beauty, and her heart had shared the bitterness of loss which, once at least, each woman-heart must know. But that was past and done with long ago.

Tiny, shy, pathetically unlovely, she flitted through life like a little frightened phantom, shrinking morbidly from all warm human contact, utterly friendless and alone. Too timid to seek acquaintances, too uninteresting to attract them, even the casual intimacies of boarding-house life passed her by.

Her proper place in the world, if indeed the world holds place at all for such as she, was among the lifelong, neighborly friendships of a little village. And in a little New England village she had been born and reared. It was a much mistaken kindliness which had transplanted her so far from her element, breaking her last frail human ties.

A very great man, returning for a brief visit to his boyhood's home, had noted pityingly the bitter poverty of this daughter of a one-time friend. At no greater expense than the dictating of a letter to his secretary, he had secured her appointment as a clerk in the Treasury Department, and then had promptly forgotten her existence.

And now Miss Melby was in Washington, a stranger in a strange land. The first flutter of excitement at the novelty and change had passed. The undreamed of wealth of $900 a year no longer dazzled. Isolation enveloped her till her very soul ached with loneliness. She was as one who wanders aimlessly, endlessly, through a chill, gray fog. The figures which moved about her seemed dimly unreal, shrouded from her hungry eyes by their own indifference, Days passed in which no word was spoken to her, no recognizing glance met her own. Worst of all, though she had been part and parcel of the village while she lived there, once she was gone none thought nor cared to write. Though to the thrift of her lifelong poverty her modest salary was a generous competence, the added material comforts, the release from financial difficulties brought no pleasure. Of what use are riches when there are none to share nor to rejoice?

This she was thinking as she loitered in Lafayette Square one Sunday morning in mid-October. She had started dutifully to church, but the crisp sweetness of the air, the lovely autumn tints upon the trees had beguiled her. With a momentary sense of enjoyment she had paused to rest upon one of the green-painted benches, and straightway had fallen sadly a-dreaming while the summoning bells rang on unheeded. Perhaps the riotous coloring about her had given her a deeper sense of the

dreary grayness of her lot; perhaps she was realizing that the smallest pleasure which may not be shared brings its sting of pain.

Two slow tears welled from the pale blue eyes and rolled down the little faded face. She did not wipe them away. At their touch her mind flew back to another October morning, years before, when one had kissed the tears from her cheeks as he said good-bye. "Good-bye. You promise? You will wait? I will find you still Rose Melby?"

"Rose Melby!"

She started, with a little cry, almost of terror. The voice of her dream had spoken her name.

A man had approached noiselessly and seated himself beside her. For a moment she gazed at him in unrecognizing amazement. Then, "Hal!" she breathed.

Was her pitying pain or her joy the stronger? She had found him again, her Hal, but not, alas, the Hal of other days! His clothes were shabby even to raggedness, his face was drawn and seamed far beyond his years, and one sleeve of his coat was pinned against his breast, empty.

"Rose Melby, Rose Melby," he repeated over and over, as though the words were a strain of music.

Timidly Rose held out her hand and he clasped it close. For a space they sat thus in silence, eyes gazing deep into eyes, a man and woman, unlovely, in middle life, yet by that age-old, ever new miracle, wholly desirable to each other.

The man was the first to speak:

"You knew that something had happened when I did not return?"

"I knew," she answered.

"It was a railroad accident." He glanced down at his empty sleeve. "Instead of winning fortune for you, Rose, it has been a bitter struggle to keep alive."

"I thought you dead," she whispered. "You did not write."

"I could not bear to tell you I was a wreck, a failure, so I kept silence and prayed that you might forget. And you?"

"I waited." The simple words held the whole tragedy of a lost youth.

The man bowed his head in sorrow—or was it shame? "My poor little Rose, forgive me," he murmured.

With a gesture infinitely tender, Miss Melby laid a hand against his lips. "Don't, Hal," she said gently. "Surely you have suffered the more. What need of forgiveness between us?"

"The years have not marred your sweetness, Rose." His voice trembled with loving gratitude. "Little generous-hearted one, nothing could change you."

A delicate color tinged her small wan face and her eyes gleamed soft through a mist of tears.

"I feel almost as though I were a girl again," she said with unconscious pathos. "That is the first word of praise I have received, Hal, since you went away."

"Has your life been as lonely as that, dear?"

"Lonely as that at home—lonelier here. Sometimes weeks have gone by when, except for orders given me at the office, no one has spoken to me. But what does that matter now I have found you?"

"Wrecked fragment of a man, failure that I am, do I still mean so much to you?" he asked.

"Hal!" she cried, and her tone was an all-sufficient answer. The clasp of their hands tightened and again they sat for a space in happy silence. Then Rose spoke questioningly.

"You do not ask why I am in Washington?"

"I know," answered the man simply. "I have been following you for days, Rose, trying to summon courage to speak."

"Oh, Hal, you might have known—Thank God, you did speak at last! I was starving—starving for a word of human kindness. Think, then, how sweet that word must be, coming from you."

"Life will not be so hard for us now, Rose, that we have each other. You will let me see you frequently?"

"Frequently?" There was pleading

question in her voice, pleading in the eyes she raised to his.

He evaded her glance, and some of the brightness died from her face.

"Frequently? Why, of course, I shall wish to see you as often as possible, Hal." She strove to make her tone cheerfully matter of fact. "And now," she added, "I must really be going home, else I shall miss luncheon."

A spasm of pain passed over the man's face. He flung out a detaining hand and drew her back to her seat.

"Don't, Rose," he said. "Do you not understand, dear? It is because I am so poor, so miserably poor, that I can ask no more than just to see you sometimes."

For a moment Rose hesitated, waves of color surging over her face and lending it a fleeting beauty. Then bravely she raised her eyes and met the troubled gaze bent upon her.

"I am almost rich," she whispered tremulously. "I haven't been able to spend my salary. There's money in the bank—to start a home. And seventy-five dollars a month—isn't that enough for two?"

"Dearest! Dearest! Don't make it so hard!" There was longing, agony, humiliation in the man's voice. "Don't you see that it is impossible? I could contribute so little that the whole burden would rest upon you. Failure though I am, I have some pride, some decency left. I just couldn't, "Rose!"

A swift feminine intuition showed Rose the only way to conquer happiness for them both.

"Your pride!" she cried out passionately. "And what of mine? After fifteen years of faithful waiting, I have asked the man I love to marry me, and he has refused! Do you think any humiliation could be harder to bear than that?"

Regardless of possible spectators, the man put his arm about her and drew her to him.

"Sweetheart, forgive me," he pleaded brokenly. "I did not realize—pride doesn't matter. We'll be *happy*, happy together, Rose."

"If—if I were sure you meant it," Rose half-sobbed.

"Mean it? Of course I mean it! Look up, dear. There is nothing in the world I want more than to have you for my wife. You won't say no, Rose?" and he went on, begging desperately for the boon he had been on the point of refusing, pride quite forgotten in his desire to comfort her.

Into Rose's eyes there danced a sparkle of almost girlish mischief and triumph. "Then it is settled?" she said at last. "I consent, and you consent, and we both consent to make each other happy!"

"And we'll begin tomorrow," decided the man firmly.

Then they fell to planning happily, recalled other plans made years ago, let the task drift back to dear mutual memories, while the hours sped by unheeded. It was only the falling of the shadows and the deepening chill of the air that brought them back to a realizing sense of time.

Finally, with a last long pressure of their hands and a promise to meet early the next day, they parted, and Rose sped joyously toward home. As she entered the house, she passed a fellow-boarder who started and stared after her in utter amazement. Could this be drab, plain middle-aged Miss Melby, this woman with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, youthful, almost pretty?

Not Miss Melby, perhaps, but Rose. The rose which never had known the blossoming of spring. Now the glorious warmth of Indian Summer had come to revive the little withered flower with folded leaves. The frost bud had bloomed.

GEORGE F. BAER

George F. Baer, Hessian of Industry

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Author of "The Things That Are Caesar's," Etc.

"The man who will do everything the law permits him to do is a scoundrel."
—*Blackstone.*

THERE is a new gospel in the land. It has grown up during this quarter century past. It is the Gospel of Gold according to St. George Franklin Baer. And it begins thus: There is no god but vested interests, and George F. Baer is its prophet. The prophet, only, mark you, because Baer, as will be seen, is but a megaphonic mouthpiece, the jackal of the Money Kings.

Like all prophets, Mr. Baer is not without honor, save in his own country —which is Berks County, Pennsylvania. He speaks not as the scribes, however some may rank him with the Pharisees. This is because he represents power—because he represents the Perfect Trust, the trust in anthracite coal. That combination controls the world's hard coal supply, owns the railroads that transport its product, and carries the distributing dealers as ornaments to its watchchain. Four-fifths of all the unmined coal is its private property, and ninety-eight per cent. of the entire anthracite product is subject to its orders. It is only six years old, yet it has made a profit of eighty mil-

lion dollars and can legally go on making more and more—raised price upon raised price—until the earth's deposits are exhausted or the pockets of mankind are empty. It produces the supply for a universal and inevitable demand, and it alone may determine what you must pay. On the witness-stand in 1903, Mr. Baer said he was the president of so many coal companies that he couldn't remember the names of them all—and no trust-buster can touch him. When there speaks a man who is the head of such a combination of capital, who will not give ear to his message?

Reduced to its simplest terms, Mr. Baer's gospel is the divine right of money. Every system of government makes its last appeal by proclaiming its divine origin. When men grow desperate they grow arrogant. Charles I of England and Louis XIV of France were the great apostles of the divine right of kings, and each had his mouthpiece—a Laud or a Mazarin. So today, in the last ditch of government by capital, Morgan and Rockefeller are the high-priests of the divine right of money and George F. Baer is their herald and trumpeter.

"We are the wise stewards (of Christ's parable)," he said in a speech at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, in 1905. "The responsibility is upon us to manage this coal industry honestly and fairly, so as to make it profitable to our masters. *We have no other duty.*"

It was in the last days of George III that the English monarch wrote: "The rights and interests of the American colonists will be looked after and cared for, not by agitators and rebels, but by the kind, Christian gentlemen whom I, as the direct representative of God, have appointed to look after my lands in the Western World." And it was only four years ago that Mr. Baer declared: "The rights and interests of the laboring man will be looked after and cared for, not by agitators, but by Christian men, to whom God, in His infinite wisdom, has given control of the property interests of the country."

Hypocritical? Not at all. Do not mistake Mr. Baer, a devout member of the German Reformed Church, for a hypocrite. In all this self-reliant America of ours there is no more sincere believer in self—not even John D. Rockefeller, who, next to Morgan, stands back of him. Mr. Baer, I am sure, really believes that, though it all happened countless ages ago, Providence put coal in the earth for Morgan to own and for Baer to administer.

Picture to yourself a man of sixty who looks ten years younger—erect, soldierly; hair and beard of iron gray; a long, narrow face; a Roman nose like that of some bird of prey; almond eyes, blue—steel blue—piercing and deep, under drooping eyelids that half conceal the habit of the sidelong glance. Imagine such a man dressed economically; imagine him at his desk in all the democracy of shirt-sleeves, turn-down collar and blunt shoes, or pottering about his Reading garden at 6 A. M. Imagine this, and you have before you the George F. Baer of every day.

Mr. Baer's smile is slow—so slow that sometimes it does not arrive at all. His manner is as petrified as the prehistoric trees in his mines. He speaks with a drawl, deliberately, and he is always, waking or sleeping, intensely conscious that he is George F. Baer, head of the coal trust.

Work comes easy to Mr. Baer. "I have never done any drudgery in my life," he once declared, and, indeed, it is in the variety of his occupations that he habitually seeks rest. He reads much; he is an authority on roses—as was Robespierre—and in this day of specialization he has two specialties—corporation law and the Bible.

Advocates of individualism are inclined to the opinion that the men of force propagate their kind and thus create a caste which rules by force. Not so. Commodore Vanderbilt, Jay Gould and the Rockefellers came out of peasant stock, and so did George F. Baer. In fact, his parents were even tenant-farmers. At thirteen the boy learned the printer's trade in his native Somerset County, in Pennsylvania, passed a year at Franklin and Marshall,

the German Reform College at Lancaster, and then bought the Somerset *Democrat* at nineteen. In this paper he espoused the cause of the South and stood off, with no small bravery, the mob that attacked him. But in the end he enlisted, entered the Federal Army as a captain, and left it with the rank of adjutant-general.

After the war, Baer began the practice of the law in Reading, and was regarded as a clever young man, when the panic of '73 swept over the country. Among the Reading failures was the firm of Bushong Brothers, private bankers, controlling paper-mills and iron furnaces. Through the bank rich men, widows and orphans alike suffered—but Baer was made assignee. A few years later he appeared as owner of the properties, which were valued at about $3,000,000.

That was Baer's real start in life—a comfortable nest-egg. He next conducted so ably certain damage suits against the Reading Railway that the company employed him in its legal department, of which he soon became the leader. And there he attracted the eye cf Mr. Morgan.

It was in 1896 that Morgan failed in his plan of a "gentlemen's agreement" among the coal-carrying roads, and it was then that Baer succeeded, by getting the roads to agree to apportion tonnage on a percentage basis, which ended rate-cutting, because rate-cutting is a device merely for the increase of business. Then things began to happen, and Sloan, Walter and Olyphant, one after the other, the presidents of these roads, dropped from their offices. Two years later, certain independent coal operators began to build a road of their own, and it became evident that the established roads, to maintain their business, must own the mines. The Pennsylvania laws will not allow coal-carrying roads to own mines, but it will allow a furnace company to do so, and there was Mr. Baer on the spot with the Temple Furnace, a little affair which can produce only 3,000 tons of pig-iron a month, but which has the biggest blanket-charter in the country. The little Temple Furnace did the trick, and the great coal trust of today is its result.

But it is not Mr. Baer. You can't go anywhere in this coal business without stumbling over Mr. Morgan—and Mr. Morgan's relations to the Standard Oil are no longer matters for speculation. The trust, of course, was Mr. Gowen's idea, when, in 1871, he consolidated a baker's dozen of coal companies, but it was Mr. Morgan who first saw a way to the larger combination, and Mr. Baer who provided the means.

For years Baer was kept in the shadow, a mere lawyer, and it was Morgan who brought him at last into the lime-light. Is it any wonder that the lawyer now plays jackal to the Money King?

He does it frankly. Mr. Baer is nothing if not honest. In his own account of himself in "Who's Who in America" he writes with pride that he was "for years confidential legal adviser, in Pennsylvania, of J. Pierpont Morgan"—by which you may observe that when John Mitchell treats with Baer he is not getting much further than the office-boy. You feel this when you yourself as a newspaper-man treat with him. At first you think he never speaks without rehearsing; later you find that he never speaks without being rehearsed. He says, in a word, that he is responsible to no one but God, and we know he is responsible to no one but Morgan.

But the kings have no use even for a jackal unless it have all the jackal's cleverness, and Mr. Baer is clever. In spite of all his arrogance and flunkeyism, he has a mind as well constructed and well oiled as one of his Reading Railway's engines, though, also like his engines, it can run only on a way ready prepared for it. "Select the thing you want to do," is his advice to young men, "and then hold continually to that one idea." He is credited with only five million dollars, but he represents power, he represents the Ideal Trust. And he squares it all with his dogmatic religion, making his religion

a part of his life and finding the divine right of wealth at the root of his religion. Granted his idea of right, his logic is irrefutable. Tender only to attacks of a personal sort, he is anthracite to public criticism: "People," says Mr. Howells, "who get up in the world by service to others—through letters, or art or science—may have their little misgivings as to their social value, but people who rise by money . . . never have." Mr. Baer has physical bravery—he was one of the first to reach the hill-top at Fredericksburg—but he feels (what his brother trust-makers do not) the necessity of explaining his business-life in the terms of his own religion.

His mind is, moreover, always a legal one. He is preëminently the lawyer of the trust power to whom the letter of the law is everything and its spirit—another matter. The law gives his trust the power to levy an iniquitous tax of from fifty cents to a dollar on every ton of coal and he does it because the law permits. "If I were a young man starting life," he told one interviewer, "I would study and practise law. I would rather try a case than do anything else. There is the keenest form of intellectual pleasure in the careful analyzing and resolving into its proper relations the complex facts and conditions of a legal case." As president of the Reading Railway, Mr. Baer has delayed, as long as popular clamor permitted, the remedy for the deadly grade crossings in Philadelphia—because the law allowed it. When the Pennslyvania legislature expressed the opinion that his company ought not to control mining stock, his reply was not upon the ethics, but upon the law of the question. Before the Presbyterian Social Union in Philadelphia, March 28, 1904, he declared: "The man in authority who fails to enforce the law is an irreverent man, and in the eyes of God will be held responsible."

It is this attitude of mind which dictates his position in regard to labor. In a lecture at Franklin and Marshall College he said: "All men, as laborers, are not equal. . . It cannot follow, therefore, that in any just conception of the brotherhood or equality of man, society can be reorganized so as to make every man a co-partner, as a laborer, with every other man." And in a letter to Mr. Mitchell, this author of the "unconditional surrender" policy toward the miners proceeds: "Anthracite mining is a business, not a sentimental or academic proposition." Mr. Baer represents the trust which oppresses its Slavonic or Hungarian employees because they can be oppressed, and which, until the stench grew too loud, maintained the dual infamy of "company houses" and "company stores." "We are not fighting labor organizations," he wrote in 1902, but, a few lines further on, thoughtlessly added : "We are fighting the battle of freedom for the individual and his right to labor on his own (*sic!*) terms."

In other words, Mr. Baer is a pure individualist; he has no patience with the theory of the greatest good to the greatest number. In his attitude toward the public, he does not shift from this position.

His trust is a menace to the public well-being, but his opinion is that of his trust, which believes that a strike is a good thing, since either labor will be defeated or prices rise never wholly to fall. In the Markham Club of Philadelphia, a few weeks ago, the drunken son of one of the coal operators declared: "Mitchell will only raise prices and put money in our pockets." Mr. Baer, of course, has not said that, but Mr. Baer is no fool.

As for Mr. Baer's business and political creeds, they have already been pretty clearly suggested. In his Pottsville speech he boldly declared: "There can be no obligation on the owners of coal mines to operate them at a loss simply because the public needs fuel." And, before the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1904, when an endeavor was being made to find out whether the coal trust was violating the trust laws, Mr. Baer calmly testified: "*I am going to get all the profit I can.*" In

politics he naturally does not like the expense of bribery, and before the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution, he once openly advocated a part in the Government by the "captains of industry." He has been said himself to control a Reading judge and to have had congressional ambitions which, so the story goes, Hiester Clymer, then his law-partner, once dismissed by saying:

"Don't try to run for Congress, George. Half the people in Berks County lost money in the Bushong failure and the other half think you had something to do with it."

And now, says Mr. Baer: "Politics is the most unsatisfactory life a man can follow. Business and finance are the widest fields for ambition to express itself nowadays."

But on the whole, Mr. Baer is the arch believer in Pope's misapplied doctrine that whatever is is right. "We are," he has publicly said, "the instruments of God to work on this earth whatever He has planned for us;" and in his last year's article in *Harper's Weekly* he bitterly resented the suggestion of Government control of railroads, arguing loudly for "the old order of American life and statesmanship," and condemning all else as radical—which is with him a term of opprobrium. "Among reformers and idealists," he once remarked, "each believes himself competent to make a better world than He who in the beginning created it and pronounced it good."

In a word, Mr. Baer—to sum him up—is on the one hand only a shrewd man voicing the opinions of his business superiors, but on the other he is the representative of an evil from which the only escape lies in government ownership of the coal mines. The present trust is absolutely legal and absolutely iniquitous. It is "a limited natural monopoly." You can get along without most things, but you can't get along without coal. Lacking coal, civilization would stop tomorrow, for coal means food, clothing, shelter—in a word, Life to the whole race. And that is now under one man's thumb. Mr. Baer would do well to remember the words of Gibbon:

"The favor of the sovereign may confer power, but the esteem of the people can alone bestow authority."

Old Glory

BY M. E. BUHLER.

O FLAG that waves from sea to sea
With sign and symbol rife,
Thou showest peace must ever be
A triumph over strife!

The lesson on thy folds is writ
In language all may read——
No victory ever yet was won
Save by the stripes that bleed.

So, blazoned on thy valiant field,
See we these emblems plain——
The far white stars of peace beyond
The crimson bars of pain.

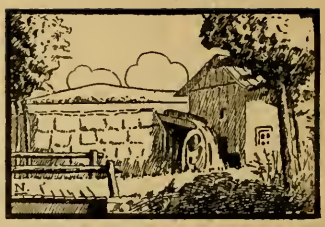
THE SHADOW OF DOOM

C. R. Macauley, in N. Y. World

Old Claverel's Daughter

BY

Helen Francis Huntington.



JOHN EVARD checked his horse's brisk gait a little just as a straight young calicoed figure stepped from the mill trail into the open road, leading an old gray mule with a bag of meal hanging over his back like paniers. Evard recognized the mule at first glimpse for he had often seen old Pete Claverel's slouching figure on its back.

"So that's the girl Halsey wants to marry," said he under his breath.

The girl led her mule to the far side of the road and approached Evard with head erect and eyes gazing straight before her down the green canopied road, but a moment later the old man drew rein and accosted her pleasantly, after the custom of the country.

"Howdy, Miss Lola," said he, with a keen look at her flushed, handsome face. "Why don't you let your men folks go to mill for you? I was just thinking of your folks as I come along. Do you know that Tate got caught up with just a bit ago?"

The riotous color died out of the girl's face, giving it the creamy pallor of a magnolia petal. "Shorely not!" she exclaimed. "What will be done with him?"

"He'll be sent to the chain-gang, sure as his case goes to court," Evard answered grimly.

"My Lord!" she breathed. "Ain't there *no* way to git him off?"

"Yes, there is," Evard replied impressively, "and it rests with you to get him off. Benson can be bribed before the case gets to court an' I'll do the bribing if you'll say the word. It's got to be your word of honor, Lola Claverel, recollect that."

A glow succeeded the ivory pallor of the girl's face and her bright dark eyes narrowed to pools of liquid fire, as the sudden realization of Evard's meaning crashed in upon her strained nerves. The price of her brother's release was the relinquishment of the dearest hopes of her own dull, poverty-stricken life.

"I ain't saying that you're not as good as Halsey when it comes to real worth, Lola," said Evard, in a very kind voice, "for in spite of your pa's doings I've never heard as much as a whisper against you. But there's your folks—they'd always be a drawback to Halsey, who will be a rich man and a notable one, too, if indications count for anything, for he stands the best kind of a chance of getting into politics. He's my only son, you know, Lola, and my heart's set on a good, suitable match for him. Now don't get mad, but look at it sensibly. For your promise to give Halsey the go-by I'll drive right back to town and set Tate free. You see, I set a good deal of confidence in your word, Lola."

She hesitated only because she could not force her shaking voice to utter the thoughts that scorched her throat with shame and anguish, knowing that she must save her brother, at any cost to herself, from the life-long stigma of chain-gang imprisonment.

"Well, Lola, what's got to be done must be done quickly, for every hour counts with Tate. What do you say to my proposition?"

"Go back an' set Tate free!" she cried in a husky, trembling voice.

"You promise to give up Halsey?"

"Yes, I promise! If you think I'd push myself in where my folks is looked down on like the dirt under your feet you're terrible mistaken," she flung out indignantly. "An' I'll show you

that even a daughter of Pete Claverel can keep her promise."

"All right, Lola. I'm mighty sorry if I hurt your feelin's in any way," Evard apologized. "I didn't see any other way of settin' things straight. No offense intended. I hope you'll do well in the future. Good-bye."

Lola did not answer, but stood quite still staring at Evard's receding figure, with the old gray mule nibbling at the tender grass at her feet, until the shiny top buggy glinted out of sight under the leafy canopy of early spring. Then she sank down among the sweet shrubs of the road-side and abandoned herself to a passionate outbreak of grief.

Half an hour later, when Lola turned in at the broken gate that led to her father's ramshackle domicile, a gaunt, slack-looking woman called to her from the upper fence corner where she stood peering up the road under her yellow, cupped hand.

"They come after Tate jest about the time you left for the mill, honey," said the woman in an anxious voice. "I'm dreadful afraid they've found about out the still. Your pa went to town to see about Tate an' *he* ain't got back, nuther."

"Don't worry, ma. Tate's safe," the girl announced in a joyless voice. "He'll be home d'rectly."

As she spoke two lurching figures appeared at the bend in the road, the one tall and loosely jointed, the other spare and round shouldered with a fringe of white hair surrounding the rim of his wool hat.

"That's them!" Mrs. Claverel exclaimed in a relieved voice, as she straightened up and fumbled among the folds of her dingy dress for her tobacco. "The Lord be thanked!"

It is not an uncommon thing for a young "Cracker" to set up a private distillery along some lonely mountain stream and supply the cautious community with whisky at a price far below that of the taxed article, thus serving his neighbors and making money for himself at the same time. The ethics of the country do not forbid this phase of law-breaking, on the curious grounds that as the Government taxation system oppresses the poor in many ways, there can be no actual harm in evading the law in this particular instance which is almost the only way open to a certain class of mountaineers to make a little ready money.

"Oh, Tate, *was* it the still?" the mother whispered as her son drew near.

"Yes, ma, it was. If ever I ketch up with whoever it was that told, I tell you there'll be somethin' doin'. I've a notion it was them mean-sperited Debbses that up an' told."

"How come you to get off?" the mother wanted to know, as the three ambled up the path toward the house.

Tate looked up at the girl in the doorway, whose dark, handsome face glowed with a strange light. "I reckon Lola can tell you more about that than I can," said the young man with a certain embarrassed warmth. "Old man Evard said he let me off on her account."

"Evard!" the mother exclaimed, "Why I thought he was down on us all on account of Lola an' Halsey." The speaker paused as her daughter fled from the doorway down the back garden path toward the friendly seclusion of the thicket where she could cry out her heart in solitude.

"There ain't but one thing would make old Evard do the like of this for any one of us," said Pete Claverel with conviction, "an that's Lola's promise to give up Halsey. I know in reason that's what she done."

"Did the old man say so, Tate?" asked Mrs. Claverel in an awed voice.

"No, but he might as well 'a' said it. He did say I could thank Lola for gettin' me outen a year at the chain-gang, an' for me to try an' make it up to her in some way."

"Yes," said Pete gloomily, "this business o' yourn has cost your ma an' me terrible dear. If Lola had 'a' married Halsey Evard we'd 'a' had a fine home the rest of our lives instid o' workin' our fingers off in our old age. Now it's either slave like niggers

or go to the poor house. All on *your* account!"

"You was willin' enough for me to run the still," Tate observed sullenly.

"If you'd been smart you wouldn't 'a' got found out, an' when you was ketched up with you oughter been smart enough to throw over the old man's offer, knowin' Halsey would 'a' got you off on Lola's account. But no, you jest jumped at the fust chance of gettin' free, and here we are, as bad off as ever we was!"

"I don't believe but that it'll come out right," Mrs. Claverel comforted, 'cause Halsey won't ax his pa no odds when it comes to marryin'."

"But Lola won't have him if she's done give the old man her promise," said Pete gloomily. "She's jest like her grandad Deane, stubborn as a rock. She'll stick to her word, come what will."

In this surmise Pete was correct, for Lola not only rejected Halsey's suit but declined to receive any further attentions from him. Astounded and bitterly hurt, the young man withdrew and threw himself into his father's ambitious plans with feverish zeal that delighted the old man. But Pete Claverel had no intention of losing his chance of an affluent old age without a struggle at least; he managed to obtain an interview with Halsey Evard in which he explained his daughter's conduct very painstakingly.

"She never in the world would 'a' give you the go-by if it hadn't been for her promise to your daddy," Pete declared fervently, "but she's the kind that keeps her word whether or no, jest like her granddad's folks. Them Deanes was terrible stubborn folks that way. I jest thought I'd tell you the truth so's to give you a chance to git around your pa in some way," he added confidentially.

Halsey Evard's keen wits discovered the old man's real motive on the instant and a sudden, violent loathing filled his being for the moment. He wondered how he could endure to live in close association with old Pete Claverel with his slack manners and loafing ways, but the thought of Lola put the lover's disgust to rout almost at the same instant. He could not give her up at any cost!

"Thank you for telling me," said Halsey as he rose and held the office door open. "Good-bye."

Halsey locked his office and hurried across the town square to the big store where his father sat balancing his books in the dull private office. "Father, I want you to release Lola Claverel from her promise to you," he announced precipitately.

The old man pushed aside his books and studied his son's pale face in alarmed silence for a moment; then he spoke in a low, constrained voice. "That girl won't make a fit wife for you, Halsey," said he. "It ain't that she's poor, but the stock is bad clear through. Old Pete——"

"She's the only girl in the world that I want for my wife," the young man broke in ardently. "She won't listen to me as long as you hold her to her promise."

"Then," said the father deliberately, "I shall hold her to it till doomsday."

A hard look settled over the son's face and his strong young hands clinched till the knuckles stood out in pale, tense ridges. "If you do, you and I will never be friends again!" he said in a dreadful voice.

"Halsey!" the old man's voice was sharp as steel. He rose and faced his son in tumultuous silence, afraid to trust his violent emotions to take outlet in speech.

"I mean just what I said," Halsey went on in a slow, constrained voice. "I'm not a boy, to be dictated to in the most important step of my life, but a man able to judge for myself. I want to marry Lola Claverel because I love and honor her above every woman I have ever known."

"Don't you understand that I am doing this for your own good, my boy?" the father broke out in a shaking voice. "I'd willingly give you anything that would make you truly happy, but this miserable marriage would wreck your

future completely. You'll be one of the leading men of the county some day. I expect you to take your place in the Legislature. You will meet the best men in the state. Your home will be open to the brainiest men and the loveliest women in Georgia who will expect of your wife all that Lola Claverel lacks. Don't you realize what a dead failure she would make of your life?"

"You don't know Lola as I do," said Halsey with ardor. "Even if she is old Pete Claverel's daughter, she's worthy of a place with the best of us. I'll promise you this, father—to wait until she has been educated to fill the requirements of my position, then I will make her my wife."

Bitterly disappointed as the father was, he realized unerringly that his son's happiness was at stake, and perhaps also his prospects, for he understood then, for the first time, how deeply Halsey loved the daughter of old Claverel. He hesitated only for a moment. "Very well, my boy," said he submissively, "I will release her from her promise on condition that you persuade her to fit herself to become your wife, in every sense of the word."

That afternoon John Evard stopped at the Claverel hut to interview Lola, who listened to all that he had to say in proud silence, while her mother sat in a back room dipping snuff with a slatternly neighbor. When Evard told her that she was to forsake her people when she should become Halsey's wife, the girl's head went back superbly and her splendid eyes took flame.

"Anyone that looks down on my folks ain't good enough for me," she answered proudly. "That's my answer, Mr. Evard. You can tell your son, so's to save him the trouble of comin' here for his answer."

Three days later old Pete Claverel lost his drunken balance, just as his mule stepped over the creek bank to ford the stream, and was drowned. His widow declared that she could not endure to live in the old house without him, so she sold the miserable place for the sorry sum of less than two hundred dollars, which she divided equally among her seven shiftless, good-natured children, and went to live with a married daughter. Lola's portion of the legacy was exactly twenty dollars. She spent two dollars for a pair of shoes and a gingham bonnet; then she laundered her two calico dresses and what underwear she possessed, and set out upon what was to her a long journey, from Dahlonega to Gainesville, a beautiful little mountain resort in Northern Georgia where she had heard, through John Evard, of a very fine seminary for young women.

The teamsters along the road were very kindly disposed toward the lonely traveler, so Lola reached her destination at noon of the second day, very tired and dusty and bewildered, but desperately determined to obtain what she had set out for. As she walked through the seminary grounds in her limp calico dress and dusty brogan shoes, she noticed the pitiful contrast between her threadbare appearance and that of the daintily dressed girls who sauntered about arm-in-arm; but she kept up her courage, and finally found the president of the institution, who was a big-hearted, fine-grained man of wide human experience, and who listened with great interest to the girl's simple story. She wanted ardently to earn an education through honorable work of any sort. She had heard that his school was the best. Would he make a place for her, on trial?

The president detected, under the girl's crude yet gentle demeanor, the fine instincts of some forgotten ancestor, and he believed that association with the young women of his institution, many of them daughters of the finest blood and breeding in Georgia, would do for Lola what many books could not effect, so he made up his mind to make room for her in some way.

"You will have to work very hard both physically and mentally," he told her warningly.

"I am willin' to do any honest kind of work," was Lola's grave answer.

"Very well. I will send you to the head matron, who will assign you to your duties. You shall begin your studies tomorrow morning. I wish you great success, my friend."

Pete Claverel's daughter worked her way from a primary class to the preparatory department in ten months, by dint of marvelous industry. A few of the most unsubstantial students made her feel her menial position until the others proved their fine breeding and blood by making Lola their constant associate when she was not employed; consequently she soon acquired a grace of bearing and manner that fitted her unusual beauty, and made her a noticeable figure. During the second year, Lola received word of her mother's death from fever, which grieved her terribly, because she had been absent when the dying woman spoke of wishing to see her; but she kept her trouble to herself, and studied all the harder. At the end of the fourth year she was graduated, with all the honors that her benefactor had prophesied for her, and was immediately offered a position of trust in the seminary.

Now and then, during those busy, resourceful years, Lola had heard of Halsey Evard, who had fulfilled his father's hopes in the fullest measure, and become a man of mark. Although he had attended several important conferences in Gainesville, Lola had never seen him since the day she refused to marry him, in accordance with her promise to his father. Nor did she ever expect to meet him again, for, although she still loved him in the secret of her heart, her renunciation had been complete. Occasionally she heard his name coupled with that of a very beautiful young woman whose father was prominent among Georgia politicians, whom rumor prophesied would presently become Mrs. Halsey Evard. At such times the future looked very stark and empty to Lola, in spite of her own promising career.

Suddenly Gainesville's serene quietude was shaken by an outbreak of smallpox, brought by negro trainmen from an infected district of North Carolina. The doctors, unable to cope with such an unlooked-for exigency, ordered their patients isolated in frame houses, that were to be burned afterward to prevent the spread of the dreaded disease, but in spite of their vigilance the contagion was carried beyond the confines of the isolated district, and yellow flags became more and more frequent.

One morning the seminary doctor told of a distinguished visitor who had fallen victim of the pest.

"It is young Halsey Evard, and they say his is the very worst case on record," said he. "They put him out in the old Freely house with one of the convalescent negroes to look after him, which was the best they could do. Gainesville ought to have a hospital. We're way behind the times in that line."

Lola Claverel called at the doctor's office that afternoon to inquire after Halsey Evard and was told that he was very dangerously ill. "The old man is just about crazy," the doctor said somberly. "He has telegraphed all over for a trained nurse, but can't get anybody. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Halsey should die, for he's a terribly sick man. He ought to have constant attention, but what can we do with only two doctors to fall back on? We can't risk carrying contagion abroad by calling on the other physicians."

"I am going out to nurse Halsey Evard," Lola announced quietly. "Please tell me what there is to do for him."

"You!" the doctor cried in blank amazement. "Why, my dear young lady, do you want to endanger your own life for the sake of a stranger?"

"I am going to try to save his life," she answered simply. "Tell me what to do for him."

"I can't allow you to make that tremendous sacrifice," he protested grimly. "I admire your heroism, but I refuse to accept it, at least until the need has become more urgent."

Lola did not argue the case, but went away quietly. An hour later, when the

doctor entered the dreary old Freely house, he found the girl at the bedside of Halsey Evard, who had fallen into a semi-torpor which made his mind oblivious to what passed about him. After all had been done for the sick man that the doctor could think of doing, the latter rode down to the hotel where John Evard wore the tortured hours away waiting for word from his son, and told him what had occurred.

"A lady!" the old man exclaimed in astonishment. "Who is she?"

"A Miss Claverel, from the seminary. Splendid girl! Why do you suppose she risked so much for your son's sake?'

John Evard flung back his gray head with a strangely illuminating smile that flooded his keen face with something very like tenderness. "Because," said he, "she is the best and noblest woman in Georgia. My son wanted to marry her years ago and because I thought him far too good for her I broke up the match. But you see it was the other way around. She was too good for us! If Halsey lives he'll make atonement to her by spending the rest of his life with her—for her. Lord God, if only my son is spared!"

Halsey,, with youth and hope and love on his side defeated horrors of the pestilence, and rose from his sick bed with hardly a mark of the scourge that had brought him to the very brink of death. He was radiantly eager to renew the game of life with a loftier purpose than ever before. He stayed with his father until Lola was released from quarantine unscathed, for she had miraculously escaped infection, then he took her to the home that had awaited her presence for four empty years.

John Evard spread the news of his son's marriage with a glowing pride that surprised a few who had known the bride when she was "old Pete Claverel's daughter," but he left no doubts in their minds of the genuineness of his approval.

"You consider that your son did well, then," said a man who had long envied Halsey Evard in secret for the honors that seemed to be in store for him.

"I do indeed." the old man answered ardently. "Halsey has made a great match in the finest sense of the term, because his wife is one of the noblest women in Georgia."

"Old Pete Claverel's daughter!" mused the other man under his breath.

His Acridirumination

"A DECENT amount of ignorance seems to me to be necessary to our continued happiness," grumped the Old Codger in his usual pessimistic way. "If we knew how different what other people really think of us is from what we think of ourselves, we would retaliate by telling 'em our heartfelt, instead of ostensible, opinions of them, and there would forthwith be wars and rumors of wars. If we understood why the railroads charge the Octopus six and one-half cents for a sixty-six-mile haul and the unsophisticated yeomanry ten cents for a six-mile haul of the same weight, I fear me we would hardly be civil to the underpaid station agent and actually put our disrespectful thumbs to our disreputable noses when the general manager's ornate private car rolls by. And if we knew the scope of the graft that the mantle of 'senatorial courtesy' hides from public view our sheepish 'Haw-haws!' when the Honorable Mr. So-and-so comes home to joke and back-slap us into line, would be changed to a long-drawn, triumphant 'Ar-r-r-r-!' of wolfish glee as the barrel was kicked out from under the statesman's feet and he danced himself to death at the end of his rope. Eh-yah! For the good of the party, and in the interests of harmony and our own peace of mind, it is well that we don't learn any faster than just about enough to keep us mildly irritated."

MAY 15, 1906.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: In your Educational Department for May you place rent on land on the same moral plane as interest on money. In other words, the soil and sunshine, the rain and raiment of the earth is as moral and legitimate a source of profit as the product of labor or its representative.

It seems to me that you confuse the rent of land with the rent of "the farm"; the rent of land with the rent on improvements. While the farmer is entitled to "a revenue from the past investment of his labor and his judgment," can you for the same reason justify the collection of rent on unimproved land held by a speculator or landlord?

If the ownership of land, apart from the improvements, commanded no rent, your deductions would be correct. But as unimproved land in the city or country has a commercial and therefore a rental value, I do not think the landlord or speculator as such should be allowed to trot in the same class with your "farmer."

You say the Union soldier "made a farm" and therefore is entitled to rent when leased to another. Granted, "as a revenue upon his past labor and his judgment." But can you with equal propriety say that the landlord or owner of unimproved land "made" the land or its value and therefore is entitled to a revenue or rental from the renter?

If unimproved land has a commercial value and therefore a rental value, who or what created it? If the owner created it I am willing he should have it. But if not, look out. In *giving* to one you may be taking from others.

ANSWER

Rent rests upon the same sound principle as legitimate interest on money. It simply means that you pay Smith for the use of that which belongs to Smith. No honest man wants to use what belongs to another without paying him a fair equivalent. Smith labors five years, lays by one thousand dollars, complies with the laws of the state and puts his earnings in land.

Jones labors five years, lays by one thousand dollars, and invests in a livery stable.

Brown labors five years, earns one thousand dollars, and puts the hard cash in his pocket for his own use.

Now suppose *you* have occasion to use the horses and carriages of Jones's livery stable—you expect to pay for that use, don't you? Wouldn't your neighbors think that your head was getting addled if you went to the livery stable and denounced Jones because he asked reasonable hire for his teams?

Those teams represent his labor—the labor which has already been performed, *the labor of yesterday.*

You admit his right to that which his labor acquired—why then draw such a distinction between the wages of labor *before* it was paid, and *afterward?* The moment the employer paid the laborer, the wages became *capital*, in the hands of the laborer. Before the money was paid you called it *wages*, and claimed that it was a sacred fund. Did the same money lose its sanctity the moment it was paid? If so, why?

Jones put his five years of labor into a livery stable; and you have no greater moral right to claim the use of his horses and carriages, without pay, than you had to claim, free of pay, *the five years of labor* which those horses and carriages represent.

But let us now consider Brown, who worked five years, earned one thousand dollars and kept the cash. He had a right to keep it, didn't he? Or was he robbing "society" because he *pocketed* his wages?

Brother Doctrinaire will probably have to admit that so long as the laborer is entitled to have his wages paid in cash he has an equal right to put that cash into his pocket, and to keep it there as long as he pleases.

All right. Now while Brown is ruminating over the use to which he shall put his honestly earned dollars, Brother Tompkins rolls up and opens negotiations. It may be that Tompkins has a constitutional distaste for manual labor and is one of those enterprising citizens who prefer to earn their living by the exercise of what they call their "executive ability." Or it may be that Tompkins has likewise earned one thousand dollars by his labor, but needs another thousand to carry out his plans. Or perhaps Tompkins, learning a lesson from the toil and hardship of Brown in earning one thousand dollars *by five years of labor*, was resolved to try *a short cut*, and needed Brown's thousand to finance the venture.

Whatever the reason, Tompkins wanted Brown's money. In other words, he wanted the use of Brown's *five years' labor.*

Now, suppose Tompkins had gone to Brown and said:

"Look here, Brown, I am in a hurry to get on in the world, and I need your help. My plans will be greatly facilitated by your working for me, *without wages*, for five years!"

In such a case, Tompkins would have got himself committed to the asylum as a lunatic—provided Brown hadn't knocked his head off for his impudence.

Yet when Brown's five years of labor *are put into his earnings*, and some cheeky fellow comes along and wants the use of those earnings without paying Brown anything therefor, the absurdity of the proposition is just as great.

In principle, the demand for the use of Brown's earnings from his labor is just the same as the demand for the use of his labor which is represented in the earnings.

The man who can get away from this proposition will have to rise quite early in the morning.

Now let us return to Smith. Poor fellow, he bent his back, applied his intelligence, and shut out the temptations to idleness *for five long years*, before he could earn $1,000 net.

Bless you, my son, the writer of these lines worked *hard* and *lived* hard, *more than five years*, before *he* could earn $1,000 net!

But Smith was luckier than I; he earned $1,000 net in five years.

What did he do with the money?

Why, he went and bought a piece of land.

Bully for Smith!

When he bought land, he proved that he wanted to plant himself in our midst, take root, grow, flourish like the green bay tree, cuddle a family under his own vine and fig bush, and so forth. In other words, Smith wanted to become what Sam Jones would call "one of the most principalist citizens of the community."

So he buys land with his wages, and settles down to farming.

But here comes Tompkins again. He wanted the use of Brown's money, but refused to pay interest. Whereupon Brown gave Tompkins a piece of his mind, and then ordered him off. In fact, Brown quite lost patience with Tompkins, and said things about cranks, visionaries, d—d fools, wild ass colts, and so on.

Consequently, Tompkins shouldered himself and disappeared, loudly lamenting the narrow-mindedness of Brown, who could not see that Brotherly Love was "agin" the charging of interest.

Stopping at the gate of Smith, he calls to that worthy individual, and proposes to rent his farm.

"How much will you give me for the use of my farm?" asks Smith.

"Nawthin' doin'," snarls Brother Tompkins.

"Rent is wrong; this soil and the rain and the sunshine and raiment of the earth is not moral and legitimate source of profit."

Now what do you suppose Smith said to *that?*

Probably the force of the logic knocked him down, as a bullock falls under the axe, and he meekly said:

"Tompkins, you are right. Turn me out of my farm. Take the use of my hard-earned wages. I will go back to day labor, earn another thousand, and buy me a monkey and a barrel organ to support me in my old age."

Bah! Such nonsense as some of the doctrinaires are dealing in makes me sick.

"The soil and the sunshine, the rain and raiment of the earth are *not* a legitimate source of profit as is the *product of labor.*"

Heavens, what a shallow fallacy! Could the laborer work, or produce any products, without the aid of "the sunshine and the rain"? Are not the light and warmth of the sun, and the manifold blessings of "the rain and raiment of the earth" absolutely essential to the health and strength of the laborer himself?

Nature does as much for the man as she does for the land; how then can you run any such dividing line as that suggested in the letter of our correspondent?

It cannot be done. When the *farmer* charges rent for his land, and the *laborer* charges for his work, *both* of them make a legitimate profit out of "the sunshine and the rain and the raiment of the earth." The laborer couldn't *work* and the farm couldn't *produce* if *either* were deprived of the common blessings of nature.

The logic which confiscates *Rent* because of the rain and the sunshine, would also confiscate the farmer's title to his corn, his wheat and his cotton.

As to the *Rent* of the unimproved land there is a confusion of terms. Nobody rents unimproved land, save with the purpose of improving it by clearing for cultivation, etc.

If you choose to put your money in a lot that is not improved, that is your right. It's none of my business. You can improve your land as much or as little as *you* please, not as *I* please. So long as you do not allow your property to become a nuisance, or put it to any illegal use, you are all hunky-dory.

If land values advance, the value of your unimproved lot advances also; and when the tax collector makes you pay upon that advancing value justice is done. Who is hurt? Nobody.

Why talk about who made the value? Ten thousand elements enter into the value of any one piece of land, and it would require the wisdom of the Almighty to figure cut just how much *you* or *I* have added to the value of the land in the community in which we live.

Abuses of land monopoly and speculative ownership can and should be cured by law, just as abuses in charging interest are cured by law.

Wherever you see abuses of that kind, be sure that you are looking at a diseased excrescence on the social body—a wen, a tumor, a carbuncle, or other foul growth.

Don't kill the patient to cure the carbuncle.

Start in time, use the proper physic, and *kill the carbuncle*, to cure the patient.

If I did not believe, to the bottom of my heart, that the reforms advocated by the People's Party would cure all these social ills, and restore health to the social body, I

would not hesitate to say so—God knows I wouldn't!

CUTHBERT, GA., May 15, 1906.

Hon. Thomas E Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Kindly answer this question in the next number of your Magazine. Has the mayor or the city council of any town or city in this state the power to grant to a railroad corporation, or to deed to a railroad company, a public street, to be used by said railroad for a right of way, thereby closing up the street or public highway? I started with your first issue, and I have not missed a copy of your Magazine, and I hope I will never miss one copy. People do not know what they are missing.

ANSWER

The mayor and town council have no such right. Hit them between the eyes with a blessed injunction and thus teach the franchise thieves the taste of their own medicine.

CRAWFORDVILLE, GA.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, New York.

DEAR SIR: I will thank you to explain to me briefly through your Magazine, the Parcel Post system.

ANSWER

The parcels post is a department of the post office system which carries parcels of not too great size on the same principle as the mails are carried. In the United States there is no parcels post, and packages must be sent either as third or fourth-class mail matter, at a rather high rate, or else sent by one of the private express companies at a very high rate.

England has had a parcels post for twenty-three years; and so many countries have adopted it that the United States has been compelled to establish parcels post rates with the foreign countries, though it does not offer them within its own borders. So you can send a pound of merchandise to Hongkong, Venezuela or Norway for twelve cents by parcels post; but if you send the same package by United States mail within our own boundaries, even from one part of the same city to another part it will cost you sixteen cents, and if you send it by express, no matter if only from one town to the next, it will cost you at least twenty-five cents.

England established a parcels post August 1, 1883. In 1887, to save the money paid the railroads for carrying, the Government started a coach service over the shorter routes, where by a night journey no time was lost to patrons. Later, automobiles were used. In 1901 nearly 11,500,000 packages were thus delivered without the aid of railways.

In England, since June 22, 1897, the rates for internal parcels post have been six cents for a package up to one pound in weight and two cents for every succeeding pound up to the limit of eleven pounds. So in England you can send four pounds of merchandise for twelve cents, but in the United States it would cost 64 cents and the express charges, varying according to distance, would in every case be far higher than the English rates. Parcels must not be more than 3 feet 6 inches in length nor more than 6 feet in length and girth combined.

OXFORD, FLA

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: I would like very much and appreciate the same if you would answer the following questions.

Where are the bones of Columbus?

Do you know of any monument that was built to his memory?

In what states are women allowed to vote?

Could you recommend Ridpath's "History of the World," advertised in your Magazine?

ANSWER

Christopher Columbus died at Valladolid, Spain, in the year 1506. According to his will his remains were transported to the island of Santo Domingo. On the cession of Hispaniola to the French they were removed (January, 1796) to the cathedral in Havana, Cuba. In 1898 the remains were again transported to Spain.

A splendid monument was erected to Columbus in a convent at Seville, where his body lay before it was taken to Santo Domingo. In New York is to be seen the Columbus Column, which stands in the centre of Columbus Circle. There is also a statue of Columbus in Central Park; and doubtless others in other cities.

Women have the right to vote on equal terms with the men at all elections in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho. In Kansas women have the right of suffrage on school questions and municipal questions. Women can vote on school questions in Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Oregon, Massachusetts, New York, Vermont, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Arizona, Montana, New Jersey, North Dakota, South Dakota, Illinois, Connecticut, Ohio and Washington. In Montana and in Iowa women can vote upon the issuance of municipal bonds. In Louisiana women taxpayers can vote on questions submitted to the taxpayers, and a similar provision to this last was established by the New York Legislature in 1901. For further information see the *World Almanac* for 1906.

We have not read Ridpath's "History of the World," but you will see in the advertisement that we printed indorsements of it from the late President McKinley and the late Jefferson Davis.

MANKATO, KAN.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, 121 West 42d Street, New York.

DEAR SIR: Would you be kind enough to tell me what is, in your judgment, the best World's History or Histories, and where can I get it? I want something that covers the entire field from the earliest dawn of history down to the present time.

Also, which is the best encyclopedia, and where can I get it?

Thanking you in advance for the information, I remain,

—— ——.

ANSWER

Is is impossible for me to say of any one history of the world that it is the best, since the compilation of the world's history is generally the work of equally cultured minds, whose particular effort, however, is directed to serve a special purpose. The best history of the world is the one that serves my demand, your demand, to our greatest satisfaction. You may have noticed the advertisement of Ridpath's "History of the World" in this Magazine, a work commended by the late President McKinley and the late Jefferson Davis. An examination of the sample pages of this history ought to convince you whether it is the one you require. Another history of the world is published by the Outlook Company, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York. The history of the world can be studied also by inquiry into the special history of epochs. It is more convenient, however, to have all the periods compressed within several volumes than to have to read them disjointedly in the works of various historians.

The two best known encyclopedias are the *Britannica*, which, as the name implies, is a British institution, published by Adam & Charles Black, Edinburgh; and the *International*, published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

YONKERS, N. Y.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Watson's Magazine, New York

DEAR SIR: While conscious of intruding upon the time of a very busy man, I wish to assure you that I have appealed to you only after vainly trying to find the desired information myself, which is as follows:

A comprehensive history or histories of great reform movements and the men who have led them to victory or defeat, with special reference to rise of various political movements in this country; also the birth and growth of some of the great privileges which we enjoy today, namely: free speech, free press, free thought and the ballot.

Thanking you in advance for the courtesy of an early consideration of the above, and assuring you of my hearty good wishes for your success and welfare, I beg to subscribe myself,

Your earnest supporter,

—— ——.

ANSWER

To secure a comprehensive knowledge of the great reform movements and of the men that dominated them, or were dominated by them, one must study the history of the various countries that have been on the wave of progress since history began to be made. Reform movements are not peculiar to any one country, and the development of all countries is the result of continuous and many reforms. A study of the history of England will perhaps give you as good an idea of the rise of a people to sovereignty as you could get from the story of any nation. Such a study also will help you to understand the history of your own country, which you must know as readily as you know the streets of your own town, in order to understand the history that you and your fellows are making today. Perhaps the best history of England to begin with is that by J. R. Green, entitled, "A Short History of the English People." In the history of the English people you will see how our parent race won the right of free speech, free press, free thought and the ballot. In a word, in order to get the history of reform in a country, study the history of the country.

PINEHURST, GA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

DEAR SIR: I would like to have some light on the Honorable Hoke Smith Disfranchisement Plank. I was in the office of our J. P. yesterday where the people were registering. There were four men out of twelve who made their mark and had the oath read to them. Only one negro registered while I was present. He signed his name in plain hand. Now what I want to know, will these white men be disfranchised? Clark Howell says they will and the negro allowed to vote.

Please answer in your Magazine, and oblige one of the Old Guard.

Yours to follow,

—— ——.

ANSWER

The white men will not be disfranchised. They will vote under what is called the grandfather clause. You must not believe everything that Clark Howell says. He would say anything to get the office.

PETALUMA, CAL.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Watson's Magazine.

DEAR SIR: Kindly enlighten me through your Educational Department on the following:

I learn that the common law, the interpretation of the statutes, and the court procedures are all based on precedent. It is evident that many judges and courts are bribed, influenced or blinded by the money powers. Thus injurious precedents become more numerous each day.

How can we prevent the money powers from influencing judges and courts?

How can we escape the effect of the evil precedents already established by biased courts?

Has not this system of precedents grown so cumbersome and contradictory that the average citizen is unable to be sure of anything in law, and the average lawyer cannot find fundamental principles and therefore depends more on his wits and trickery than on his knowledge of laws and justice?

Can this system of multiplying precedents continue indefinitely?

If not, what is the remedy?

—— ——.

ANSWER

(1) Judges and courts can be made afraid to sell out to the money powers by making them directly and immediately responsible to the people. If the voters had the power to kick out of office, *at once*, a judge whose conduct on the bench was unsatisfactory, there would be less judicial servility to corporations.

Besides, it should be *a felony* for any judge to accept free passes or other favors of like kind. The giving of free passes, or favors of that sort, ought also to be made a felony

All judgments and decrees should be rendered null and void by proof that the judge rendering the same held a free pass from one of the litigants, or had accepted any other favor of pecuniary value.

In other words, the inexorable rule which applies to juries should be applied to judges.

(2) By Direct Legislature and the exercise of the right of Recall.

(3) Yes. Precedents and decisions and authorities have multiplied until the Hessians fight on both sides during the same war.

(4) I have already stated the remedy. As long as one-half of our people are silly enough to trust to the Democratic bosses, and the other half lean on the Republican whipcrackers, we will have bad government.

The people can remedy every wrong from which they suffer if they will but arise in their might, and KILL SPECIAL PRIVILEGE.

UNION, ME.

Honorable Thomas E. Watson.

DEAR SIR. I am informed that the State of Georgia owns a railroad which it has leased.

Why did it not operate the road?

What did the road cost the state, and what is the rent? In other words, what per cent. does the road pay the state?

—— ——.

ANSWER

A very able and well-informed member of the Atlanta (Ga.) Bar, Hon. Hooper Alexander, had occasion, some months ago, to publish an article on the subject referred to in the foregoing letter, and from his statement I will quote:

The cost of the State Road (from Atlanta to Chattanooga) was $4,441,000. Of this sum $1,000,000 was paid out of net profits *before the completion of the line.* The state was then operating the property.

During the four years which preceded the administration of Governor Joseph E. Brown the state ran the road and made a net profit of $1,750,000 in round numbers.

During Governor Brown's administration the state operated the road and earned more than $5,000,000 clear profit.

At the close of the Civil War the State Road was in the hands of the Federal Army.

In September, 1865, it was handed over to the state, much dilapidated. The six miles next to Chattanooga were destroyed.

During the next thirty-three months the state earned $1,250,000 clear profit by operating the property.

In July, 1868, the Carpet-Baggers of the Reconstruction diabolism got hold of it, and its net earnings grievously "swunk."

The road is now leased at $420,000 per year; why leased?

Because certain individual money-makers would rather have a good thing for themselves than to allow the state to have it.

The manner in which the Lease System was applied to the State Railroad gave rise to scandals which smelt as rank as those which attended the leasing of the State Convicts.

Georgia, in common with other states, has been ridden by politicians who used party machinery for the benefit of their own dear pockets.

MILLERSVILLE, ILL.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York City, N. Y.

MY DEAR SIR: Would the election of the President of the United States by a majority of the popular vote, be either unjust or impractical, and what legislation would be necessary to bring this about?

(1) I see from a Chicago paper that ex-Governor Yates, of this state, is urging that a provision of this kind be incorporated into an election law, which the state legislature of Illinois is being convened in special session to consider.

(2) Could an organization of grain-dealers—in the grain states—for the purpose of a *systematic method of marketing grain* be justly construed as a restraint of trade? I'd like your opinion as to when any organization became a trust, and if all trusts are hurtful to the common interests.

Yours very truly,

—— ——.

ANSWER

(1) It would require a change in the Constitution of the United States.

In my judgment it would neither be impracticable nor unjust.

(2) No; not unless it went much beyond the legitimate purpose implied by the name.

An organization becomes a Trust when it can limit production, dictate the price and destroy competition.

Hon. Tom Watson, New York.

DEAR SIR: Will you please give in a nut shell the shortcomings of J. D. Rockefeller as exposed by Miss Tarbell and others. Her book is out of my reach and I am anxious to know the *facts* about the evil things he is responsible for.

Yours truly,

—— ——.

ANSWER

The sins of Rockefeller, according to Henry D. Lloyd's book, the articles of Miss Tarbell, and the recent judicial investigations:

The securing of better rates from railroads than other shippers could get; compelling the railroads to pay over to him a portion of the freight paid by other shippers; use of criminal methods to destroy competitors; the subornation of perjury; the bribery of men in power.

The great leverage of Rockefeller has been, and is now the railroad, which is used as a club to beat down competition.

TENNILLE, GA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Please answer, through your valued Magazine, the following questions:

(1) Who were the leaders in the Senate during the reconstruction period?

(2) Have the people of Great Britain more freedom than the people of the United States?

(3) Do you believe in secret societies?

—— ——

ANSWER

(1) The leaders were Charles Sumner, Zach Chandler, Benjamin Wade.

(2) No. But they are exercising more power in the control of legislation and administration than our people are doing.

(3) Some of them and to a certain extent—yes.

The Missionary, According to Bobby Jonks

BY TOM P. MORGAN

INSECTS are little creatures, but some missionaries are quite portly. If you stroke a toad gently on the back with a twig he will puff up till he looks ready to bust, but a missionary sometimes dyes his whiskers before he starts for foreign lands.

He usually begins in Massachusetts, where there are more nice ladies than Carter had oats. When these nice ladies get more money than they know what to do with they endow a missionary. They can't all marry him, you see; so rather than have each other get him, they send him to the heathen. The heathen is a highly degraded person, clad only in the densest ignorance, and sometimes very little of that. He hasn't heard that he is going to the Bad Place, and it is the missionary's business to tell him so. That keeps the heathen from thinking too highly of himself. Pride goeth before a fall, and is a bad thing to have in the house where there are stone stairs leading down cellar.

It is true that the missionary is often a fat man, but that isn't all he does. He is also a brave man. While the rest of us are here at home, comfortably marrying and giving in marriage, founding or declining libraries, pointing with pride or viewing with alarm, eloping, trying to scratch the place betwixt our shoulder-blades that we never can reach without artificial aid, running away from or after something, collecting picture post cards, absent-mindedly mistaking mules for automobiles and crawling under them to find out why they won't go, or eating health foods, according to our individual preferences, let us not forget that, away over on the back side of the map, the faithful missionary is at dinner with some heathen chieftain, either eating or being eaten, as the case may be.

If the former, they are dining on bread and salt, and the heathen is slapping his guest on the back with one hand and calling him "Mish., old boy!" with the other, for whenever you share a heathen's salt with him you've got him, same as when you put it on a bird's tail. And if the missionary is being eaten, sad as it may seem, right then the good work begins, for bime-bye he will have memorial tablets and stained-glass widows—I mean windows—at home, and get poems written about him, and all such as that; and the heathen will be compelled to grant valuable concessions of some sort. The missionary who lays down his life is a very useful person.

Captain Kidd and the Rev. Adoniram Judson were devoured by the Sandwich Islanders many years ago, but even yet when you see a man whose initials are "A. J." you can be sure it was the Rev. Adoniram Judson who was eaten or else Andrew Jackson. Thus we see that a good action is never lost. This is all I know about missionaries.

HOME

BY

Mrs. Louise H. Miller.

THE Home Department welcomes suggestions, recipes, useful hints, brief articles, short accounts of what women have done in their homes and home towns, and brief, *true* stories of "Heroism at Home." We are all working together and we want to put into our Department anything that will make the housewife's life brighter and more useful. We, all of us, are the editors of "Home": let us make it as good as we can.

Every month there will be a *prize of a year's free subscription to* WATSON'S MAGAZINE, sent to any address desired, *for the best contribution.* There will also be, every month, a *prize of another such free subscription for the best true story of "Heroism at Home," and another such special prize for the best contribution to "The Interest of Everyday Things."* No two of these prizes will be given to the same person.

The names of those contributing recipes and suggestions will be printed with what they send in, unless they request to have their names omitted. The names of those contributing stories of "Heroism at Home" will *not* be printed unless in exceptional cases. In printing the addresses of contributors only the state will be given, so that they may be spared having all kinds of circulars sent them from business firms who are on the watch for names and addresses.

There is no need to worry about "not knowing how to write." What our Department wants is the *facts.* If any corrections are really needed, they can easily be made. We aren't trying to be "authors"—we're just women trying to help one another.

The Editors of the Magazine tell me that it will simplify matters very much if we make a few simple rules for sending in contributions. Let us see how the following will work out:

1. *Make all contributions short and to the point.*

We have only a few pages altogether; there are a lot of us to contribute, and there are many things to talk about.

2. *Address everything carefully and in full to Mrs. Louise H. Miller, Watson's Magazine, 121 West 42d street, New York City.*
3. *Write on one side of the paper only.*
4. *No letters or manuscripts will be returned.*

Make a copy of everything you send if you want to keep it.

August Number.—What women can do for the community in other respects—establishing circulating and stationary libraries, hospitals, lecture courses, rest-rooms, reading-rooms, lunch or dinner clubs for factory girls, college settlements and so on, and in securing better schools, better laws and ordinances, needed reforms and desirable improvements.

September Number.—Our fruits and fruit trees. How varieties and species are created and preserved. (A glance at cross-breeding, grafting, budding and selection.) A word on our grains and nuts.

October Number.—The care of our bodies—exercise, breathing, ventilation and fresh air, bathing, massage and so on. Food, drink and clothing will be left till later.

There is one thing I want to make very clear. I mean the real object of our Department.

In the first place, it is not *my* Department, but *ours.*

In the second place, it is not a study course. None of you *has* to do anything. It is play, not work.

In the third place, its object is not for me merely to present information to you. My part is mostly to bring up questions and points of interest, both yours and mine, for the consideration of all of us.

In the fourth place, what we want is not just facts, however interesting and valuable they may be. What all of us do need is to form a habit of mind that will broaden our horizons, arouse us to the many good things in the world we can have if we only ask, give us "something outside to think about," and make our daily work brighter and easier and help us to do it better.

I figure it out this way. The one thing above all others that we need and want is to broaden, enrich and brighten our minds and lives and make them of more value to others as well as to ourselves. To do this takes at least some time—odd moments here and there. All of us do not have spare moments. Therefore, as a beginning, we should all contribute "Various Hints" and suggestions of ways to make housework easier and quicker, so that even the busiest of us may have a little time of her own. To such of us as do have time this is a duty—a duty to our less

fortunate sisters, a philanthropy that requires no money to give away libraries with, but merely a little human sympathy and willingness to help, a little time that could not be put to better purpose.

Has it ever occurred to you that in ten minutes you might sit down and write some hint or suggestion for the other members of our Department that would enable some of us to save even fifteen minutes a day on our daily duties? Do you see what that means? Fifteen minutes saved every day means 105 minutes saved every week, 450 saved every month, 5,475 saved every year. Suppose one woman who profits by your suggestion, and saves fifteen minutes a day thereby, is fifty years old when she reads it in our Department. It is quite possible that she will live to the allotted age of three-score years and ten, so she would gain fifteen minutes a day for the remaining twenty years of her life. Do you see what you are doing for her just by devoting about ten minutes of your own time to giving her a helping hand through the Department? You are saving her in those twenty declining years left to her just 109,500 minutes! Think of it, by devoting ten of your own minutes to it you are giving to another woman a vacation of 1,825 hours, or 76 days, or 11 weeks, or two months and a half! These hours you gained for her may bring her a broader horizon—"something outside to think about"—that will make all the rest of her life happier and more valuable to others. *In the name of God, isn't it worth while?* Will that not be a good thing to lay at the feet of the great Judge when you come before Him, that you gave one woman hundreds and hundreds of hours for her soul's and mind's development, made twenty years of her life happier and through her brought sunshine and help to many others?

And suppose the woman you helped thus was only twenty, instead of fifty years old, and you saved her fifteen minutes a day for her remaining fifty years. That would be 4,562 hours instead of 1,825, 190 days instead of 76—more than half a year that you give to that woman. And it took you only ten minutes!

She may not go on doing housework all the rest of her life? She may not live to be seventy? Oh, I grant you all that, if you like, though on the other hand she may do both these things. But if she lives and works only one year in that time your suggestion will save her over 90 hours! I can grant you almost anything you please, but the fact will remain that your little ten minutes will bring hundreds and thousands of minutes to the other woman. *And don't forget this*—we have been talking about *only one woman.* If your suggestion is good enough to help one woman, it is good enough to help others. Thousands of women will read it in our Department: a dozen, a score, a hundred, a thousand may profit by your pointer. If only a hundred women profit by it, that means that you gain for them together 9,000 hours every year, or 375 days. That is, every year you give more than a year to these hundred women. In twenty years you would save them 180,000 hours! In ten minutes you saved nearly twenty-one years for the good of the world.

Think again. When you help one woman you help, through her, those with whom she comes in contact. Your ten minutes go forth into the world through the Department and work good for many people through many years. Are there many better investments of your time?

Naturally, this suggests how important one's acts always are. We may not dream of the results at the time, but as sure as fate itself every single thing we do effects others, either directly or, by stamping its affect on our character, reacting on others in many unnoticed little ways all our life. Oh, the little things are such very, very big things! And good and evil are so much more important than even the best of us conceive.

Well, to go back to what our Department really is.

As I said, it is not mine, but ours. If you were to quit helping me, I think I should give it up. No, not that, either; for even by herself one woman can do good to others if she tries. But without the rest of you the Department would not be at all what it ought to be and what I want it to be. It gets its strength from all of us working together for each of us. The one who gives help benefits as much as she who receives help. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." As Portia says in "The Merchant of Venice" about the quality of mercy, "It is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes." In union there is strength, and by means of our Department we can make a little knowledge go a long way.

It is not my department. I want to be only the one who puts together what the rest of you contribute. I want to do gradually less and less of the talking. The most useful purpose I can serve is merely to ask suggestive questions and bring up ideas and topics that may be of interest. There will always be a good many questions in the Department. Some of them you can and will answer for the rest of us. Some of them are merely stimulative and suggestive. The point isn't so much to get the answers, though this is very important and necessary, as it is to arouse interest in the things outside our daily routine of work which are nevertheless close at hand and should be made part of our lives. Not so much the facts we learn, however valuable these may be, as the habit of thinking and observing for ourselves. For if we learn how to think and observe for ourselves we shall learn many more facts than any department can teach us. It is surprising how little we do this, though all of us can do it if we want to.

As we take up various subjects in our Department, pick out those that appeal to you and set to work (it is really play) to

learn more about them. If the Department or I can help you we will very gladly, no matter what the monthly subject for discussion may be at that time.

This is the real and final object of our Home Department—to rouse our minds to something beyond the everyday rut of our routine duties, to furnish a little wholesome and invigorating mental food, to open our eyes to the wonderful things that are everywhere around us, to teach us to raise our eyes from the dusty path our feet have trod so long and so dully, to bring into our lives ideas that will make us and all about us better and happier, to give us "something outside to think about" as we go about our work or take the spare moments that come to us, to make *women* out of us instead of drudges.

OUR COMMON ORNAMENTAL FLOWERS

(*Continued from last month*)

Now let's get our bearings. All plants are divided into two kinds—those that have flowers and those that don't. The latter include ferns, mosses, lichens, mushrooms, seaweed, and the like. We won't consider them at all, though there are many times as many kinds of them as of flowering plants. They have no flowers or seeds. Instead of seeds they have only *spores*, which are a good deal like single cells. You can find them on the under side of most fern leaves, only each fine grain you see is not one spore but a bunch of them. These bunches of spores also form the fine dust that blows away from a dry puff-ball when you touch it. If you lay the top of a mushroom (or "toadstool," for they mean exactly the same) on a sheet of paper it will leave a pretty print overnight in pink, black, white, purple or brown from the spores that drop from the gills or ribs. That is all we need know of them, at least in this number.

Flowering plants are also divided into two classes. In the first class the leaves are *netted veined;* in the second they are *parallel veined*—that is, the veins don't mix up, as they do in a maple leaf, for example, but run straight out from the base of the leaf like the ribs of a palm-leaf fan, which is, of course, a leaf, or as they do in a blade of grass or a lily leaf.

Now, there are exceptions to all rules, but here is a funny thing. Suppose a neighbor hands you a netted-veined leaf that you never saw before. Without knowing any more than this you can tell him or her so much about the plant it came from that you will be considered a great scientist or even a wizard. Maybe you can do it with your eyes shut, merely by feeling the veins.

"H'm!" you say. "Oh, yes. Inside the seed of this plant are two little leaves that will come up together when it is planted. The stem has some kind of bark or skin outside, then a layer of woody matter and then inside this some pithy matter. If it lives more than one year it adds another layer of woody matter inside the bark. The flower is probably built on a plan of four or five, surely not of three; that is, there are likely to be five, ten or fifteen, or four, eight or twelve petals and sepals, if it has any, also of stamens and maybe pistils and parts of the ovary. If not, there will be only one or two pistils or parts of the ovary."

If it is parallel-vein leaf you can pretty safely say that the stem may have something that *looks* like a bark, but isn't; there is no central pit and no woody layer, but if the stem is cut across there will be woody fibres scattered all through it. If it lives more than one year it will *not* add a ring of woody matter and you can't tell its age by "counting the rings" as you can on most stumps of trees. There is only one little leaf inside the seed to come up all by itself. The first leaves the plant puts forth will never be opposite each other. The parts of the flower are probably on a plan of three, barely possibly four, but never five. Unless this is a smilax, it is a herb, not a vine, if it is native to the United States.

That is a good deal to know just from seeing the veins of a leaf, but you can be sure of enough of it in any case to create a sensation. And isn't it all wonderful?

Don't get caught on the pine needles. They are classed as netted-veined, though they don't look it and have more than two seed-leaves. We will not consider them, either, this time. They are a separate subclass of netted-veined flowering plants, anyway. The main sub-class of netted-veins is divided into three divisions—those with petals separate, those with petals united and those without any petals, including, respectively 50, 33 and 24 families. Each *family* includes one or more genera, and each genus one or more species. The other classifications are not really necessary for us, unless we are really going to study up the subject, but we ought to know what species, genus and family mean. Take the wild black cherry, the wild plum and the crab-apple. All belong to the Rose Family, but the first two belong to the Prunus genus and the last to the Pyrus genus. The cherry's scientific name is *Prunus serotina;* the plum's, *Prunus Americana*—that is, they are different species of the same genus. The crab is *Pyrus Americana*—different in both species and genus from the two others, but all three belonging to the same family. Whenever you chance in your reading to see the Latin or scientific name for either a plant or animal, you can be sure the first word tells its genus and the second its species. *Varieties* are groups of plants that, while they belong to the same species, yet differ among themselves. You all know how many varieties of apples or wheat there are, yet all belong to only one or two species.

(Now here is what we have learned—translated into scientific terms. Look at it and then forget it quick! The wild cherry, having a flower, netted-veined leaves, not being a pine, having separate petals and belonging to the family, genus and species mentioned, is *Prunus serotina* of the Rosaceæ, a polypetalous angiosperm and a dicotyledonous or exogenus phanerogam. It also belongs to the tribe of Pruneæ and the subdivision of the Calycifloræ! *Isn't* it awful!)

We have seen enough of the general classification of plants. Let's consider the families. In the April number it was asked which is the nearest relative of the asparagus—the oak, fern, lily, mushroom or rose. We can count out the fern and mushroom right off, for we know they are not even flowering plants. Asparagus leaves are very small (the feathery part is not leaves but branches) and are parallel-veined, though they have little cross-veins, too. The rose and the oak, however, both have netted leaves, while the lily has parallel. So we easily pick out the lily as the nearest relative. And it happens that the asparagus not only belongs to the Lily Family, but to the same branch of it as the common lilies.

Other members of the Lily Family are the greenbrier, onion, leek, garlic, chives, Star of Bethlehem, yucca, Solomon's Seal, dog's-tooth violet and wake-robin or trillium and all the lilies.

To the Oak Family belong the birch, elder, hazelnut, ironwood or hornbeam, chestnut, beech and all the oaks.

To the Rose Family the plum, cherry, spirea or meadow-sweet, raspberry, blackberry, strawberry, dewberry, five-finger, agrimony, lady's mantle, pear, apple, American mountain ash, chokeberry, hawthorn, service or June berry, peach, apricot, almond and all the roses. Only single roses are of pure breed; double roses are usually artificially produced. The same is true of most other flowers that have both single and double varieties. If you compare a fruit-tree blossom with a wild rose you will see why they are of the same family. It is always the *blossom* that counts most.

The Pulse Family is an easy one to identify at sight. Whenever you find a blossom shaped like the blossom of the pea, bean or wistaria you can be pretty sure it is a pulse. If the stamens are joined together by their stems into one or two groups and the leaves (or groups of leaflets) are not opposite each other, you know for certain. Usually there are ten stamens, rarely five and sometimes many. It is a big and useful family like the Rose Family. In it are the pea, bean, wistaria, wild indigo, broom (which we discussed in a previous number), all the clovers, locust, vetch, liquorice, sweet-pea, hog-peanut, Judas tree or red-bud, senna, wild sensitive plant and Kentucky coffee-tree. You can also generally tell the family by the shape of the seed-pod.

The Mint Family is another easy one. The stems are square and the leaves nearly always aromatic, the petals are generally joined together in a "two-lipped" tube and the ovary is generally four notched. It includes horse-balm, all the mints—spearmint, peppermint and all the rest, hyssop, basil, thyme, wild marjoram, savory, balm, catnip, sage, dragon-head, skull-cap, self-heal, horehound, motherwort and some of the nettles.

The Composite Family is one of the biggest of all. When you find a flower like a dandelion or daisy it belongs to this family. Really what we call a dandelion flower is a bunch of many little flowers. The same of the daisy, the things that look like white petals being merely colored leaves surrounding the bunch of real flowers. The following are some of its members: daisies, ironweed, dog-fennel, boneset, snakeroot, vanilla plant, the aster, goldenrod (there are nearly fifty kinds of goldenrod), fleabane, horse weed, everlasting, cudweed, rosinweed or compass plant, marsh elder, ragweed, cockle-bur, ox-eye, sunflower, Jerusalem artichoke, beggartick, marigold, chamomile, yarrow, tansy, wormwood, coltsfoot, groundsel, burdock, Indian plantain, the thistles, dandelion, chicory, rattlesnake-root and lettuce.

To the huge Grass Family belong all the hundreds of grasses, Indian rice, millet, oats, wheat, corn, rye, sugar-cane, barley, timothy and many others.

The Mustard Family is another large one. You can pick out its members by their pungent, watery juice, and the facts that their flowers are cross-shaped, four petals and four sepals, the latter often falling off, and that there are six stamens, four long and two short. Belonging to it are the cresses, the mustards, pepper-root, peppergrass, shepherd's purse and radish.

The above are some of the big families; there are lots of smaller ones, some of them with only a very few members, but our object is only to get a better general idea of our flowers and to be able to classify some of those we meet.

* * *

I WISH that Mrs. F. Bailey, who had a contribution in our May Department, would send me her present address so that I can send her the prize of a year's subscription. Mail sent to the address from which she wrote has failed to reach her.

Last month I said that our reading-list on "Why Women Should Be Interested in Politics" would be found in a new department of WATSON'S MAGAZINE in that issue. Unfortunately the new department has not yet been decided on for any definite date. Anyhow, that's where our reading-list is. It justs shows that if you want a thing done the way you wish, never trust it to the men!

Don't grow so used to the small-print headings in our Department that you fail to read them now and then and forget what is in them. Some of the contributions sent in would indicate that some of us have not been reading them as carefully as we might.

Please note our subject for October. It ought to bring out some very useful pointers.

I wish you would all help me in selecting subjects for our Department. It isn't fair that I should be almost the only one to decide what topics we shall consider. Christmas might do for December. An old subject, to be sure, but an ever new one. It wouldn't have lasted so long if it had not been well worth while. What shall we have for November? And January, 1907? And the months after that?

Next month I hope to publish some of the letters that have come in with good words for our Department. This month we are suffering, as usual, from too little space for what we have to say. Some of my "stuff" (as I find all editors call everything that is "copy"—everything that anybody, including themselves, writes for publication) written for the May number was set up in type, but I haven't found room for it yet! Maybe it will get in the August number! So if any of you have been wondering why your contributions have not yet been printed you will see that it is not because I wanted the space for myself. As a matter of fact I always try to give what I write the back seat, writing only what is needed to fill up and to bind things together. When I wrote the "copy" I speak of, contributions from the rest of you had not begun to come in as they have since. And remember that every magazine works ahead, for it takes some time to get out a number. For example, here I am on May 11 writing for our July issue. Some of the other monthly magazines are now at work on their August or even their September numbers.

But this number clears up things for us and in August we can have a clear field. There is comparatively little about "civic improvement," our subject for this month, in this July number, but we have August for it, too.

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT

I AM going to say very little myself on this month's subject. Mrs. Ewing, of West Virginia, of the Civic Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, sets forth the subject in her letter to the Department clearly, comprehensively and inspiringly. Read what she says and *think about it!* You can exert a tremendous power for good if you will only try.

There is one thing that every last mother's daughter of you ought to do. Send five two-cent stamps for a copy of the "Civic Primer" to Miss Kate C. McKnight, 1212 Western Avenue, Allegheny, Pa., a member of the same committee as Mrs. Ewing. This little book is *excellent*. It covers nearly all phases of what can be and has been done for the betterment of our communities, our fellow-citizens and ourselves. It would be cheap at several times the amount asked for it, and will interest you intensely even if you feel you "can't" do anything yourself in this useful field.

I am told, also, that the "State Year Book" contains much valuable information along these lines, especially of the work actually accomplished by the women of the three Districts of Pennsylvania. I have sent for it, but it has not arrived at this writing. It can be obtained by sending ten cents to Mrs. W. B. Beitzel, 668 North Hanover Street, Carlisle, Pa.

Mr. E. G. Routzahn, Municipal Museum, Public Library Building, Chicago, is also in a position to furnish valuable information and services.

Don't get the false idea that civic improvement is a mere fad. It is the growth of years, the movement is general and it *accomplishes results!* Don't get the false idea that *you* for any reason cannot help at least a little in improving the conditions under which we live!

On page 330 of the May number read Mr. Watson's editorial entitled "Common Sense Education."

The Delineator is running a series of articles under the head "*The Delineator's* Campaign for Safe Foods" which will be found of interest as the description of one of the evils civic improvement aims to remedy. On page 996 of the May number of that magazine is an article on "Child Labor and the Club Movement." In *The World's Work* for February, page 7191, is "A City's Fight for Beauty" (Kansas City). In the April *Review of Reviews*, page 452, is "Food Science and the Pure Food Question." Be sure to read *The Chautauquan* for June, as that number is devoted entirely to civic improvement.

The prize for the best general contribution to the Department this month goes to the following article from Mrs. E. C. Ewing, of West Virginia.

What It Is.

WHEN you ask me to tell you what has been accomplished in West Virginia for civics, I must answer that we have made only a beginning. Among our seventeen clubs, there is only one "Civic Club," and only two others that include this subject in their study for the year, although most of them have taken up special branches, such as forestry, child labor, pure food, traveling libraries.

"Civics" is a very elastic, comprehensive term, depending largely upon the breadth of vision of its users for its meaning. To some it means only clean streets, garbage disposal and public parks; to others it spells anything

that goes toward the betterment of the whole human race.

It means beauty to lovers of nature, for "Civics" would not allow advertisements to deface rocks, hillsides to be stripped of trees, or Niagara to be drained of its waters.

To the humanitarian it means the prevention of child labor abuses, it means the adoption of the Curfew Law by which crime among the young is lessened; it means Juvenile Courts where the aim is to reform youthful offenders, not harden them; it means pure food laws and their strict enforcement; it means sanitary tenements, municipal playgrounds, manual training schools. In short, it means an intelligent, conscious co-operation with these ceaseless struggles of mankind toward the attainment of ever bettering conditions which we call "Evolution."

The great difficulty is first to arouse interest. The majority of reasonably comfortable people give but scant thought to the miseries of their less fortunate brethren, unless they are presented to them in some such forcible way as Jack London's appalling book, "The People of the Abyss." Again, to change existing conditions seems such a colossal task that many are discouraged at the very outset, especially when it is necessary to antagonize large business interests, as in the battle for pure food, or against the sweat-shop system.

The campaign is, after all, only one of education, and if the people can once be made to appreciate the necessities of the situation, the proper remedies will soon be applied.

I would suggest that instructing the children of our public schools in civics is too generally neglected. Even the very little ones would be interested in hearing about the planting of trees, or how birds destroy our insect pests. Boys' brigades could be formed, copied after those Colonel Waring found of such assistance in quickening New York City's conscience in regard to clean streets. School gardens could be more generally introduced. One of our cities has had this year the first distribution of free seeds among its school children. Country school yards, usually such forlorn spots, can be beautified by the planting of shrubbery. Children generally are quick to respond to beautiful surroundings and will, in the majority of cases, give their labor and bring the plants from the woods or their own home gardens. If WATSON'S MAGAZINE in its next March issue would devote some space to suggestions for the planting of school gardens, it would be doing a very practical work in civics.

All clubs in the General Federation of Women's Clubs are urged to include some branch of "civics" in their yearly programs, so that by intelligent study the problems of this very wide field may be better understood. This Federation of Women's Clubs is far reaching, there being forty-six states in the organization, each with its own independent system, wheels within a wheel as it were, so that it is possible to turn the attention of almost three hundred thousand women to any given subject. Isn't that a powerful lever with which to change the direction of public opinion?

The Civic Committee of the General Federation has just issued a "Civic Primer," gotten up in a very attractive style, which gives much information in compact form, including lists of books bearing on the subject. The copies sell for ten cents each and can be bought of Miss Kate C. McKnight, Chairman of this committee, whose address is 1212 Western Avenue, Allegheny, Pennsylvania, or they can be ordered through the secretary of any club in the Federation.

It may be that some of the readers of this Magazine are in isolated spots where there is no club to belong to, and one feels it doesn't make a particle of difference what is believed on any subject. This is a mistake. You may not always be in such solitude, and how will you carry yourself under changed conditions if you let your brain grow sluggish and your sympathies narrow? Broaden and deepen your nature all you can, so shall you be ready when the opportunity comes to take another step onward. It is better to struggle along even in the rear ranks of progress than to sit by the roadside and let the march go by. It is always worth while to try, and "civics" is one of the things everybody can help along, if only by reading about it.

Hoping you may find something you can use in the above,

Yours very truly,

Mrs. C. E. Ewing,
Civic Committee G. F. W. C.

Here is the excellent letter we received some months ago and held over until we could give at least one whole number to the subject it suggests.

We do not have a society *exclusively* devoted to beautifying our little city, but we have an Equal Suffrage Club that mothers all kinds of enterprises for the good of our city. The ladies of this club have taken it upon themselves to beautify the court-house park (consisting of two whole blocks) by planting flowers and shrubs and keeping them in order. They have furnished a rest-room very tastefully and comfortably in a nice basement room of the court-house for the use of country women who have to spend several hours in town waiting for their husbands to get ready to go home. They made it possible for us to have the best high school building in the South Platte country by taking their carriages and bringing all the ladies to the polls who were willing to vote for bonds to build the schoolhouse. And now that it is finished they have raised $150 (by giving a "Milkmaids' Convention"

and "Railroad Lunch") to furnish and equip a domestic science kitchen in a room of the schoolhouse. This is the only school in the state, outside of Lincoln, that teaches this important branch *in the schoolhouse.* The others send the scholars out to private houses to be instructed.

It is only a question of time when other enterprises will be taken up by this club. Everything cannot be done in a minute.

Mrs. Belle Goodrich, Nebraska.

THE INTEREST OF EVERYDAY THINGS

We want all the interesting facts we can get about the origin, history and manufacture of our ordinary household utensils and furniture, the various articles of food and drink, the common things in our yards and neighborhoods. The object of this branch of our Department is to make interesting the very implements of our daily toil, and to teach the mind to free itself from the deadening monotony of mere routine and to learn to gather wholesome, enlivening food from the broader fields outside. If you don't need this help, remember that many other women *do* need it, and need it badly. Help them by doing these two things

1. Send in any items you may think of yourself or learn from inquiry by consulting encyclopedias, dictionaries, books, magazines or the free reports of the United States Department of Agriculture and the United States Department of Commerce and Labor.

2. If you find a newspaper article or paragraph which gives interesting information about any of the ordinary articles or commodities of our everyday home life, send it to the Department. If you find a magazine article of this kind and do not want to cut it out, send us the name of the article, an idea of what it is about and the name of the magazine in which it appears, giving the year, month or week, and the page. If you send either a newspaper or magazine clipping, always give the name of the publication from which you take it. Inform the Department, too, of any good books along this line.

We will publish, every month, selections from these articles and clippings and will give the names of all of them, with the name of the publication from which they are taken. In this way we can always have a good reading-list on hand, and be in touch with a great deal of information about our everyday things.

Special Prize

Every month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE, sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "The Interest of Everyday Things."

IF we could all get as much out of the common things we work with every day as one woman has got out of lampblack we would find the world much more interesting than it is now. The prize this month for the best contribution to "The Interest of Everyday Things" goes to Mrs. Fear.

* * *

MRS. LOUISE H. MILLER:

Dear Madam: Yesterday, through an oversight, I had to clean up a lot of lampblack around my incubator. I wondered if anything could make that interesting. I send the result, or a small part of it, in an enclosed article for "The Interest of Everyday Things" department.

Wishing you continued success, I am,

Yours very truly,

Mrs. W. E. Fear, Nebraska.

CARBON

ALL the things which we use for fuel, or which we burn to obtain light, are composed chiefly of the element carbon. One of the most common substances composed of this element is charcoal, or charred wood, of which the purest form is lampblack.

Lampblack is used in the manufacture of printer's ink, and the unpleasant moments spent cleansing an occasional smoked chimney are more than offset by the pleasant ones we spend reading the print made by this same soot. Because carbon is acted upon by very few substances, it is almost impossible to destroy the color of printer's ink without destroying that upon which it is used.

Bone-black is animal charcoal, and because of the power it has in common with charcoal of absorbing gases it is used as a purifier of air and water. We see this use in the charcoal filter and in the use of bone-black to refine sugar.

Coke, made in the manufacture of illuminating gas, and coal are both forms of carbon.

Not quite so familiar to most of us, but I had almost said "nearly as precious," is the flashing diamond, the crystallized form of carbon.

Besides the forms already named above, carbon occurs in the form of graphite, which we use in the ordinary pencil, and in this form it is used for crucibles, as it will neither burn nor melt.

So carbon is the cheapest and the dearest, the roughest and the smoothest. Black as night or bright as day. Now used on account of its fiery combustion and again because it will not melt. Is it not wonderful that one element can be found in so many contradictory forms?

Mrs. W. E. Fear, Nebraska.

OLIVE OIL

THE best olive oil in the world comes from a strip of country along the French Mediterranean coast and Italian frontier. In Europe this is known as Huile de Nice, and it is doubtful if any of it ever reaches this

country. Next in order of excellence comes Italian olive oil, the Spanish oil ranking third. The crude oil, after being pressed from the fruit, is shipped to Bordeaux, France, where it is stored in vaults which are kept at warm, even temperature. A few packers refuse to blend and adulterate their oil, according to a recent investigation, trusting to careful filtering and extraordinary care in manipulation to obtain the best results. Most packers adulterate with peanuts, which is not dangerous. Cottonseed oil is the usual adulterant. This is not particularly harmful, but it is cheap and the temptation to use a great deal of it is strong, and the unhappy consumer gets very little olive oil for his money. Most oils are blended, which results in smooth, well-flavored oil, but the connoisseur prefers the straight product.—*Exchange.*

HEROISM AT HOME.

A PRIZE FOR THE BEST TRUE STORY

Every month the Department will publish a little story of heroism *in the home*—not any one act of heroism, but the tale of how someone *lived* heroically, *lived* self-sacrifice *in everyday life.* It must be *true* and must be about somebody you know or have known or know definitely about. *It must not have over 500 words.* The shorter the better. *Whoever sends in the best story each month will not only have it printed, but will receive a year's free subscription to* WATSON'S MAGAZINE *sent to any name you choose. Tell your story simply and plainly.*

Please state whether the names and places mentioned in your story are real or fictitious. The Department does not print real names in these stories. The reason for not printing the names in this case is that the stories are true and the characters in them are real people, who might be sensitive about having their most private affairs set forth in type with their right names appearing in it. If we published the names and addresses of the persons who send in the story about them it would be almost the same as publishing their own names. In each number there will be a note saying that such and such a story receives the prize, but no names will be given. The names in the story will be left blank or fictitious names will be supplied. Please do not send in stories about someone rescuing another from drowning, or anything like that—we don't want stories of single acts of heroism, but of lives bravely and unselfishly lived out.

The prize this month for the best story of Heroism at Home is awarded to "A Girl Heroine."

A Girl Heroine

HERE is a case of what I call true heroism. A young girl, left motherless at the age of eleven, was compelled to take charge of the household affairs and the care of five children younger than herself. Her greatest ambition when a mere babe had been to secure a good education, and she never wavered in her purpose even after her great bereavement. But, taking her two baby brothers, who were too young to attend school, and gaining permission from the teacher to attend school, she managed to keep herself and five younger children in school during the winter, while through the summer she shrank from no honest employment, such as cutting corn-fodder, washing for neighbors, etc., to aid her father to support herself and the younger ones. Many an older and stouter person would have staggered and fallen under the burden that she bore. But not so with this strong-minded child. Through hardships she gained her education and became a school-teacher, all this time filling the place of her mother in her home until her brothers and sisters were able to care for themselves. Then she married and went to a home of her own, which she helped to build from poverty to plenty and is attending the education of her own little ones with even greater care than her brothers and sisters. And so the good work goes on. Were there more such people in this world there would be little use for almshouses or charitable institutions. Her heroism did not end with one heroic act, but extended through a lifetime.

Kansas.

Heroism in the Bible

"THE best examples of self-denying liberality, of loving service, of conquering prayer found in the Bible are recorded of woman. The gift was a widow's mite; the service was the anointing of Jesus with a box of ointment; the prayer was a mother's for a daughter possessed with a devil. Jesus never let fall such words of royal commendation as concerning these three women. Of the poor widow He said: 'She hath cast in more than them all.' Of Mary He said: 'She hath done what she could.' And to the Canaanitish mother He said: 'O woman, great is thy faith! Be it unto thee even as thou wilt,' giving her the key to earth and heaven, making it possible for her to go out and possess it all."

"For unto woman it is given
To make this home a paradise—
An earnest of the stormless haven—
A very entrance gate to heaven."

Georgia.

A Woman General

Down in "ole" Kane-tucky lived Tom ——. A wife and one daughter constituted Tom's family. Of this trio, the wife and mother was a real heroine. Not only a heroine, but a model wife, mother, neighbor and Christian. She did not exploit her heroism by the using of knives, pistols and guns in strategic engagements with wily foes, but in a grander and higher sense of heroism and rare and enviable tact.

Tom had bargained for a small tobacco farm. Seventeen hundred dollars had been paid, but owing to a failure in crops in 1887, a mortgage on the farm had been made to pay off the last instalment of $600. So it was a battle of the home *versus* mortgage. No battle on the fields of courage, or in civic life can be successfully fought without a courageous and self-possessed general. In the person of Tom's wife we find an ideal leader in the fight against mortgage. Tom was irritable, nervous and despondent, but his calm, cool and calculating helpmeet, with nerve, determination and courage coupled with prudence, common sense and patience, which was well developed in her make-up, begins the fight. Economy, which means cutting down every possible expense, was soon agreed upon. The exigiences of the case simply challenged the best energy and diplomacy that this trio could call into requisition.

"Tom, don't fret and worry. Be patient and calm," were often the inspiring words of Tom's better half. "I'll see that 'Liza gets a subscription school, and not a dollar of your present tobacco crop shall be taken for household necessities." Sure enough, 'Liza got the school, but had to walk two miles to reach it. Notwithstanding she was only nineteen, she acquitted herself with honor and satisfaction to her parents. Every pound of butter, every chicken's egg, and all of the garden vegetables were turned to good account. A hard, but successful pull brought them through the summer and fall. As good luck would have it, the seasons of rain were fine and the tobacco crop was good.

A protracted meeting was going on in full blast in October. "Shall we invite those who live at a distance that attend the meeting?" Tom asked his wife.

"Yes."

"But," said Tom, "what will we give them to eat?"

"Well," she said, "beef cattle are plentiful and cheap, while hogs, sheep and other things command good prices. So, Tom, you can butcher that fat two-year-old steer, and with sweet and Irish potatoes, cabbage, and other vegetables we can feed them."

The writer was there and ate some of that steer and it was excellent.

While there Tom said to me:

"Do you see that worn and faded calico dress my wife wears?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, it's the only work dress she has and she won't allow me to get her a new one."

She simply, when said dress needed washing, washed it at night and dried it by the fireplace to put it on again in the morning.

"Tom," said I, "what was your wife's maiden name?"

"Jewell," he responded.

Ah! Jewell by name and jewel by nature. It goes without saying that the battle was fought and the victory won, and all to the credit of this heroine. If any girl who may read this contemplates being a wife sometime she would do well to remember that a good wife is more than half the battle in life's tilts with the much-dreaded wolf that some times invades our homes.

Tom's wife was worth her weight in rubies.

Tennessee.

VARIOUS HINTS.

Mustard Plasters

Syrup or molasses used instead of water will keep the plaster soft and prevent its drying up and becoming hard. There should be thin paper, fine cloth or oiled silk between the mustard and the skin. The strength can be regulated by the amount of flour used.

Mrs. Jennie L. Benson, Tennessee.

Scalds or Burns

Anything that excludes the air is good—a thick coating of cotton, wool or wadding, scraped potato or turnip, moistened baking soda.

Hattie W. Harris, Georgia.

Wine Stains

Wine stains may be removed by holding the spots in boiling milk.

Mrs. John Durant, Indiana.

Restoring Colors

Sal-volatile, or hartshorn, will restore colors taken out by acid and will not harm the cloth.

Mrs. John Durant, Indiana.

Try This

Experiment in your kitchen with stools of varying height till you find one that *makes your work easier*—one that you can sit on *comfortably* to wash dishes and so on. It will save infinite aches and pains.

Mrs. Henry Ashman, Ohio.

Mosquito Remedy

Mosquitoes are very fond of beef blood. They prefer it to that of human beings. To sleep undisturbed by them place a piece of raw beef in your bedroom on retiring. They will devote all their attention to it.

Mrs. L. Adam Perrin, Delaware.

To Bind Magazines

Tack firmly together with awl, needle and waxed shoe-thread. Paste a piece of muslin over the backs and extending one inch on either cover. Paste over this covers of strong brown paper, that of which flour sacks are made being good. This, of course, is only a rough binding for convenience and wear, not for looks. With a little more work pasteboard covers can be used, covered with suitable paper and glued on at the back and covered with cloth along the back. If the advertising pages are removed before binding it should be done so as not to break the rest of the magazines.

J. G. Hollister, Wyoming.

Fruit Jars

If the rubber washers are old or the zinc rings or covers bent, some ordinary flour paste will make them air-tight.

Mrs. Emory Hutchins, Georgia.

RECIPES, OLD AND NEW.

Flummery (Old)

One quart cream sweetened, one-half pint wine, one ounce gelatine. Whip the cream and drain it; dissolve the gelatine and stir it in the cream which does not whip. Stir in the whipped cream and put in molds. Serve with whipped cream around it.

Delicate Cake (Old)

The whites of sixteen eggs, one pound sugar, one pound butter, one pound flour. Mix the butter and sugar, then add the flour. Flavor with lemon. Add the eggs last.

Muffins (Old)

One pint of milk, two eggs, butter the size of an egg, flour enough for a stiff batter, one teacupful of yeast (old-fashioned form).

Ice Cream Sauce

Boil a pound of maple sugar with the least possible amount of water until the thread stage is reached. Stir in half a cupful of black walnut or butternut meats broken, but not chopped. Serve hot.

Sweet Potato Fritters

A pint of hot mashed sweet potatoes, two eggs, a cupful of flour, into which has been sifted a teaspoonful of baking powder, salt and enough milk to make a batter. Drop the batter, a tablespoonful at a time, in deep fat, smoking hot, and cook to a light brown, Tomato sauce may be served with the fritters.

Carrot Soup

Scrape and cut into small pieces six carrots, add an onion, sliced, two or three stalks of celery and a leaf of parsley. Cover with boiling water and cook until the carrots can be rubbed through a sieve. Add a pint of hot milk and thicken with a tablespoonful each of flour and butter creamed together. Season with salt and red pepper and the least bit of nutmeg. Serve over cubes of fried bread, and dash paprika over all just before sending to the table.

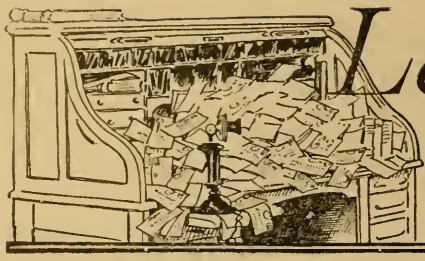
THE MONTH'S MEMENTO.

Under this head in every number we will have some little poem or prose extract from the work of some great man. There is no rule or limitation in selecting these. Anything that is good and helpful and aid to broader thinking and truer living may find place here.

My Symphony

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common; this is to be my symphony.

William Ellery Channing



Letters From The People

OUR readers are requested to be as brief as possible in their welcome letters to the MAGAZINE, as the great number of communications daily received makes it impossible to publish all of them or even to use more than extracts from many that are printed. Every effort, however, will be made to give the people all possible space for a direct voice in the MAGAZINE, and this Department is freely open to them.

Upton Sinclair, Princeton, N. J.
Author of "The Jungle"

Three or four weeks ago the newspapers of the country were printing a despatch to the effect that President Roosevelt had made an investigation and convinced himself of the falsity of the charges made in "The Jungle," and that he proposed to make its author the centre of his "Man with the Muck Rake" speech. The basis of this story was a two-column despatch, which was printed in the Chicago *Tribune* on April 10, signed by its Washington correspondent. In this despatch these statements were made positively, and with every appearance of authority, as coming directly from the President and at his desire; and from first to last the story was a fabrication.

It was one more illustration of how the Beef Trust fights. For nearly two years now I have been contending against these secret influences. They have sent men to bribe me; they have put detectives at work tracing my past, in the hope of finding something to compromise me; they have circulated falsehoods about me in the newspapers, and tried to influence my publishers against bringing out my book; they have discharged men in the stockyards whom they suspected of having given me information; they have called others up to their offices and threatened to discharge them for selling the book. They have sought to annoy me in still more petty and objectionable ways; and I am resolved to try to make them come out into the open and fight.

The Chicago *Tribune* correspondent said that I made charges of knavery and crime, and had no facts to back them up.

I gave some of the facts in the May number of *Everybody's Magazine*, in my article entitled, "The Condemned Meat Industry, a Reply to Mr. J. Ogden Armour."

If you will read this article you will observe that I have indulged in no rhetoric in the course of it. I have used no adjectives and called no names. I have tried to make it read like a legal brief. There are no assertions of my own; there is nothing to be taken upon my own word; there are affidavits and chemists' analyses, official reports and independent investigations—all facts.

And they are all facts which bear upon one man, personally and individually. What they prove is that he himself, of his own free will and personal knowledge, is occupied in sending out, selling and causing to be eaten by the people of America millions of pounds of *diseased, tainted, preserved, dyed and adulterated meat products* every week he lives.

And what has been Mr. Armour's answer to this evidence? What has he had to say to the newspapers about it?

More advertisements!

Every time that a campaign of exposure against the Chicago packers has begun in the magazines they have spent literally millions of dollars in advertisements.

If you saw a man committing a murder, and you rushed to interfere, what would you say to a person who offered you an advertisement if you would stop? Yet here is a man who is engaged in murder by wholesale, in the everyday routine of his business, and he offers you an advertisement so that you will not let his victims know what he is doing.

For do not make any mistake about the meaning of this thing which I have called "The Condemned Meat Industry"—*it means murder!*

The selling for human food of the carcasses of cattle and swine which have been condemned for tuberculosis, actinomycosis and gangrene; the converting of such carcasses into sausage and lard; the preserving of spoiled hams with boric and salicylic acid; the coloring of canned and potted meats with aniline dyes; the embalming and adulterating of sausages—all of these things mean the dealing out to hundreds and thousands of men, women and children of a sudden, horrible and agonizing *death*.

One hundredth part of what I have charged ought, if it is true, to be enough to send the guilty man to the gallows.

One hundredth part of what I have charged ought, if it is false, to be enough to send me to prison.

If the things which I have charged are false, *why has Mr. Armour not sued me for libel?*

All that I ask of Mr. Armour is a chance to prove my charges in court. Is he afraid to give me the chance?

If he is afraid, it must be because the charges are true. And if they are true, *what have the newspapers of the country to say to it?*

All that I desire is the truth. All that I ask of you is that you demand the truth, and that you do not rest until you get it. I ask you to compel Mr. Armour to come out into the open and fight these charges.

Richard Wolfe, Denver, Col.

Your Magazine is more interesting each number. I take *Everybody's*, *McClure's*, and read most of the others, but I take most interest in WATSON'S. You deal vigorously with live subjects, and best of all you give space to the consideration of the all-important question of Money. I am in hearty accord with your views on the evils of our present monetary system, but you seem to think interest is a necessary evil. Henry George said: "Interest is natural, and therefore right. We must all pay interest." But I do not think so. I do not wish to question the right to take interest, but I do question the wisdom of perpetuating a monetary system which enables owners of money to exact interest for its use.

In reply to a query in your February issue, you say: "If you were not to be paid a fair price for the other fellow's use of your money, he would never get the use of it. You would use it yourself." This is just the point. You have unconsciously cracked the nut. If we had a sufficient supply of money, the owners of money would be compelled to use it themselves, because they could not loan it at a satisfactory profit. The right to take interest rests upon the power to exact it. With an ample supply of money, the power to exact interest would vanish as surely as the power to tax us unjustly for the use of the Bell Telephone will vanish with the expiration of the patents.

When the price of a commodity goes up the power to increase the supply, when exercised, brings the price down again. Not so with money. If the price, or interest, on money goes up, we must grin and bear it, because, as individuals, we cannot augment the supply—as the law now reads. The Government arrogates to itself the sole power to create money, yet fails to exercise it to the extent required by the general welfare. Unless the individual possesses gold bullion or national bonds he is powerless to increase the money supply. And why? Simply because no other forms of individual wealth are eligible to monetization under the present law.

Why should we monetize but 4 per cent. of our wealth? Why should we monetize gold values and bond values and stop there when we can monetize one form of wealth as well as another by what is aptly termed the "certificate process"? Why do we provide ourselves with such a scant supply of money that there is a constant and fierce struggle to obtain it? Why is it we have usury laws to keep down the price of money? Why don't we pass laws to keep down the price of wheat? The reason is that the quantity of wheat is not restricted by law, so the price of wheat takes care of itself; while the quantity of money is restricted by law, and can be increased only by the chance discovery of gold. And even when gold is discovered, the whim of the finder or the demands of art may deprive us of its use as money. And though the entire product of the mines were converted into money, the supply would fall far short of the needs of an increasing population and of an expanding commerce. The struggle for money, like that for air in the Black Hole of Calcutta, makes brutes of us all. We should have such an abundant supply of money that a change in the volume would not affect price. Price should depend upon supply and demand alone, cost of production being the prime factor. But, with an inadequate volume of money, consumption and production are so held in abeyance that a change in the volume—by affecting consumption or production—affects price. But this will not occur if the change in the volume does not bring it below the amount needed for commerce; because with the needed money volume consumption and production will be at full tide. The power to consume having reached its limit, there can be no further increase in demand, and hence there would be no change in price excepting that which would be necessary to make production respond to demand.

A larger volume than that required in active commerce would not affect the value of the money unit, because the surplus would be used to conserve the wealth of the individual—the greatest function of money. From this ample store of conserved wealth we could take, at pleasure, whatever nature or the ingenuity of man can produce. The necromancer who draws many kinds of drink from the same spigot is outdone. We have the alchemy to change what we have into whatever we desire. When will we be wise enough to provide ourselves with a sufficient circulation, and thus insure a just distribution of wealth?

Perry Daniels, Girard, Kan.

Those who do not believe in Socialism, and have not studied existing conditions and the trend of both public opinion and leading individual effort enough to read the future from the past, so as to incite them to support radical correctives for restoring to labor its rightful position and just rewards, had as well follow the example of

the Socialists, and applaud and encourage the strenuous viciousness in official, financial, commercial and social life, to hasten us toward an impending culmination, as to waste much time on such barren *correctives* as silver coinage and municipal ownership, as the Populists did.

Now I favored "free coinage" *mildly*, as a makeshift. It was a good makeshift. Municipal ownership appeals to me from the same plane, and with equal force; but as a corrective it is N. G. The sub-treasury bill and the income tax were in the same class. I prefer correctives to palliatives, as you know. Since the disclosures and revelations in insurance matters, people are turning their attention from where "we are at" to "how we got here"; and the more drastic corrective projects are, the more readily they will be approved.

I have just prepared a petition again, to send to Congress with my bill for a Graduated License Tax on Corporations, which imposes an additional graduated tax on them when they combine. Colonel P. H. Coney, Commander of the Kansas Department of the G. A. R., writes that he will sign it with me. Four leading business men of Girard (all Republicans) have offered to circulate it for signatures among business men, and have told me nine out of every ten would approve it. There is no politics in it—at least while common sense is out of politics—only "anti-graft." It is entitled, "The Kansas Anti-Grafters' Petition to Congress for a Graduated License Tax on Corporations, and an additional Tax (also graduated) when they combine," etc.

People are now seeking for real remedies for our trouble—for Big Medicine for our big disease—something radical, drastic, far reaching. The Populist rank and file would have given the right treatment, but for the trickery of a controlling faction among the leaders whose purpose they could not see. This element kept them busy truckling with palliatives, and scheming to keep Democracy placated, till Populism was killed. But the sturdy purpose and vital principle of the dead party—the soul of Populism—survives. It is more in evidence today than a dozen years ago, and there are treble the forces, now ready to rally round a banner on which that purpose is emblazoned, than then. Then why not recognize and proclaim that purpose, and prove our sincerity by a direct attack, with specific measures, on the citadel of the usurping oligarchy, and batter down the walls of concentrated loot with the heavy guns of Progressive Taxation? It is the only offensive weapon within reach of the masses, but their muscle—the only medicine that will go to the right spot.

The Populist banner is too deep in the mire to be raised for that purpose. It had better not be a Democratic ensign. That stands for nothing now. It is simply a fossil—a historic fossil—a specimen, a curio. Judged by the trend in the Central West, that great vital purpose of the Alliance is liable to yet adorn the Republican flag. If so the same contest that rent and wrecked the Populist organization, the fight between the supporters of that vital purpose and the boodle, band-wagon gang, will be repeated, and, unless the reform element should oust the grafters' wing, with probably the same result.

It will be better for the country if neither of these old party banners is honored with a call to carry that principle, and head the new gathering of earnest reformers. Plutocracy has too many subways and underground wires for bringing things their way, or promoting discord and disaster when these plans fail.

The people are demanding results with a vehemence that will not long be appeased by anti-trust echoes and anti-rebate trills.

John D. Rockefeller holds about 8-10 of 1 per cent. of the nation's wealth, or $650,000,000. There is not ten millions of it that he came by honestly, and probably not one million. At least $640,000,000 of it is plunder or booty. Justice would require him to pay at least as large a per cent. of the national tax as he holds of the country's wealth. On that basis he would be taxed about $6,200,000 a year. As a matter of fact he pays about $15, and labor pays the balance ($6,199,985) for him. (He pays less than the average millionaire.) The whole of the sum which labor now pays every year, in this way, for the 130,000 wealthy families exceeds 650 million dollars. In 1903, as I figured it, these 130,000 families paid 16 cents on every $1,000 of their estimated wealth (90 per cent. of the nation's valuation), and the other 16½ million families paid $88.57 on each $1,000 of their possessions, which is the remaining 10 per cent. This is the main reason why plutocracy and its tools in Congress encourage national extravagance. Plutocracy gets the greater benefit from the appropriations, and the masses pay the bills. It is the biggest, smoothest graft going.

As an offset to this and other forays by the capitalistic forces, I advocated in '88 a graduated property tax with rates from 1 to 18 per cent. (18 per cent. on all over $10,000,000), after an exemption of one million, and refused to accept a Republican nomination for state senator unless the party would indorse it. That bill was introduced in Congress five or six times. I knew, of course, it was unconstitutional; but I supposed when people wanted a corrective measure they had sense enough to use their power to legalize it. In 1889 I was urged to retract and take a renomination for the county position I then held (and which I would have been glad to retain), but I refused and left the party.

In 1894, while Lieutenant-Governor, I made a similar declaration to the Populist Party, just before the state convention, that would have renominated me, but for that demand. I told them they must consider me an Independent, unless they would include a specific process of progressive taxation in the platform. Of course I was misrepresented by the Socialist element, which I always opposed. They turned me down at the convention, and the people turned down the ticket at the polls.

People did not then generally comprehend the methods or extent of their plundering. Recent events have helped the blind to see.

I have, before, sent you a copy of the progressive franchise tax bill that would throttle the trusts, control the corporations and protect the small ones from the big ones, and the individual operators and the consuming public from both. The graduating process makes it impossible for them to add the tax to the *cost* of their products, as individual operators would be exempt, and the small corporations pay but 1 per cent., while the big ones would be paying 6, 8 or 10 per cent., and many of them, in present combinations, 20 per cent.

Taxing the stock and bonds at par plus any market premium would knock the water out of their capitalization at once.

The tax would prevent the big concerns from being profitable, and they would be succeeded by many small ones; and that would restore the era of competition. Let me illustrate with three companies, A, B and C.

A has $50,000,000 common stock worth 60.	Taxed for			$ 50,000,000
A " 50,000,000 preferred " " 120	" "			60,000,000
A " 80,000,000 bonds " 150.	" "			120,000,000
Total capitalization to tax				$230,000,000
				.06
Tax when operating alone at 6 per cent				$13,800,000
B has $20,000,000 common stock worth 100.	Taxed for			$20,000,000
B " 30,000,000 preferred " " 200.	" "			60,000,000
B " 10,000,000 bonds " 150.	" "			15,000,000
Total capitalization to tax				$95,000,000
				.03
Tax when operating alone at 3 per cent				$ 2,850,000
C has $ 5,000,000 common stock worth 200	Taxed for			$10,000,000
C " 10,000,000 bonds " 70	" "			10,000,000
Total capitalization to tax				$20,000,000
				.02
Tax when operating alone				$ 400,000
A pays a tax of $13,800,000 on a capitalization of				$230,000,000
B " " " " 2,850,000 " " " "				95,000,000
C " " " " 400,000 " " " "				20,000,000

They all together pay $17,050,000 tax on a capitalization of $345,000,000 when operating by themselves. When they combine an additional tax is levied with the rate fixed by the amount of their *aggregate* capitalization, which in this instance would be 8 per cent., so:

A would pay 6 per cent. as a corporation	& 8 more as one of a trust,	or 14	per cent.	
B " " 3 " " " " "	" 8 " " " " " "	" 11	"	"
C " " 2 " " " " "	" 8 " " " " " "	" 10	"	"

The rates for trusts, you see, are prohibitive; and the graduated scale would protect C from B, and B from A, and of course C from A, when operating singly. The prohibitive license tax was used by the National Government forty years ago to knock out the state banks, force them to "National" banking, and to buy Government bonds to secure their circulation. One of the New York papers (the *Commercial*, I think) headed an editorial on this franchise tax bill just after it was introduced by Mr. Scott three years ago, "*A Trust Killer for You.*" That it would be such no one has attempted to deny, nor that it would protect the weak from the strong—the little from the big corporations.

I laid this aside last February until I should have my petition ready to circulate, and an arrangement made for its introduction in Congress. The inclosed clipping from a local paper of yesterday explains the latter and I will send also a copy of the petition. You and Mr. Watson can sign

it if you approve and fire it at some congressman; or you can turn it over to someone to circulate. I expect to send the first one with the bill tomorrow.

A Pittsburg editor hailed me Monday and said, "Well, you have got the biggest recruit yet!" I asked who. To which he said: President Roosevelt. You probably saw his reference to the progressive tax and Federal control of corporations in his "Muck-rake" speech.

W. S. Preyer, Cleveland, O.

Your very kind letter at hand; and I thank you for the kind words spoken of my lamented father. Encouraged by your welcome, I append a brief sketch of the life of him who was a constant lover of, and fighter for the cause.

Hugo Preyer was born in Bullay, Germany, in 1847. He came to this country and settled in Canton, O., in 1857. Attended English schools and graduated from high school at Canton. Worked on father's farm between school periods. Published the Ohio *Staats Zeitung* at Canton, from 1872 to 1878. Accepted position of associate editor with M. M. (Brick) Pomeroy, who was publishing *The Great West* at Denver, Col. Shortly after arriving in Denver, which was in the early eighties, he established the first newsboys' home in the West. He also published a weekly and Sunday German paper, The *Colorado Springs Staats Zeitung*, up to 1886. While in Denver he became associated with David Cook and they established the "Rocky Mountain Detective Association," which participated in all the famous Chinese riots in Denver and of which Mr. Preyer was the head.

On account of the death of his father he returned East and settled in Cleveland, where he became connected with the Cleveland press, with which he was connected in various capacities for about fourteen years.

At all times since his youth he had been an active participant in political affairs, especially in reform movements. He had been a campaign speaker for the Greenback Labor Party, the People's Party, the Populist Party and Liberal Democracy in almost every state in the Union. He was for eight years a member of the People's Party National Committee, and for four years was chairman of the party in his state.

He was candidate for Lieutenant Governor on the Greenback Labor ticket in Ohio in 1887. He was an active fighter in the last two Bryan campaigns and spoke with Mr. Bryan in many of the cities of the Middle West. The last five years of his life he spent in retirement and devoted his time to writing. He wrote on many subjects, among others religion. Among the products of his pen are: "The Spiritual Bible"; "Is There a God or Creative Intelligence?" "Heaven and Hell, What and Where Are They?"; "Prohibition"; "Immigration"; "Capital and Labor"; "The Farmer and Education"; "The National Banking System," and "Socialism."

He died February 19, 1906, at the age of fifty-nine years.

M. T. Woods, Hartington, Neb.

Many Democrats and a very large proportionate number of Populists voted for Roosevelt the last Presidential election. I have been able to excuse Democrats for this, but I don't believe there is any justification for it on the part of a Populist. Democrats can be excused only because they harbor an insane prejudice against the Populist Party. While Mr. Roosevelt is given credit for favoring Populistic principles, he has never done it on account of a complaint against evils growing out of the present conditions, so much as to favor railroad regulation as a flank movement, to check the popular agitation in favor of government ownership. He has no desire, and in reality is not willing that questions of importance should be fully considered and settled by the people. On this account I think him wholly out of harmony with the essential principles of democracy, and therefore unworthy the support of intelligent and sincere Populists. If the Democratic Party can hold a convention in the interest of the rank and file, outside of the office-seekers, I shall be glad to put my shoulder to the wheel and help it out from now on. William Randolph Hearst would suit me as a candidate for President in 1908. I think a great deal of such Democrats as W. J. Bryan, Tom L. Johnson, Mayor Dunne, Louis F. Post, Richard F. Pettigrew, Charles A. Towne, Benjamin R. Tillman. There is so much variation among men in all parties that it is hard to know all that you might feel like approving.

H. W. Eaton, Bolivar, N. Y.

It seems difficult for the people to understand how it is that only the Government has power to issue money, or to say what is money and who shall issue it. In the first place, under a republican form of government like our own, it rests upon the supreme will and consent of the people, as expressed in the Constitution of the United States; and upon the Constitution of the United States all law rests and emanates from, and any other law, state or national, not in harmony with it is declared to be unconstitutional.

Socrates said, "Money is a creation of law." Now, if money is a creation of law, who creates the law that creates the money? Next to the divine law of God, which governs the universe, comes the law of man, enacted into the national law, the highest law on earth, expressed through the sover-

eignty of the Government. Our forefathers saw this when they wrote the Constitution of the United States; the Supreme Court recognized the same fact when they, three times in their history, decided that Government issue of money, made a full legal tender, was lawful money in every sense of the word, being the representative of national wealth and sovereignty. Gold without this sovereignty of law stamped upon it is as valueless, as money, as any other commodity. There is no such thing as a gold basis. Gold, as a commodity, fluctuates to a greater or less extent, the same as silver, iron, cotton or wheat. It is because the law is in its favor, as against every other commodity, that it has any superior standing as a basis; and the basis which the law gives it goes from under it the moment it goes beyond the jurisdiction of the law. Make them sixteen to one, silver and gold are even full legal tender as paper currency issued by the Government, and you cannot depreciate either. They will stand on the same basis; one will buy the other every time. If one is dearer or inferior to the other, then the sovereignty of the people, as expressed in law, is at fault, and our whole fabric of Constitutional Government is a failure and a myth; for, if the law in regard to money is a failure, then everything else must fail.

Thus, you see, our lawmakers, in spite of the warnings of Abraham Lincoln, Thaddeus Stevens, and scores of other founders of the Republican Party, have wrenched from the people their rightful powers of government and passed laws giving them over into the hands of banking corporations, which do not give you lawful money, the same as issued by the Government, but do give their own personal notes, made up into small denominations, for you to use in place of money. While they continue to draw interest from the Government, on their securities left with it for the privilege of issuing these notes, they also, when you go to the bank for a loan, charge you interest on their own notes, thus absorbing the wealth of the people much faster than could be done in any other way. This, together with the vast amounts of deposits placed in their hands daily by the people, allows them the widest kind of scope financially; and much of these deposits goes out upon investments, that the depositor would not invest in himself, before he gets around the corner.

Would it not be much safer and better to let the people, through their own Government, issue all kinds of money, whether it be gold, silver or paper, made full legal tender and lawful money in every sense of the word, and do away with allowing private corporations to issue their own private scrip, which is not legal tender, and at the same time draw two rates of ineretst, besides many other advantages obtained from loss by fire and flood, and various other ways by which they do not have to redeem? Would not postal savings banks or Government depositories, established in different localities to receive the deposits of the working people, and all others if they choose, and the Government coming up as security for it, be much better? Would it not be a greater protection to the earnings of the millions? But the corporations and those down at Washington to represent them, will tell you that the Government would not know how to take care of, or dispose of money thus deposited with it.

Let us see. The farmer, the mechanic and the day laborer produce the wealth of this country from Mother Earth, and are you not interested in trying to save up every dollar you can by good management? The United States census has told us, for many years, that the net earnings of labor, in this country, do not exceed 3 per cent. There is not a law in any state in the Union making rates of interest below 6 per cent., and from that to 10 per cent. So you see that when a person gives more for the use of capital than its net earnings, he has to give away his labor or the profit on his wares to make up the difference; and to that extent he becomes the slave of the person from whom be borrows, for slavery is simply the owning of cheap labor, and cheap labor is slavery, no matter whether it be white or black. If farm mortgages and the like are good security for the money-lender, they would be good security for the Government; much better than bank furniture, etc., in defunct banks. The Government could loan the money from these depositories to the farmers or the working people of the country, who wish to pay for homes, at, 3 per cent. what it can earn, thus saving to them the difference in interest rates between that and 6 to 10 per cent. And the Government would get 3 per cent. to go back to the people. As it is now the people pay twice and three times what they can make the money earn, while from the banks the Government gets practically nothing.

F. Schweizer, Woodlawn, Neb.

Passenger and freight rates must be regulated and fixed by the legislature. The first railroad law in Switzerland ordained that as soon as the shareholders receive more than 6 per cent. interest from their really paid-up capital, passenger and freight rates must be reduced. The first question to be decided for regulating railroad matters and fixing reasonable passenger and freight rates is, Who is the real owner of the railroad? In this country railroad managers and shareholders pretend that they are the real, absolute owners of the railroads, so that they can arbitrarily and absolutely manage the roads and fix time-tables and passenger and

freight rates without regard to the wishes and needs of the people, to extort excessive tribute from the people to be able to pay enormous interests and dividends for their watered stock. But that is the greatest mistake and the cause of all trouble and injustice of our railroad business.

Railroads are public highways and as such they must always be free and open for the use of all the people under the same conditions. Therefore they can never become the private property of a single man or of a corporation. They are the common property of all the people of the state, which is a moral person represented by the executive whose duty it is to manage such roads in the interest of all the people. Shareholders are only capitalists who furnished the money for building and equipping the roads. They have nothing to do with the management. Therefore, they are not the owners, but only creditors like other creditors that make loans on real estate. The state, represented by the executive, can now either manage such railroads or he can let the management to private corporations, but under all circumstances has the executive the duty to control the roads and to protect the rights of the people.

Fixing passenger and freight rates is a function of the legislature. In framing such rates, three different interests must be considered, namely:

1. The people as the real owners. These are entitled to convenient, effective, safe, cheap transportation.

2. The shareholders who furnished the money for building and equipping the roads. These are entitled, like every other capitalist, to a fair interest on their really paid-up capital. In Switzerland 5 per cent. is the lawful interest, but, as shown before, railroad shareholders were allowed 6 per cent. In Switzerland states, towns and villages have taken railroad shares, but they got the same interests and benefits for their shares as a private shareholder. In building the road running through Woodlawn our county paid $300,000 in bonds from which the people not only never got a cent interest, but we here in Woodlawn have hardly a chance to go anywhere, as the main trains do not stop here. In Switzerland time-tables and passenger and freight rates must be approved by the Government before they can be operated.

3. Employees and laborers. These are the real managers of the railroads, and they are entitled to a fair remuneration for their hard and dangerous work and to the most possible precaution and protection for the safety of their lives and to the nesessary rest and recreation.

Railroad employees are, in fact, employees of the state. Upon the intelligent, conscientious performance of their duty depends the convenient, effective, safe management. Therefore the executive can never allow railroad managers to discharge experienced, conscientious employees and replace them by the next best inexperienced, unconscientious, irresponsible tramp who endangers the lives of employees, passenagers and other people, causing strikes, whereby all business is stopped for days, sometimes even for weeks and months, causing great sufferings and billions of dollars' damage to the people for the only reason that such tramps will work cheaper so that the shareholders may receive higher dividends.

William De Kay.

Why not cease opposition to Shaw's imaginary money, for if it becomes established, maybe the privileges will be extended to borrowers from banks so they can repay in the same coin, the Government allowing them to issue what they need up to half their assets at a 5 per cent. tax? So Banker Jones will lend Farmer Smith what he calls $1,000 at 3 per cent. semi-annually, and Smith, if he gets in a tight place and can't repay at maturity, will get Uncle Sam to let him issue notes for $1,000, just like Banker Jones (so nobody will know the difference). These Smith notes will go just as well as Jones notes, and if Smith would ever want to stop paying the Government 5 per cent. he might tell Shaw to corral them, and, when he got 'em all, he would pay them—it's likely in ten years 30 per cent. of them would be lost or destroyed so he could just give a bond of indemnity for the shortage, and cease his interest.

John B. Stout, Hayward, Okla.

In your March number the subject of a new party and a name for it was discussed by Hon. C. Q. De France. As to the advisability of starting a new party, the question is a deep one. There is now a growing sentiment favorable to many of the so-called "fanatical ideas" of the People's Party, such as government ownership, initiatory and referendum, etc. But the question of finance, it seems to me, is the paramount issue. That and taxation are of far more general interest. To confer more powers upon a corrupt and incapable set of officials, it seems to the writer, would be of very little advantage. If our representatives, executives and judiciaries had been faithful, honest, diligent and capable, the evils that are charged to the private ownership could never have existed. Neither can they be remedied by public ownership, unless the public can get honest men to operate them and to administer the Government. As it will take more men to fill the public offices under public ownership conditions than at present, it seems that, honest men being the essential element, we only increase the difficulties, by increasing the demand for what we have been unable thus far to supply. It seems to the writer that Jefferson's idea of government, as defined in his first inaugural, is the correct

theory and is in strict accordance with the Constitution. He said: "A wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the same of good government; and this is necessary to close the circuit of our facilities." This is just what we have not had. The Government has continually and persistently meddled with private enterprise by enacting partial and discriminating laws, among which I will mention the land grants, the revenue tax, the tariff tax, the national banking act, the patent laws and the demonetization of silver, every one of which are meddlesome, partial, oppressive laws in the interest of the wealthy and against the laboring and productive classes. I believe that the Democratic Party would be willing to adopt socialistic, populistic or even anarchistic doctrines in order to get in, or keep the Republicans in, whichever the bosses of the two "great" parties agree upon. But no party, except the old greenback populistic People's Party, has ever offered to free the people from the power of "private ownership" of all the money. This is the vitality of the party, and I think it wouldbe a fatal error to join any new party or combination of parties that would not make a paper money plank one of the essentials of their platform. One million men voted for it once, and, although thousands have been deceived by the crafty sophistry of a subsidized press, they will "get right" yet.

Henry M. Dexter, Washington, D. C.

I agree that a new party is inevitable. Yet should its name be radical? If so, conservatism calls forth party lines which we should avoid. Now when you call the people together to break party lines there must be a union. Why should it not be in a way that conservatism and radicalism would mix, so to speak, that the good of all would come out of it? When the people get together in union, then will their sentiments, opinions and wishes be known and proclaimed in their united efforts for the benefit of all. Then call it what it should be and must be if the good of all is considered—the People's Union Party.

A. McGary, Bryan, Tex.

I say, without the fear of successful contradiction, that this Government, as now in silent partnership with corporate wealth, is just such a government as the masses want. I know the Government under present conditions is not the first choice of the masses, but it is their second choice. Their first choice is partisan political parties, and their second choice is the best administration of the Government that can be afforded under the domination of partisan political parties. And this Government, as it now is, dispensing the privileges and rights of the masses to corporate wealth, itself being related to corporate wealth in the sense of "& Co.," is the very best administration that can be afforded by any partisan political party! It is as natural for a partisan political party to breed fraud and corruption as it is for a stagnant pool to breed mosquitoes and malaria.

But, whenever the masses of this Government come to their sober senses and determine that they would rather have an honest, equitable administration of the Government than partisan political parties, away goes the auction block of governmental privileges. And when that goes, it will carry the trusts with it; and the wealth of the country will become a blessing to the people in general, instead of being the curse that it now is.

When the masses, to whom this Government belongs in fee simple, choose to dissolve the silent partnership of this Government with corporate wealth, it will be dissolved. No power under high heaven can prevent the masses of this Government from making the Government conform to their wishes, whenever they determine that political partisanship shall no longer control them, and come together for the better. Their united voice in its relation to the affairs of this Government is as omnipotent as is the will of God in its relation to the affair of the universe.

But the masses will never regain their rights that have been bartered away to corporate wealth, through either of the existing political parties. They can, if they will, give birth to a new party in one day, that will give them back all of their rights that have been auctioned off on the auction block of political partisanship to the highest bidder, corporate wealth.

John T. Martin, Pittsfield, Pa.

The Government gives national bank currency to the non-producer, men who do not earn it, the national banks, so they can steal the products and savings of the farmer and others, the men who earn it. In this way they are transferring all the wealth of the country from the producing to the non-producing classes—bankers, speculators, manipulators, officeholders.

With money so cheap to the banks and so dear to the producing classes (and the farmer in particular), the banks will soon monopolize and own the earth. There seems to be no limit to the amount of money they control, and all this time are crying stringency and scarcity of money to control the price of stocks as they are now controlling the price of money, gobbling up the railroads, franchises, coal, copper, silver and gold mines—everything worth owning, on account of this cheap money by which they are fooling all the people all the time. Most dangerous monopoly on earth.

W. A. Jarrell, Dallas, Tex.

I am but a poor minister of the gospel, unable to even own stock in anything but in the bank of heaven, and that through only the "gift" of Jesus Christ. But I have closely studied political economy many years; and beg room to refer to the article on "Government Aid to Railroads."

1. Nearly all the lands given to build the roads, at the time they were given, were valueless.

2. Many of these lands were then of no value whatever. Millions of acres of them, at the time donated, were so far from civilization and such deserts that the Government thought it foolishness to invest anything in them; and many capitalists thought money invested in railroads on them worse than loss.

3. The article to which I am replying says that they would have been some day, without roads, settled. On the contrary, their distance from sources of supply, such as fuel, material for fencing, farming implements, building material—all the necessaries of life, was so great that many generations must pass away before they could have been settled; indeed, such that many of them, perhaps, would never have been settled. But, by bringing all the necessaries of life to the doors of settlers, as well as taking the settlers to those lands, the railroads have made them to bloom and blossom as the rose, and to resound with the hum of business and the happy songs of millions who, to this day, would have been without homes.

4. To say that without Government aids to railroads our country would have at least one-fourth its present population and power would not be exaggeration.

5. Lands given by Government to railroad building were given with the same foresight and wisdom by which owners of town lots have often filled their pockets by giving away lots—say, every other lot—to whoever would build on them. To be everlastingly "throwing up" the gift of lots to those who had accepted and built on them is of the same nature as to be everlastingly reproaching railroad owners with the gifts that have made the country.

6. Because of having to borrow the money with which to build the roads through those wildernesses, at a very high rate of interest, the roads are yet burdened with great bonds and other burdens.

7. Many years after building the roads must expire before the roads could so settle and improve the country as to make themselves such traffic as would pay interest on their indebtedness incurred in building, pay expenses of operation and make the lands of such paying value by which they could pay their indebtedness.

8. To jump on the roads now, cut their profits so as to thwart all the calculations on which they made their investments in building and settling those deserts is neither honesty nor good political economy; and, in the end, can but hurt both the railroads and the people.

W. T. McNealy, San Diego, Cal.

Under the Federal Constitution it is claimed that the Initiative and Referendum are in conflict with the provision guaranteeing to each state a republican form of government, it being claimed that a republic is not a pure democracy, but is a government by representives only.

The question is now before the Supreme Court of California. The peculiar thing about the matter is the fact that the court has declined to hear oral argument, although in a previous case, where the question of "recall," which bears only indirectly or collaterally upon the other, which is the main question, all the judges but one refused to pass on the constitutionality of the "recall," but knocked out the proceeding on a most contemptible quibble, which would be discreditable in a justice of the peace, and which I believe they raised themselves. I should hate to see the Initiative and Referendum fail, and I believe it to be the duty of every friend to give it all the help he can, for I fear there is danger, and it seems that there should be no delay whatever in protecting and defending at once the basis, the very bedrock upon which it will and is being attacked, and that is its constitutionality.

A. C. Shuford, Newton, N. C.

The Post Office Department is threatening to reduce the number of Rural Routes, cutting out those that do not handle above a certain number of pieces per month. This number, I believe, is 2,000. Rural Mail Delivery is one of the greatest blessings that has ever been granted the country people, and instead of cutting the number of routes, the service should be extended. A considerable cut could be made in the extra appropriation each year paid the railroads for carrying the mails and for rent of cars.

While representing the Seventh Congressional District in Congress, I made a pretty thorough examination of this matter and found it to be a straight-out steal of the public funds. I collected and condensed the evidence, struck off dozens of copies of it, and placed in the hands of members. We asked for and were granted a hearing before the Post Office and Post Roads Committee. The committee-room was crowded, and I had strong hopes of being able to knock this appropriation out of the committee's report. When we were through presenting evidence the chairman, Mr. Loud, said: "Shuford, if the evidence you have submitted here does not knock out the extra appropriation, it will be useless to ever attempt it again."

This committee, as you know, is made up largely of railroad attorneys. Early the

next morning Colonel A. B. Andrews, Vice-President of the Southern Railway, was at the Capitol to see members who were working against this extra appropriation. Where he found members a little stiff-necked, notice was served upon them that unless they changed their course, they were serving their last terms. The change that took place was wonderful to behold. I felt sure of victory the day before, but Colonel Andrews's visit changed victory into defeat. I will mention one instance: the Representative of Richmond District, Virginia, had worked with me earnestly for days to knock out this fraud. I remember well the great load of books he carried into the committee-room and there did his best to induce the committee not to incorporate this extra appropriation in their report. After the visit of Colonel Andrews, when the Appropriation bill was being considered, the same gentleman made a speech on the floor of the House, favoring the steal. Virginia is as much under railroad influence as is Georgia, and North Carolina is not far behind.

J. H. Cronk, Emmett, Idaho.

If the people of Idaho were not asleep or something of the sort, the Populists ought to carry Idaho on the railroad issue alone. Idaho is held up by the railroads to such an extent that it is a wonder that people can stand the pressure. Here is a sample. I pay $50 on a 40,000-pound car of cement from Nampa to Emmett, a distance of 27 miles. How would that strike an Eastern man? We pay $600 freight on a car of fruit to New York City, whereas a flat rate of $20 per car would produce the same revenue the roads now receive if the Interstate Commerce Commission's report is reliable. That would mean something to Idaho prune raisers and something to the New York prune eaters.

J. T. Dickey, M.D., Sycamore, Ga.

First.—As I see it, the enemies of free government are conspiring to destroy our rural mail system. The post office here has two routes. Before they were established everybody had to go to the post office for mail. The man who manages it is only deputy postmaster and a merchant. He is missing the nickels and dimes he got under the old regime. Consequently he conveniently forgets to furnish blank receipts to the carriers, also stamps and envelopes, etc., which cuts down the showing of the route. See? If part of the appropriation for the mail service which the railroads get above what they should was used to salary postmasters and so take the mail service out of the hands of business men, would it not be better?

Second.—If I understand the situation, the state of Georgia makes the tuition in all the departments of the University free. The country, if it wants to have a four or five months' school, must voluntarily tax themselves to get what the state gives to the sons and daughters of rich men and women. Is this not wrong? And if it is wrong, could not the legislature provide some way to put the country schools on the same footing with the University?

Third.—We have here what is called the alternate road law. Can we ever have good roads with the law bearing so unequally on the people? Would it not be just for an *ad valorem* tax on land to be carried in addition to the poll road tax? Before roads were opened here in the wire grass, land could be had for a few cents per acre, but the roads have put it up beyond the reach of poor people.

Frank Calhoun, Vixen, La.

Seeing some letters written you from the North and the Northwest by some people who seem to think you are too hard on the negro's character, I send you the opinion of an intelligent negro who lives in Louisiana among them, whose everyday life gives him a complete knowledge of his own race.

The article following is from the Shreveport *Watchman*, edited by S. H. Ralph, who is numbered with the best of the colored citizens of that city:

"There is something radically wrong about the present training of the colored man. He is trying to grow upward without taking root in the ground. He has disowned his foundations and is standing heels over head. He is looking up and backing down. Instead of getting down on his knees he tries to slide up to God on his belly. He has no faith in things which he cannot see. He is a bundle of contradictions. He rarely says anything he means, and hardly ever means anything he says. He tries to labor with his tongue instead of his hands, and does harder work shirking than he does working. He works every man who tries to work him, and owes every man he can. He lies his way in debt and lies his way out. He pays death because he lays for him. It is easier to lay than to pay. He fools himself trying to fool God, and on his way round to Jerusalem he goes straight down to hell. The above is not the true character of all the negroes, but it is the true character of 99 per cent. of all the dirty niggers—the kind that Vardaman has cursed. The 1 per cent. left is 'a survival of the fittest,' and they are as far above the masses of the niggers as an eagle is above a buzzard."

From E. T. Cox, Oaktown, Ind.

DOES IT MEAN TENANT FARMING?

To the *Progressive Farmer:*

The following is only a partial list of lords, dukes and earls who own real estate in America, together with the number of acres owned by each; and the list is said to

be increasing as fast as quiet purchases can be made or mortgages foreclosed:

Name.	Acres
Marquis of Aylesbury	55,051
Duke of Bedford	51,085
Same (other lands)	87,507
Earl of Brownlow	57,799
Earl of Carlisle	78,540
Earl of Cawdor	51,538
Duke of Cleveland	106,650
Earl of Derby	56,698
Duke of Devonshire	148,629
Lord of Londonsborough	52,655
Earl of Lonsdale	67,950
Duke of Northumberland	191,480
Duke of Portland	55,259
Earl of Powis	46,095
Duke of Rutland	70,039
Lady Willoughby	59,912
Sir W. W. Winn	91,052
Earl of Yarborough	55,370

Now, brother farmers, what does that mean? Ask history. Ask Ireland. Ask India. Ask Egypt. Ask Burmah. Ask the astonished ghosts of the American colonists of more than a hundred years ago, and of the Revolutionary fathers. If not satisfied with the answers returned by these, let a modern American newspaper, whose English editor has championed, at different times, both of the great parties, the New York *Times*. It said:

> There seems to be but one remedy, and it must come—a change of ownership of the soil, and the creation of a class of landowners on the one hand and of tenant farmers on the other, something similar to what has long existed in the older countries of Europe.

Yes, just such as has long existed in oppressed Ireland and India. And the New York *World*, a leading political paper, always an able champion of one of the great parties, gave its idea of how things should be, as follows:

> The American laborer must make up his mind henceforth, not to be so much better off than the European laborer. Men must make up their minds to work for less wages. In this way the workingman will be nearer that station in life to which it has pleased God to call him.

It may be argued that no such schemes can be enforced while the American people have a ballot. Very true, no doubt, but of what use is a ballot if it be cast at the command of those who would bring about these conditions? But the Indianapolis *News* comes in with a method of settling the question. Scolding the laboring classes for complaining about hard times, it said:

> If the workingmen had no vote, they might be more amenable to the teachings of the hard times.

In the estimation of these advocates of British lords and dukes, and pets of monopolies, without referenceto political party at all, the ballot must be restricted, and the liberty of the common citizen curtailed. The Indianapolis *Journal* puts it in these plain words: "There is too much liberty in this country rather than too little." And the Richmond *Whig* puts it thus:

> There are defects in our institutions which can only be remedied by irregular means, and the most defective portion of the machinery of our Government is the elective. The best must govern and will regardless of any attempt to hinder or deprive them of that right.

This, you will notice, is to be brought about by "irregular means," if necessary. And they have the means at hand in the money power. The New York *Tribune* said:

> The time is near when the banks will feel themselves compelled to act strongly. Meanwhile a very good thing has been done. The machinery is now furnished by which, in any emergency, the financial corporations of the East can act together, at a single day's notice, with such power that no act of Congress can overcome or resist their decision.

There you have the open declaration that Congress cannot make a law strong enough to control the money power. But do you say you will put men in Congress who can do it? When will you? Listen to Rev. Joseph Cook in his famous lecture in Tremont Temple, Boston:

> I say come on with your schemes of confiscation, and forced loans, and graded income taxes, and irredeemable currency under universal suffrage, and if you are sufficiently frank in proclaiming the doctrines of your ringleaders, then under military necessity, and even here in the United States, we must get rid of universal suffrage, and we shall. Rather than allow these things we will have one of the fiercest civil wars.

Now you see just about the situation. Large estates owned by British lords; party leaders teaching the abridgment of liberty and the ballot; threats of war if relief measures be pressed, and doctrines of still greater oppression advocated—conditions which never could have been produced but for the aid of farm and labor votes. Well, what shall we do about it? Better go ahead, I guess, just as we have done heretofore, for it is no trouble for us to live under British-American aristocratic rule. Mr. Beecher once told us how:—

> Water costs nothing, and a man who cannot live on bread is not fit to live. A family may live, laugh, love and be happy that eats bread in the morning with good water, and water and good bread at noon, and water and bread at night

These excerpts clearly indicate the feelings with which these aristocratic leaders regard our public institutions and the masses of the people. Neither must get in the way of their schemes of systematized plunder. Farmers, what is your duty?

JAMES COCKRELL.

Hulbert Bronson, La Belle, Mo.

I am a subscriber to your valuable Magazine, and read an article in the February number from the pen of J. A. Edgerton, relating to farm organization, in which Mr. Edgerton classes the Grange, or Patrons of

Husbandry, as among the things that have been, and pays the old organization a very touching tribute for what it has done. I am free to confess and frank to admit that I knew little or nothing of the Farmers' Union, which he explained in his article, and I judge from his writing he is equally ignorant of the condition of the Grange. The Grange was organized in 1867, in Washington, D. C. There were only eight men in the first organization, of whom only one, Brother O. H. Kelly, is now living. The first object of the Grange was to heal the breach caused by the Civil War. Everybody felt the need of such an organization, and it spread with wonderful rapidity, and this was the cause of the reaction that took place later in its history. The members did not fully understand the objects and did not thoroughly digest its principles.

The Grange was responsible for bringing before the Supreme Court of the United States what was known as the Granger Laws, of Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin, in 1876, when Chief-Justice Waite decided, on cases brought from the states mentioned, that the state had the right by legislation to govern freight and passenger traffic on railroads. The decision was by a divided court, and after Chief-Justice Waite's death and the court had been reconstructed the decision was reversed, thus placing the court of last resort on the basis of Mark Twain's whimsical proposition that one man's opinion is just as good as another's and a darned sight better.

The Grange has withstood every assault that could be brought against it for the last forty years and today has living, working organizations in thirty-four states of the Union, has a national organization with ex-Governor Bachelder, of New Hampshire, as its master and nearly $100,000 in the national treasury. The Eastern states are thoroughly organized, owning many nice halls and co-operating stores with from five to fifty thousand dollars in their treasuries. New York has sixty, Pennsylvania sixty, Michigan forty thousand Grangers, and all the way down to one thousand in other states. There are seven hundred thousand Grangers in the National Organization. The Grange has a legislative committee consisting of N. J. Bachelder, ex-Governor of New Hampshire; E. B. Norris, of Sodus, N. Y., and Aaron Jones, of South Bend, Indiana, as a legislative committee urging legislation on Congress in favor of the wealth producers. The increase in membership was greater last year than in any year of its history. And the membership is better prepared to take hold of the propositions set out by the Grange than they ever were.

This is not written for the purpose of claiming the Grange is the only organization, but for the purpose of letting in a little light on what is being done in this connection, as Mr. Edgerton's article seemed to convey the impression that the existence of the Grange was a matter of history; and another thought in this connection is that the farmers weaken their attempts at reformation by dividing into so many different organizations. The principles of the American Society of Equity, as set out in the organization of the cotton raisers of the South, was indorsed by the Missouri State Grange at its last session. It is a clear case that will admit of no argument that if the agricultural interests of the United States could be consolidated to move and act as a unit in their own interests and the interest of humanity, they would make short work of this class legislation. The Representative of the First Congressional District of Missouri has introduced bills at the last four sessions of Congress to amend the Constitution of the United States so United States senators could be elected by a direct vote of the people, which passed the House, but was not considered by the Senate. Now the legislature has made a call for a convention. The Grangers of Missouri will use their influence to get the legislature to do the same and try to get this amendment to the Constitution in that way.

F. K. Davis, Foreman, Ark.

I send you a clipping from the Arkansas *Gazette*, wherein the Board of Trade admits that if the "post parcel bill" should bcome a law, it would allow "Old Hayseed" and the "Countryman" to get goods from the North at a price just about as cheap as they could offer them themselves.

I want to say a few words about this same Board of Trade, headed by Mr. Brown. The State Farmers' Union met in convention at Little Rock on the first of last August, and Mr. Brown actually made us "Old Hayseeds" think we were somebody. On the second day of the convention, at his request, we adjourned at four o'clock in the afternoon to be entertained by a free ride over the city and out to Pulaski Heights, a distance of seven miles. He provided us with four street cars and allowed us half an hour to stop off at the Heights to enjoy the sights, and I tell you it was a sight to see some of those old "long-haired" fellows ride on some kind of a dwarf "automobilious" wagon that runs on a little railroad track scaffold up about eighty feet from the ground. When you get to the top you are turned loose and from there to the ground you run by perpetual motion, making about six circuits on your journey. I do not know whether Mr. Brown was present or not; but, if he was, I am satisfied the fun we had would have more than compensated him for the money he had invested in hiring the four street cars. Now, Tom, the strange thing to me is, if there was nothing too good for the farmers to enjoy while in Little Rock last August, what has brought about this sudden change in Mr. Brown and his Board of Trade now? It is because he is afraid some old Arkansan farmer might get an eleven-pound package

from Chicago or St. Louis for 25 cents, and thus hurt the feelings of some poor express company? I have had some experience in ordering small packages sent by express. A few days ago I received a small parcel from Chicago, weighing seven pounds. The express agent charged me 85 cents before he would deliver same to me; when, if we had had the post parcel law in operation, the charge would have been 25 cents, and I would have had 60 cents left to spend with Mr. Brown or his "little dealers;" but as it is, the whole 85 cents is gobbled up by the express company. I would like to know how they are going to get it now, and why they had not rather have it in the pockets of the people instead of express companies. Tom, as I am an actual farmer and know nothing about grammar, and very little about spelling, having neither one among my tools on the place, but sometimes I am forced to use figures, and I will apply them now to this express package of mine: Seven pounds for 85 cents makes 12½ cents for one pound; then 100 pounds at the same rate would be $12.14, or $1.33 for 11 pounds—a difference in favor of Old Hayseed with the post parcel law in effect of $1.08, and as there are about 250,000 taxpayers in the state of Arkansas, and supposing each one to make an eleven-pound order for the year 1905, it would leave in the pockets of the people of this state the enormous sum of $270,000. The difference would be equal to 6,750 bales of cotton at $40 a bale; 135,000 barrels of apples at $2 per barrel; 357,500 bushels of wheat at 80 cents per bushel; 540,000 bushels of corn at 50 cents per bushel. With this amount of money we could buy from Mr. Brown and his "little dealers" 27,000 suits of clothes at $10 per suit; or 54,000 barrels of flour at $5 per barrel; or 135,000 pairs of pants at $2 per pair, or 2,160,000 pounds of coffee at 12½ cents per pound; or 4,500,000 yards of calico at 6 cents per yard; or 1,080,000 pairs of plow lines at 25 cents per pair; enough rope to reach 7,363 miles, tie the hands and feet of every Board of Trade in the whole county, and have enough left to hang all of the millionaires, unless it is the "McCurdy family." I hope you will read this letter, Mr. Watson, and if you can't use it, you may get an idea from it that will enable you to give these fellows a good stomach punch.

Edwin D. Cox, Marquette, L. S., Mich.

It is a far cry from Greenbacks and Peter Cooper down to Parker and bastard Democracy. Of the 81,000 Greenbackers who voted for Cooper (except myself), I have no personal acquaintance with a single living Greenbacker of '76 in the state of Michigan. It is not unreasonable to suppose that at least two-thirds of the 81,000 Greenbackers who voted for Cooper and Cary have been planted, but their political principles survive and are gathering force and volume as the days roll on. In '76 we were the pioneers and scouts on an unplayed trail. The Greenbackers did not hope for success in '76, but when the People's Party came into being and we swung into line 1,600,000 strong, the way was clear for a mighty revolution. We had almost achieved success when Bryan came swooping down, silver-tongued, with his "crown of thorns" and the fleshpots of Egypt, smoking hot and savory for the fellows who scented victory and the spoils of office. What a fall was there, my countrymen! The People's Party threatened destruction to both the Republican and Democratic parties. We were trapped and done to death in the house of our Democratic friends. The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church. Through Populist teachings the Democratic Party advanced a step or two until Bryan, Janus-faced, talked reform with his mouth and side-stepped to let Parker climb to the throne. Oh, the pity of it all! The spirit of Populism goes marching on in spite of all efforts to destroy its progress. It is even making headway in the ranks of the Republican Party. If the Democratic Party destroyed one organization, we have at least, in compensation, the knowledge that we have well-nigh destroyed the Democratic Party. The old Greenbacker, even with all discouragements, can console himself with the remembrance that he was the advance guard of progress, and that he voted for that grand old man, Peter Cooper, whom Joaquin Miller immortalizes in his poem.

Give honor and love forever more
  To this great man gone to rest;
Peace on the dim Plutonian Shore,
  Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man
  That ever drew sword in war;
I reckon him nobler than King or Khan,
  Braver and better by far.

And wisest he in the whole wide land
  Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold dead hand
  Is what you have given away.

Amos L. Griffith, Dell City, Ala.

I read with interest your April number. With your leave I will differ somewhat with the article as to "Who Pays the Taxes?" A is a farmer who raises nothing but foodstuffs for man and beast. B, on an adjoining farm, raises nothing but cotton. C is a blacksmith who raises no farm products of any kind. D is a miller who raises no food supplies of any kind. They are all consumers and taxpayers. If B, C and D do not put a sufficient price on the products of their labor to support their several families, pay taxes and other necessary expenses, they

will soon go to the wall. But A, having need of cotton for clothing, of the labor of the blacksmith for tools and of the miller for his flour, meal, etc., undertakes the job of supporting the whole layout, besides paying their taxes and his own tax for the support of the Government. You may run the example through all creeds, trades and professions, and it reduces it down to the hard fact that producers of grub pay all costs, charges for every trade or calling, graft, gambling and what not. The problem to be solved is how to enable the grub raiser to pay the easiest. I think that is easy of solution when the people are properly educated as to the cause of our trouble; and, Tom, you are surely giving them good sound doctrine in regard to graft, trusts, and the only difficulty in the way of educating the masses is to get them to read such papers as *Everybody's*, WATSON'S MAGAZINE and other papers on the same line. The remedy is for the United States Government to issue sufficient "legal tender" currency to pay off the entire bonded debt of the Government, thus wiping out national banks. Demonetize all metal money. What gold and silver the Government owns can be used in paying foreign tariffs in the event that foreign governments refuse to take our greenbacks at par. Let the Government issue greenbacks sufficient to buy every mile of railroad in the United States at a reasonable price, knocking out the water that is in them. If the owners refuse to sell, build parallel lines to carry freights and passengers; also deducting the cost of lands donated to corporations for building the roads, or confiscate the land thus given. It is like this: I hire a man to build me a wagon and pay him in land for it and then after I pay him for his wagon, I pay him to let me ride in it. No one but a d——d fool would do such a thing. But that is exactly what the people of the United States have done. They paid men to build a railroad in bond and land, and after the road is finished they turn it over to the builders, pay big salaries to officials to manage it and to ride on it—a lot of the d——dest mismanagements any government and people could be guilty of, and a man is an anarchist and disturber of the peace if he advocates government ownership of public utilities. Tom, I will tell you something you, as a public man, already know, that, in 1862, the United States issued sixty million dollars of legal tender notes that never were under par with gold or silver either in Europe or America. Why? Simply because the Government took it for import dues. You further know that silver bore a premium over gold till the demonetization act of 1873 (I believe that is the date). You also know, I believe, that it was the exception clause on the Greenback that caused the depreciation of its value. If the Government during the time of war could make a paper dollar good, it certainly ought to be able in time of peace to do the same thing. After getting to a strictly paper currency, let the Government establish banks where anyone who desired could, by making a sufficient bond, secure on real estate to one-quarter or not exceeding one-third of its value, at not exceeding 2 per cent. interest per annum; and as long as the interest was paid promptly never demand the principal. The interest would go a long way toward paying the salaries for running the Government, if it did not entirely do so. This will lessen the burden of the grub raisers, as they would not have so much to pay for running things.

W. C. Behlen, East Cleveland, O.

I, individually, am more radical than you. However, progress is a matter of evolution. While we are obliged to deal with effects, we should not forget to deal with cause and change the system. My reform experience has taught me that there is nothing in it. Reform at best is but a compromise. What we need is a reconstruction, an entire change in our social system. Our reformers are well-meaning people, but not thoroughly posted. There is nothing so lawless as so-called law; nothing less orderly than so-called order; nothing more unjust than so-called justice; and nothing more immoral than so-called morality.

I am morally convinced that all human institutions are counterfeits—that there is but one law and that the law of Nature. It is eternal. It is not man-made, no man can make it; it did not emanate from any legislative body, nor does it stand for the principles of majority rule; it cannot be evaded, nor be declared unconstitutional; it is no respecter of persons, but equitably weighs pound for pound.

While your Magazine is unquestionably doing a good work and is an active factor educationally along the line of social evolution, it nevertheless remains true that it does not deal with fundamentals. It tinkers with effects instead of dealing with causes.

Society is rapidly drifting into extremes. The centralization of wealth is of such magnitude that government is but an empty shell. False teachers on social science, real political economy, economics and logical, natural intelligent morality are just as much of a drawback to real progress as are the priesthood in the spiritual domain. We have too many blind leaders of the blind, too many would-be professors, too many unscientific scientists.

Society could flourish without government, but no government could exist for a moment if it were not for society. In order to free humanity we must substitute freedom and society for God and government. We need nothing artificial nor supernatural—that has been the curse of the ages—and the great need of the present is to cut adrift

from ancient moorings and live our own natural lives. It is self-evident that no one has any right or natural license to govern another. It is equally true that each has the right of self-government. All government of man by man is on the basis of plunder and robbery. Legalized robbery (Government) has been given seeming respectability through the power of might and a double standard of morality. But I may be wasting energy. If we cherish freedom we cannot afford to be governed.

Andrew Bilyen, California, Mo.

I like the Magazine and I admire Tom Watson's course taken against fraud and robbery. Hurrah for Tom. I voted for him last election. I want to live to vote for him again. I have been voting with the People's Party ever since A. J. Streeter ran for President. I think the People's Party policy is democracy pure and simple.

My government policy:

1. Positive free trade.
2. For the Government to tax every taxpayer according to what they are worth to defray the expense of the Government.
3. To issue all the money from the mint of the Government, to do the business on a cash basis and to strike a volume of money and loan it to the people at two per cent.
4. To own and control the railroads and all public utilities. Villages and towns to own their waterworks.
5. To elect President and United State Senators by direct vote of the people For the Referendum and Initiative to be enacted into law in every voting place in the Government.
6. For the laws to be so plain and so positive that they cannot be twisted to protect crime and corruption.

Nelson Wickens, Downing, Wis.

I am more than pleased with the Magazine. I would not know what to do to make it better. When I read Tom Watson's writings, I realize that he has an extensive and practical knowledge. I think it would be superlative of conceit and pomposity for me to hamper him with suggestions about something that he knows more about than I do.

The working people should clip out the articles giving the particulars of the taking of the home of the Widow Lot by the *Steal Trust* and the abuse of Mrs. Morris and keep them and read them together. It might help them to realize what they are and what they are paying taxes for. We still think there ought to be a lot of throwing out done down there at Washington but it ought to be working people there to do it.

H. C. Crockett, Seattle, Wash.

I have been reading your Magazine ever since it was first published, but am a recent subscriber. I think that the policy of your Magazine is right. I see that a number of your readers want you to come out for Socialism. I sincerely hope that you will not. In theory they have a beautiful plan, but I have grave doubts of its being practical.

In this part of the country the Socialists who do the most talking are the ones who have not been able to succeed in much of anything, the ones who are fond of booze and who, it seems to me, would rather talk than work. Then if any Socialist does succeed in doing anything the others cuss him and claim he is a labor fakir and grafter.

There is a conspicuous example in J. A. Wayland, Editor of the *Appeal to Reason.* He is cussed more by Socialists than any other one man. And if Socialism ever wins out, the cause will owe more to him than to any other one man. The Socialist though, is weakening. It teaches a man to depend on the "collectivity" instead of himself. I do not think that the world is ready for Socialism. But reforms that your Magazine stands for are vital right now.

Charles Jenkins, Pleasant Lake, Ind.

The average citizen that lets the politician, priest, protestant or catholic, the doctor and lawyer do his thinking for him is a more abject slave than the negro was in the days of chattel slavery. Pomp would refuse to be driven beyond a certain point, but the slaves of the four masters referred to don't 'put their masters to the expense of buying rawhides to drive their chattels. All they have to do is to invent a new lie, or put a new dress on an old one. They are expecting Teddy and the Big Stick to move the world, when he is only performing his part of the play to hoodwink "them asses."

They do not know that he knows more of the rottenness that is going on in government circles than they can ever comprehend.

They don't know that he knows that at least half of what is paid to the railroads for carrying the mails, pretty near fifty millions, is a clean steal out of their treasury at Washington.

They don't know that he knows that there are over one hundred millions of their money taken out of their treasury without Congress having appropriated it for any purpose, as the National Constitution provides, and they do not know that he and his Secretary of the Treasury have perjured themselves while granting this privilege to a few pet banks.

They don't know that he knows that the National Banking System is the mother and father of every trust we are afflicted with, and if there was a law passed to hang every trust official in the United States and leave the banks to exploit the people, that in twenty-five years there would be another brood to suck the life-blood out of the labor of the country and destroy the government of the people.

In relation to the Magazine, all I can say to Brother Watson is, to "Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who first cries 'Hold! enough!'" I learned before I gave up the thankless job of reasoning before the people that an ounce of ridicule was worth more than a pound of reasoning.

Trusting you will have the greatest success, I remain,

—— ——

Elmer Ellsworth Carey, Chicago, Ill.

Just a moment to express my appreciation of the article in the March issue of WATSON'S MAGAZINE by Mr. De France, in which he discusses a name of the coming reform party. He suggested the name RADICAL.

Today there are tens of thousands of Democrats and Republicans and Independents, who are thinking along radical lines; soon they will demand an opportunity to express their ideas at the polls. Naturally this great mass of radical voters—greater in volume than all the Populists, Socialists and Prohibitionists combined, will want a party and a platform. I hold that the coming party will swallow all the old reform parties, even the Prohibition; there will be included in the platform of the new party the salient points of all the reform parties; local option, initiative and referendum, government and municipal ownership, postal banks, post check currency, tariff reform, trust control, etc., and other points—all will be covered. And the name you propose is a good one. As the old Free Soil Party, which was the power in the anti-slavery agitation, was never recognized, so will various parties of today pass away, although they have borne the heat and burden of the day.

What we want to see is the triumph of certain principles; the means, the party, the cost, the result, the leader—all are nothing.

J. R. Brady, Sioux City, Ia.

In your issue for February, a cartoon designated, "In order that some department store may amass a fortune for its owner," you have illustrated a startling condition. Nowhere have you so truthfully illustrated conditions in our larger cities, and, for shame to our institutions, has so little attention been paid to this terrible state of affairs. That the presentment of this illustration is in fact illustrative of truth cannot be denied. For several years it has been occasionally remarked in my presence by thoughtless persons of the male persuasion that, while in So-and-so's store in —— city, they were importuned by certain salesladies for the purpose of immorality. So persistent were these reports that a little investigation quietly performed on my part revealed to me the true status of the case. I was told by more than one of these persons that the wages they received were entirely inadequate to keep "soul and body together," to say nothing of those little necessities that go to make up the life of the poor feminine heart, that yearns for more than just enough to satiate hunger and relieve cold from the body that gives its time to the "merchant prince," that heaps up his gold at the expense of his employee's virtue, and contentedly wallows in the ill-gotten gains, thoughtless of the ruined lives to attain that end. God forbid that such a condition exists. One poor soul that must of necessity eke out an existence of this kind cannot be paid for by all the millions that are amassed by this method. If there is a single merchant who personally countenances this state of affairs for his own gain, may God, in His wrath, strike that man dead from the face of the earth. All hell yearns for his acquisition, and all hell will at last swallow up his perfidiousness. And yet, with or without their knowledge as to conditions, I am told by employees that the suggestion, either direct or implied, has been made to them. Carefully have I weighed the evidence, and altogether the merchant is not to blame. So-called "Society" demands certain attainments, dress, appearance and so forth, that the female employee cannot supply on the wage received. Consequently, other means must be adopted by their own volition. Many of these people choose the alternative, and sell their souls to gratify that end, and yet who among us that does not want to appear at advantage if possible; and between the two evils, insufficient pay and inordinate vanity, we fall. Have we reached a state where the line of social prominence must of necessity be strictly drawn? Where the peasant and the prince must be designated in appearance or official trappings. Must America adopt, of necessity, class distinctions that to every free American are odious? If that time has arrived, let us acknowledge its advent. Let us classify our standing by the amount of our purse, and no longer claim for this country equality of social prestige, and accept once and for all the fact that we have reverted to European conditions that were intolerable to our forefathers, and for which they sought new lands, and braved the wilderness to attain that independence and equality that are so dear to the American heart.

George A. Groot, Cleveland, O.

I am very much pleased with WATSON'S MAGAZINE, and shall continue to take it as long as he talks from the shoulder, as he has done in the past. There are many contributions in the Magazine that I care but little about. Occasionally a nice article gets in. In the March number there is an article by Martin, on the "Philosophy of Money," which is very good, and so far as he has gone he states the money question more clearly than any person I have read. The article indicates that he has been think-

ing. Much of the matter that is written on the subject of money is the merest drivel, and conveys no accurate knowledge concerning the subject. When I run across an article like Martin's, I am constrained to believe that there are some who are studying the question along intelligent lines.

I pretend to have a little knowledge of this question myself. I have prepared the manuscript for a book on the subject, the prospectus of which I herewith inclose. I have not printed it, for the reason that I have not been able to do so up to the present time. I trust that before the next campaign I may be able to place it on the market. The circular will disclose to you the scope of the work.

In the *Congressional Record* of February 16, 1900, Vol. XXXIII, No. 51, you will find a copy of a bill that was introduced in the Senate by Senator Butler of North Carolina, at my request. This bill I had prepared for my book, and when the discussion was on I sent to the senator a copy of it, which he introduced and supported the same with a speech. This bill, as you will see, provides for the coining of money, and is a revision, in large part, of the present statutes relating to the coinage of money. I thought, when I prepared the bill in 1898, that it was the only proper solution of the money question in this country under the conditions that then existed, and I still think so. The bill, to my mind, is the only proper coinage bill ever prepared in this country, or any other.

G. G. M., Ocala, Fla.

The press and people of this country seem so happy over the franchise being given to the common people of Austria and Russia, one would think that the power to vote was a remedy for all the ills of life. We have enjoyed that power for more than a hundred years, and what is the result? Let us look about, let us investigate the outcome. Well, with the power to vote we have made the courts of this country masters where they should have been our servants. They have often proven but implements to aid the rich in robbing the poor, where they should have proven protectors of the masses of mankind.

With the vote in our hands we have given the great public highways to private companies and donated the public domain to construct their railways, with which they are robbing the producers out of all their profits.

We have permitted a few men to monopolize the coalfield of America, thus enabling them to grow rich while many of the poorer class freeze. With the vote in our hands we have given to a few men the oil supply of the Republic, which has enabled them to accumulate fortunes so great that they are a menace to this Republic. We have given the banking of this country to private individuals, and with that the right to issue money, thus enabling them to expand or contract the currency at will, and thereby fix prices.

And when they have voted a tax on the use of air and water (which they will do) they will have all that God created for the use of His children.

With the franchise we have given the favored few everything. If we had never given the franchise, they could not have taken more. The franchise is not used intelligently by one voter in twenty.

A greater essential than even education is moral strength to think and act for oneself. Many voters know that state and county offices are improperly filled, and yet most of them, dreading the powers that be, quietly acquiesce in public wrong doing. So long as that be the case there can be no real reform.

Mr. Watson, do you think that the masses of mankind, under the present system, can ever awake to their full duty and vote against the real evils by which we are surrounded?

I regard your Magazine as the greatest exponent of the people's rights of all the publications now circulating among the American people. It will do much toward freeing the masses from political slavery, which is necessary before any real reform can come about. I agree with the great writer who said that villainy is born of want and opportunity. Great poverty among the masses has destroyed much of the manhood that was once an honest boast of our people. Oh, for an Andrew Jackson to destroy the National banking system,—now the greatest menace to our liberties and prosperity.

Marcus Day, Fayette, Idaho.

Your Magazine is doing a great work, and I wish you Godspeed. Common ownership of all common property should be the watchword, in my opinion. The farmers, fruit growers and stockmen are absolutely at the mercy of the railroad octopus out here. I know of several instances where carload lots of prunes consigned to New York did not pay the freight. This is a splendid fruit country, especially for apples, prunes and raspberries, but as long as freight rates to the Eastern markets are as high as they are now, it will be impossible for fruit growers to make anything. The fruit product of Idaho is all carried East in Armour and Swift cars, and after they get through with the shipping there is not much left of them.

In my opinion, there can be no hope for a solution of the railroad problem except by the National Government owning and operating them. But I do not think the Government should ever pay for the seven billions of watered stock. Uncle Sam should build competing trunk lines and wage competitive war against the private roads until the water is driven completely out of their stocks. Then take them over. It would be an injustice for the people to pay for seven billions of bogus stock. If there happened to be a few widows and orphans owning railroad stock, the Government could reimburse them for their losses, but, in my opinion, there

is not a very great multitude owning railroad stock. Most of them are in the Hetty Green class.

This talk about Rockefeller getting rebates from the railroads sounds funny to me. In my opinion Rockefeller is now, and has for a good long time been, a majority holder of stock in most of the big lines, but as he has a pretty good majority of the Senate in his vest pocket, he won't worry much about rate regulation.

Linn Tanner, Cheneyville, La.

There is something so virile, graphic and at the same time truthful in all your editorial writings that my very heart goes out to you when I read them over and think of the many brave battles you have fought and are still fighting in the interests of your fellow-countrymen. I can but hope you may long live to hold up the banner of "Equal rights to all and special favors to none." Should at times your heart grow faint in the great struggle you have for years been making to re-establish here in our Republic the principles of a real and sound Democracy, may you be reanimated and have additional strength given you by the letters of thousands of your readers who appreciate the fact that the seed you have been sowing will, when the harvest is ripe, show they have not increased a hundred, but a thousandfold.

There is a trite expression sometimes heard, which I think would furnish you a text of much latitude, and which I would like much to have you, with your facile and incisive pen, serve up to your readers in a future edition of WATSON'S MAGAZINE. This expression relates to the uselessness of a "fifth wheel to a wagon."

Wake the people up to the knowledge that in our National, State, County and Municipal wagons there are too many wheels of the "Fifth" kind calling for "grease" from the tax treasuries.

Whenever the band-wagon starts out to drum up voters, the onlooker may be satisfied that "Fifth" wheels are secreted from public view, but are ready as soon as the noise and blare of trumpets and the breath of excited mobs has been silenced. These "Fifth" wheels are put into position, and without a thought, except what will serve best their masters who "control politics." They don't care a tinker's condemnation what happens to their fellow-men. Sometimes offices must be created so the number of wheels may go round and new applicants be provided for, and the writer, during his sixty-eight years, has several times known of very much brass being used in placing the wheels in position, but the dear people, you know; are easily fooled. Not one in a thousand would pay forty cents or more on his wool hat if demanded as a direct tax, but call it tariff and he goes into his cash as smoothly and as easily as his wife does while he slumbers after a day's work. There is a great deal in the way a thing is done, and also by what name it is called. We are too much like the Deacon was when visiting old Brother Anderson. Brother Anderson, in the generosity of his heart, called on his visitor to partake of a glass of cider with him. With one of those long-drawn guttural sighs and with eyes turned heavenward, the pious old fraud said, "Ah, no, my brother, I cannot assist in serving the devil by drinking whisky, wine nor cider, but ef ye'll call it apple juice, I'll take a little." Just so—call it tariff and we'll all take a little, but call it tax and we kick like bay steers. I am satisfied this "Fifth" wheel business can be handled by no one better than yourself, and hope you will give it a "write-up."

Success to you and the Magazine.

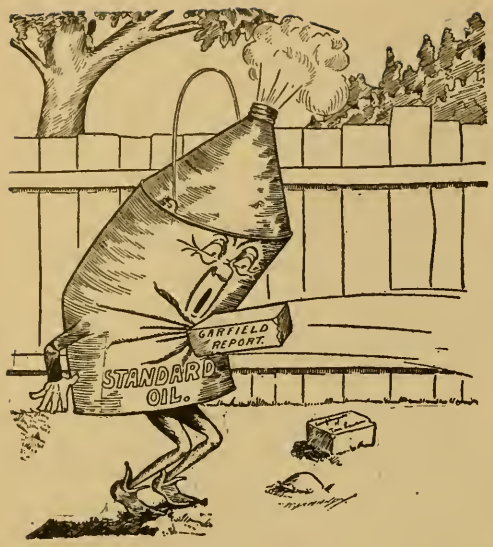
John L. Mooney, Gonzales, Tex.

WATSON'S MAGAZINE preaches the right political doctrines and is doing a valuable and much needed work in educating the people aright. I have been a subscriber from the beginning, and expect to continue reading and passing it out for others to read. When I tell you that "Grover Cleveland Democrats" in some sections are giving it a hearty indorsement, you will readily perceive the good work that is being done. It might be that a good serial story would be of some advantage. Many persons, especially women, like to read good stories and will borrow any magazine or newspaper in order to read a good story. When it gets into the homes, the men folks will want to see what is so interesting to the women in the home and they are sure to find something that will cause them to think.

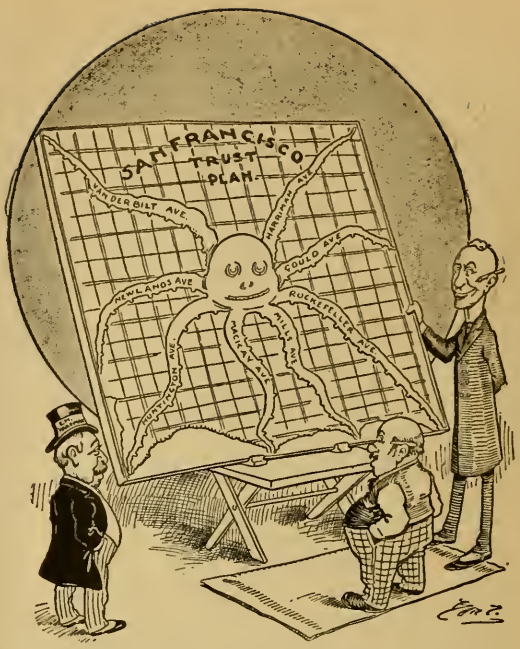
Your manly fight against corrupt machine rule in Georgia is heartily indorsed by all who know your position and have heard or read your utterances. Like many others I believe the money trust is the most gigantic of all trusts, but how and when this will be remedied I am unable to determine. I was in the national convention which nominated Weaver in 1892, also was with the 103 Texans who refused to vote for Bryan in 1896 at St. Louis; was one of 58 voters who cast ballots for Watson in 1904, so you don't have to inquire, "where I am at." I will be found on the firing line of reform at all times.

J. L. Springston, Vian, Ind. Ter.

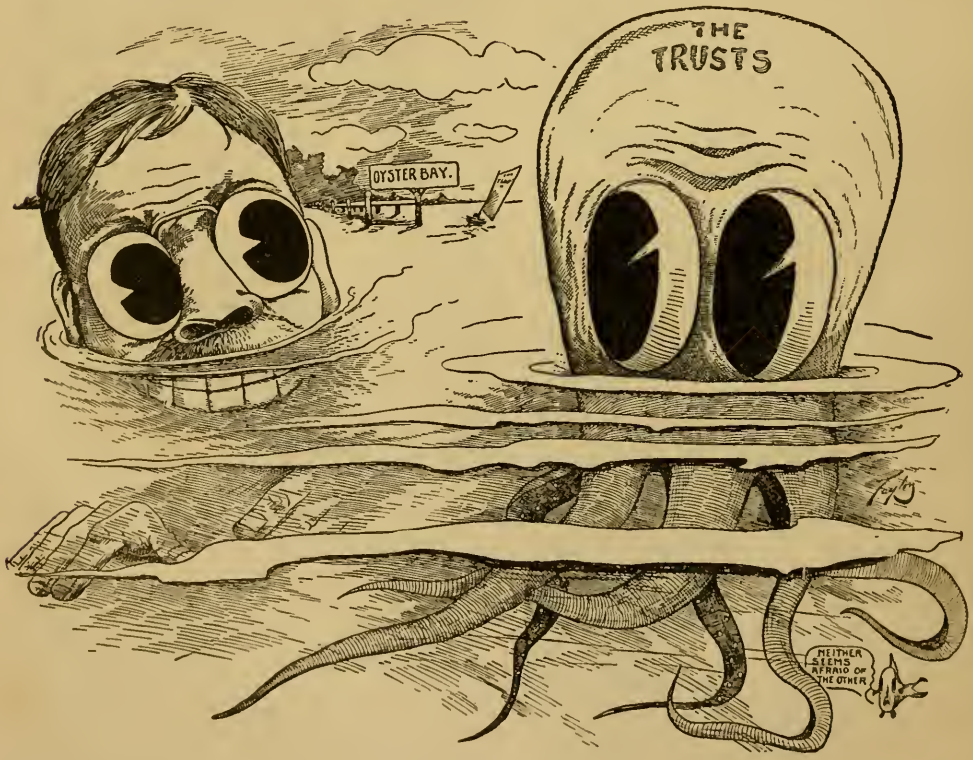
Don't you see that the laws do not operate or are not enforced alike on all of the people? Look at John D., the power of the Government unable to even summon him as a witness! Were it I, I would be held in everlasting contempt and would be reclining on a bench in Ludlow or another as filthy a place—the masses standing by, seeing the performance and afraid to even budge.



Another Dent in the Oil-can
R. D. Handy, in Duluth News-Tribune

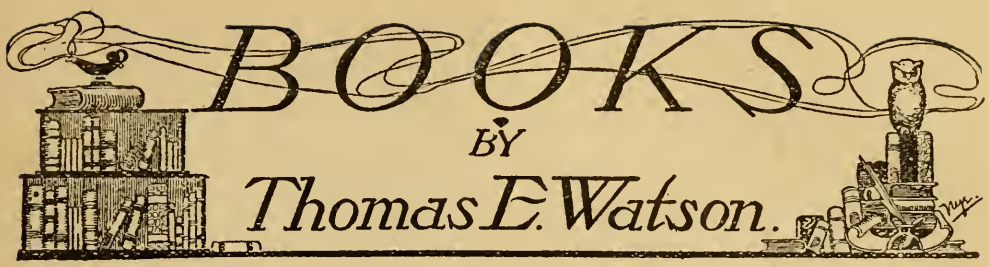


The Trust Boys Have a Plan for Rebuilding San Francisco
Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journ



Visions of Summer

Taylor, in Jacksonville (Fla.) Sun



Defects of Fire Insurance and the Remedy. By J. J. Warner, of New York City.

The author's object in this carefully prepared volume is to demonstrate that Fire Insurance Companies, as now constituted and managed, represent organized robbery on a gigantic scale.

He publishes an elaborate statement of the facts, showing that the *cost* of Fire Insurance is too high, that *Co-insurance* is a fraud, and that in *adjusting losses* the most outrageous wrongs are perpetrated upon the assured.

Mr. Warner makes a powerful case, and supports it with details, calculations and illustrations which convince.

Those whose vested interests compel them to carry heavy insurance in the Fire Companies will find it very much to their interest to consult Mr. Warner's book. To most people it will prove a revelation.

From the author's preface we quote the following:

"The fire insurance contract, as a rule, is the largest into which a merchant or manufacturer ever enters. The amount of insurance carried on property in the United States exceeds *twenty-three billion dollars*, one railway corporation alone carrying *in a single policy* with a large English company *one hundred million dollars*. Yet this contract, so important to the assured, is drawn up by the attorneys of the insurance companies, who have devoted nearly three hundred years to perfecting its phraseology in their interests. Seldom is this contract ever examined by the attorneys of the assured; and even when such exomination is made it is done by those who have no special knowledge on this particular subject. So skilfully, in fact, have these attorneys for the insurance companies done their work that when the assured reads his policy (if he ever does) he is unable to appreciate the peculiar effect of the expressions contained therein, and rarely, if ever, understands their real significance until the contract culminates at the time of fire, when it is too late to rectify errors that may then be disclosed.

"My special preparation includes both a wide experience in mechanical work and some thirty years devoted to the study of insurance conditions and the adjustment of fire losses. From mechanical pursuits, I acquired a knowledge of the building art and a skill in making accurate estimates and schedules. Among other achievements in that line, I superintended, when I was a boy of twenty-two, the erection of the Coates House in Kansas City, containing 150 rooms. After that, I constructed in Oregon a railway track twelve feet under water, a feat accomplished in the face of many obstacles. From my thirty years' study of insurance conditions I learned a good deal about the technicalities and peculiarities contained in the fire insurance contract, and as a result of this became loyally devoted to the interests of the assured. Since then I have gradually grown into this work, until I have been the means of accomplishing such good results for the assured as to make the whole work extremely interesting to me.

"I have sometimes wondered whether there is such a thing as destiny. At the age of seventeen I was a "boy in blue" in the Army of the Potomac—a member of Company D, Third Excelsior (Dan Sickles' Brigade). On the morning of May 6th, 1861, after the Battle of Williamsburgh, I assisted in burying in one grave sixty-five members of my regiment—my comrades and brothers of the day before; and yet although Company D started from Staten Island with one-hundred and twenty-five men and returned after three years of what General Sherman called "hell" with only twenty-six of the one hundred and twenty-five left (ninety-nine being among the missing), I was the only one of my Company who had, during those three years, remained constantly at the front. Why was I not among the sixty-five in that single grave? In reflecting upon this, I have almost come to believe that Providence had willed that this insignificant "boy in blue" should live and become a man of fifty-eight, a power for justice, an agent in exposing the fire insurance companies that are defrauding the American people.

While hundreds of books, pamphlets, magazines, etc,. have been published in the interests of the Fire Insurance Companies, this book has been compiled and published in the interests of the assured, and is the only work of the kind, so far as I know, ever presented to the public."

The Beacon Biographies: John Fiske. By Thomas Sergeant Perry. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

This miniature life of John Fiske is a proper and interesting addition to the Beacon Biographies. It will be remembered by those who have followed Mr. Watson's work closely that it was to this series he contributed a biography of Thomas Jefferson.

It would be hard to devise a more admirable series of books. Now, if ever, is a time when all of us should be familiar with the lives of notable Americans, and a Beacon Biography enables the busiest man to achieve such acquaintance in the shortest time and at a minimum outlay. In the mere making of the books distinction and good taste are evident. In the writing of them there is a wide variety of authorship that prevents them from becoming a monotonous sequence.

The present volume is thoroughly informed with a knowledge of John Fiske's life and work; it is conceived with sympathy, yet without prejudice; and as a record it is written intelligently from first page to last. Mr. Perry has not effected a historical portrait; in fact, ability to create character seems lacking or else it has been worn away by the pruning of education and training. Yet one realizes that in so short a biography the writer is put under many limitations. John Fiske was so much a character to all the people that had ever known him, or listened to his lectures, that it seems odd not to feel more sharply the actual magnetism and force of his personality in this study of his life.

On the other hand, Mr. Perry has succeeded thoroughly in showing the development of Fiske as a thinker and as a writer. He surprises us with the information that John Fiske at seven years of age had read Rollin, Josephus and Goldsmith's Greece; that before he was eight he had read all of Shakespeare, a good deal of Milton, Bunyan and Pope. By eleven he had read Gibbon, Robertson and most of Froissart. We had thought that the days of the infant literary prodigy were past. At thirteen, we are told, Fiske had read all of Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, Sallust and Suetonius and much of Livy, Cicero, Ovid, Catullus and Juvenal. He began to study Greek at nine. What is more, he learned by himself, in his preparation for college, German, French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. He began Hebrew at seventeen and took up Sanskrit the next year. During his college years he added Icelandic, Gothic, Danish, Swedish, Dutch and Roumanian, and made a beginning in Russian.

From the study of languages he advanced into the study of philosophy; and all the time he had a natural gift for music, of which he acquired a thorough understanding. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that in after years music was his chief relaxation. He was ready to enter Yale College at thirteen years of age, but he persuaded his guardians to let him pursue his private studies longer so that eventually he could enter Harvard. He felt that the atmosphere at Cambridge would be more liberal. As a matter of fact, he met a good deal of bigotry at Harvard, where he got the reputation of being an atheist. It was a regulation of the college at the time that the students should attend church twice every Sunday. Fiske met the rule, but took a book with him to church and was detected reading it. As a result he barely escaped rustication. Mr. Perry interestingly shows that Fiske might have saved himself some annoyance by pretending to be like the other people at the college, who fought shy of him as an atheist, when he was no atheist at all; and he attributes to Fiske "absolute frankness and outspokenness among a timid people like the Americans, who, above all things, dread an infraction of rigid conventionality and are shocked by the expression of individual opinion."

Fiske graduated from college without academic honors and entered the Law School. After receiving his degree here he went into a lawyer's office, and later opened an office of his own. He had already began to write as an undergraduate, and literature soon won him away from the law. This was in the late sixties. He was then married and a father, so the courage which enabled him to face the world by writing for a living must have been built on the solidest kind of determination. He wrote essays for various reviews, all of which revealed his varied and thorough reading. It was the appearance of his "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy" in 1874 that signalized Fiske's arrival at intellectual manhood. This book was the result of some lectures on Positive Philosophy which Fiske had delivered at Harvard, and of a longer series of lectures on the Doctrines of Evolution. In 1870, Mr. Perry informs us, he received a nomination as instructor in history at Harvard, but was rejected by the Board of Overseers because the doctrines of his lectures were considered insidious and dangerous sophistry. To get him safely out of the way they made him assistant librarian of the college, which post he held for seven years.

His biographer comments most interestingly on the effect of the "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy" and says, in part: "This book was, of course, Fiske's great contribution to philosophy. Anyone who reads it now for the first time should not fail to study it along with Professor Royce's wise and sympathetic commentary in the complete edition of Fiske's works. The book is an exposition of what was then the new philosophy of evolution, and it began with overthrowing foes now dead and decorously

buried, and it labored to establish principles now generally acknowledged. Investigation has gone further, correcting, modifying, enlarging various points of view. Books of this sort are more or less like old editions of encyclopedias: they require making over every few years. A later revision Fiske never found time to give to this work of his youth, which, in its time, had served a most useful purpose in teaching a large number of people what, at least, some leaders of thought were thinking and doing. The world was eager to know what was this evil spirit abroad, modifying the way of looking at the universe; and they found here a most lucid and intelligible exposition of what they wanted to know. Nor was this all. The book is not a mere interpretation of Spencer's philosophy for the American public, a mere rehash of that and Darwinism. Fiske was not a mere translator; he illuminated the subject in a thousand ways, and contributed to it at least one markedly important suggestion in his theory of the influence which prolonged infancy exercised upon social development. A mind like Fiske's could not turn to a subject without bringing some new information or new way of regarding it.

"That the book should have outlived its first importance is only natural. It would be something strange if the world had made no advance in any given matter in a generation; for it is now more than thirty years since the book appeared, and many things have been discovered in that time, new thoughts have had their birth."

Fiske's next efforts were devoted to studies in American history; and, as his biographer says: "The volumes on the beginnings of New England, of Virginia and of the Dutch and Quaker colonies show what he would have liked to do for the whole country; but the subject grew on his hands, and soon became too vast for any one man's accomplishment." As is related, Fiske was practically cut down in the midst of his work; yet he had done much, and has shown the way to other historians, who have his bravery, his perseverance, but not, perhaps, his wonderful talent for exposition. Four minor volumes of his that acquaint us with the man's genuine religious sense are "The Destiny of Man," "The Idea of God," "Through Nature to God" and "Life Everlasting." To quote Mr. Perry again: "The hasty notion that evolution was a dangerous and atheistic theory had already faded from men's minds more rapidly than do most utterly groundless notions. What had been synonymous with all that is mischievous and false was now seen not to be so black as it was painted. The victory was won. The victory seemed indeed to be won by both sides. Religion appeared to be more firmly established than ever, and the new philosophy had acquired general recognition."

R. D.

The Treasure Trail. By Frank L. Pollock. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

"The Treasure Trail" is no masterpiece, but it is a pretty good story of adventure. The hero, hailing last from Lincoln, Neb., has the restless spirit of adventure in his blood, and chances into an alliance with four other men afflicted in the same way. Given these men as they are drawn—and the drawing of them might be much better—then the tale is unfolded with a regard for real conditions and such simple little sums as two and two make four, that is quite unusual in similar narratives and that furthers convincingness to a fairly comfortable extent. Of course, once in a while the reader is tempted to pause and wonder whether such and such a detail would likely come to pass in actual life, but that is a most improper attitude of mind in a reader of summer fiction, and it would be a dull tale of adventure indeed that set forth only the events common to our everyday existence. There is, furthermore, a great deal of force in that old saying that truth is stranger than fiction, as there is in all old sayings, if handled with discrimination and applied with a certain parsimonious eye for the needs of the case.

The plot is ingenious and holds the interest from chapter one to those unnecessary words "The End." What more would you—Maurice Hewlett, Quiller-Couch, the Book of Kings? There are many good things in the world and not the least of these is degrees instead of level. Be content to follow the "Rainbow Road" with quickened breath, the shining, leadsome path of adventure; be satisfied that you can feel the tugging of the wander-lust if it take you only through the neat pages of a book; be glad if you can feel for some brief moments the start and swell of the old, world-vanishing Viking spirit, even if that same ghost be somewhat hampered by trousers and discountenanced by cablegrams. And, if you dread lest the return from the rainbow path to the necessity of going to bed, or to work, be too painfully abrupt when the book is laid aside, take pleasant assurance that before the end there comes a soothing and homeopathic homily on the emptiness of all this prismatic chase and you are peaceably reconciled to the yesterday, today and tomorrow of humdrum into which you settled, perhaps struggling, perhaps soggily, after those first few years of dreaming that begin their end about the time the back hair is done up on top of the head, or the first shave justified, as the case may be.

Is there a love story in it? Of course. And the best of it is that she goes right along with them once her father has been stabbed in the shirt-front and Hongkong, and her aunt has died of pneumonia in Lincoln, Neb., and she hasn't any money and everybody opposes her going. And do they get the treasure? Why—why, it's a story, isn't it, and don't they always get the treasure in

stories? If they don't, then the story is written about the people that do! That's one of the rules.

There's another good thing about this book—the people in it are neither straightforward villains nor abject angels, but entirely human, whenever they are not solely occupied with being names. You see, it is hard to be quite fair to this story because it has enough good points to render it mildly annoying that it hasn't more. The best plan is to read it and enjoy it and then not think about it.

A. S. H.

The Voyage of the Arrow. By T. Jenkins Hains. Illustrated by H. C. Edwards. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

The author of "The Windjammers" must base his claims for merit in the case of his latest book on two things only—a somewhat rough delineation of character and a real breath from the sea. So long as the majority of readers live in the rut of civilization and long for the elemental action and passion that are to be found, in some sort, outside this rut; so long as most of us must live the actual and dream of the ideal, just so long will a plain tale of adventure hold strong appeal. The range is from Nick Carter to Stevenson, and the readers all the way from the boy in a surreptitious haymow or foul tenement to the lady with a poodle dog done into ribbons and manicured ease by her ministering maid. So that, merit or no merit, "The Voyage of the Arrow" will find its quota of avid readers. It is a tale of adventure. The plot is old and very simple. Some of its people are convicts turned pirates, some bluff old sea-dogs, some villains at an office desk. There is a girl and the hero marries her. There is a mystery and it is unraveled. Perhaps most books will reduce to terms as simple, but in better books the bones do not show through so prominently. The mystery is rather gratuitous and detracts from the strength of the main plot: its explanation is none too clear, but can be dismissed as "highly unimportant even if untrue."

In the climax of the main plot, the capture of the pirate ship, there is some vague touch of originality, and it may be said of the story as a whole that it is told straightforwardly and generally forces its illusion, this last, however, less by art than by handicraft. In *William Gore*, the narrator, the author has created a character and done it skilfully —more by what *Gore* does not think, say and do than by what he does. *Gore* often rings a little less than true, but on the whole he lives and is consistent with the plain, rough sailorman he proclaims himself, in hackneyed fashion, on the first page. One of the strongest things in the book is the unquestioning way in which *Gore* ignores the tragic misfortunes of the heroine, holding her as unsullied as she is in everything but the narrow eye of the world. There are one or two minor irritations in the story, such as the use of names like "Mr. Ropesend" and "Mr. Foregaff" and the supposition that a loyal subject of the British Crown would hold to our American institution of Thanksgiving Day, but the breath of ocean and the sureness of Mr. Hains's nautical knowledge more than atone for these. *Garnett* and *O'Toole* are mildly if unconvincingly amusing, and if *Gore* is the only real character in the story the others are at least well differentiated. One real character in a book is an extremely liberal allowance nowadays. And, when all is said and done, it is a plain tale of adventure and will serve to pass some pleasant hours for anyone who does not hold too close to R. L. S. in the range whose other extreme is Nick Carter.

Imperial Purple. Edgar Saltus. Published by Mitchell Kennerly, New York.

The republication of Mr. Saltus's well-remembered study of the Cæsars is timely, especially for those who have the idea that our unparalleled prosperity has brought with it a flood-tide of luxury. In comparison with the Romans of those days the most effete among us live in Spartan simplicity.

Mr. Saltus's extremely precious manner is suited to his subject. He has full opportunity to snap epigrams and to gild the lily. His brilliance of phrase and flash of wit shine undiminished from the first page to the last; and if one's eyes are wearied now and then, one must not forget that it is a very flashy and brilliant period that is being described. In a historical sense "Imperial Purple" is of value only as a stimulant to read the numerous authorities whom Mr. Saltus has evidently studied with diligence and discrimination. As an impressionistic study it is at once unusual and interesting. We cite the description of a triumphal return of the first Cæsar.

"It would have bored no one either to have assisted at his triumph when he returned from Gaul, when he returned after Spain, after Pharsalus, when he returned from Cleopatra's arms.

"On that day the Via Sacra was curtained with silk. To the blare of twisted bugles there descended to it from the turning at the hill a troop of musicians garmented in leather tunics, bonneted with lions' heads. Behind them a hundred bulls, too fat to be troublesome, and decked for death, bellowed musingly at the sacrifants, who, naked to the waist, a long-handled hammer on the shoulder, maintained them with colored cords. To the rumble of wide wheels and the thunder of spectators the prodigious booty passed, and with it triumphs of war, vistas of conquered countries, pictures of battles, lists of the vanquished, symbols of

cities that no longer were; a stretch of ivory on which shone three words, each beginning with a V; images of gods disturbed, the Rhine, the Rhone, the captive Ocean in massive gold; the glitter of three thousand crowns offered to the dictator by the army and allies of Rome. Then came the standards of the republic, a swarm of eagles, the size of pigeons, in polished silver upheld by lances which ensigns bore, preceding the six hundred senators who marched in a body, their togas bordered with red, while to the din of incessant insults, interminable files of prisoners passed, their wrists chained to iron collars, which held their heads very straight, and to the rear a litter, in which crouched the Vercingetorix of Gaul, a great, moody giant, his menacing eyes nearly hidden in the tangles of his tawny hair.

"When they had gone, the street was alive with explosions of brass, aflame with the burning red cloaks of laureled lictors making way for the coming of Cæsar. Four horses, harnessed abreast, their manes dyed, their forelocks puffed, drew a high and wonderfully jeweled car; and there, in the attributes and attitude of Jupiter Capitolinus, Cæsar sat, blinking his tired eyes. His face and arms were painted vermilion; above the Tyrian purple of his togas, above the gold work and palms of his tunic, there oscillated a little ball in which there were charms against Envy. On his head a wreath concealed his increasing baldness; along his left arm the sceptre lay; behind him a boy admonished him noisily to remember he was man, while to the rear for miles there rang the laugh of trumpets, the click of castanets, the shouts of dancers, the roar of the multitude, the tramp of legions, and the cry, caught up and repeated, 'Io! Triomphe!'"

R. D.

Letters of Henrik Ibsen. Translated by John Laurvik and Mary Morison. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York.

On May 23, 1906, at Christiania, Norway, Henrik Ibsen died. Death had hovered about the portals of his lonely soul for many months. Two years ago it was known that his work was finished, so that the critics had occasion to sum up their impressions in full; the newspapers, leisure to make ready their obituaries against the opportune moment. The publication of his letters revived interest in the baffling personality of the man, although the prying passion of those that love autobiography—and who does not?—was hardly satisfied. So acute a student of character as Mr. Howells was puzzled, disappointed even, that a great intellect should be utterly absorbed in an art; but as Ibsen dominated his art, likewise was he dominated by it. Napoleon was not more in thrall to his genius for conquest, nor than Rockefeller is in his mania to make money. "So to conduct one's life," Ibsen once wrote to Björnson, "as to realize one's self—this seems to me the highest attainment possible to a human being. It is the task of one and all of us, but most of us bungle it."

A purely egoistic theory of life, it must be admitted; and beyond question Ibsen was not a sociable man. In fact, he may have been "gey ill to live wi'," as was said of Carlyle. Yet Tolstoi is just as much an egoist, though the devotee of altruism; and we don't know whether, if we had been invited to live with one or the other, we would not have written acceptance to the dramatist. Ibsen would not have interfered with our way of life, nor would he have handed us a plow, and enjoined on us a reversion to the agricultural age. But then Tolstoi ceased some years ago to be the artist he once was. Ibsen remained artist to the end, such as he always was, even when his adherents were banding themselves the world over, and trying to make him responsible for the philosophy they imbibed in his poems and plays. Tolstoi is the kind of genius that seeks disciples in order that his gospel may be preached to all nations. Ibsen says somewhere that he is always distancing his followers; that they no sooner congregate at one stage than he is mounting to another height. "It seems to me," he wrote to Björnson, "as if I were separated from both God and men by a great, an infinite void." A ghastly solitude, which calls to mind Thackeray's lines on Swift: "Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I cannot fancy Shakespeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company." (Lectures on the English Humorists.)

In a period when individualism stretched itself to its full scope, Ibsen followed his line of development with the uncompromising logic that is graved in every lineament of his portraits. That face, austere, proud, alert, aggressive, inscrutable, is not the face of a poet or a dramatist, but of a surgeon or a judge. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he wrote not with a pen, but with a scalpel. It is natural that his characters speak for themselves as defendants on trial before a just judge. We may say with truth that his plays do not amuse us. It is a commonplace of criticism to state that they have never been popular in the United States, and are not likely to be. Yet they give the soul a moral drenching that is not wholly unsalutary in these days of cream-tart drama; and as long as we have actresses like Mrs. Fiske and Mary Shaw, there will be a certain public capable of appreciating actual human beings, created amid all time-worn devices and trappings of the stage. More than that, his plays are stimulating to read; and to those interested in political men and movements these in particular: "The Pillars of Society";

"The Wild Duck"; "John Gabriel Borkman," and "An Enemy of the People."

R. D.

In Vanity Fair. Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

Is it captious to hint that this book, charged with wit, sparkle, shrewd observation, so comprehensively informed with interesting data about Vanity Fair in France, might have had a more instructive title? England has its Vanity Fair, and we have ours. They may be poor specimens compared to that of France, to which both English and Americans lend so much of their beauty and leisure, and in which they spend such quantities of money. Besides, unless we are mistaken, "Vanity Fair" has been used as the title of another kind of book. The preposition in this case hardly nullifies the right of pre-emption, any more than the dropping of an *s* did when Owen Wister called his novel "The Virginian." Waive the title of Mrs. Brainerd's latest production, however, and one must be difficult indeed to find fault with the rest of it. It reads crisply and is stocked with details about French social life that only a woman could have noted and only a very clever woman thus present. For those who have that angle of view, moreover, it is a sociological document of no mean importance.

We quote the following from the author's account of American women in Paris:

"In 1893 Worth went to the trouble of looking up Parisian dress statistics and found that the value of the material consumed annually in France for women's dress was two hundred million dollars, that one hundred million dollars' worth was supplied to the Parisian dressmakers, and that the American share of the whole amount was more than that of all other countries counted together. The statistics also showed that fully one-half of the Parisian dressmakers' sales was carried off in personal luggage—which, of course, means private sales.

"All this figuring was done thirteen years ago, and at that time the sales had increased 250 per cent. within twenty-five years. Since then the rate of increase has been even greater. American extravagance in dress has advanced in great leaps, and M. Worth's figures would doubtless seem small if compared with today's statistics.

"The dressmakers of Paris are, of course, disinclined to give information concerning the amounts of money paid to them by their private customers, but they are willing enough to give estimates without names attached, and the extravagant expenditures of certain wealthy Americans are common gossip in the dressmaking circles of Paris. . . .

"My lady's furs are only one item of many included in her year's wardrobe, and the other items are proportionately expensive. The heads of establishments counting among their clientèle the wealthiest women of New York and of the other important American cities were consulted in the compiling of the list that follows, and were asked for conservative estimates of the sums spent annually for goods in their lines, by a representative woman of the very smart set. In every case the authority consulted emphasized the fact that some of our women spend much more than the sum mentioned, and that occasionally, for some special reason, a customer will plunge into phenomenal extravagance.

"Here is the list, which is, after all, but a fragmentary one, for it is hard to estimate upon the thousand and one little things of dress:

" Evening gowns	$3,500
Dinner gowns	3,500
Carriage and reception gowns	3,000
Street frocks	2,500
Automobile and sports	1,500
Négligées	1,500
Lingerie	2,500
Furs	2,000
Gloves, parasols, hosiery, neckwear, etc.	2,500
Hats	1,200
	$23,700

"The reader who has not looked into the matter may consider this sum total an exaggerated one; but, on the contrary, it is—while, of course, only approximate—a very modest average made up from the figures furnished by reliable tradesfolk in positions warranting their speaking authoritatively. Furs, for instance, set down at two thousand dollars a year, sometimes mount to forty thousand in one season. Twenty-five hundred dollars may seem an appalling amount to pay out for lingerie during one year, but one authority quoted four thousand dollars and another thirty-five hundred, and both added that there were New York women who spent even more than that. At Mademoiselle Corne's place—perhaps the most fashionable of the lingerie establishments of Paris—an inquirer was shown several trunkfuls of fine lingerie ready to be sent to an American customer, and among the items were sets of three pieces priced at nine hundred francs (one hundred and eighty dollars), lingerie tea jackets at four hundred francs, lingerie petticoats at three hundred and fifty francs. At that rate twenty-five hundred dollars will not go so very far, and in this day of lingerie marvelously embellished with hand-work and real lace, prices mount to surprising heights."

H. E. V

THE agreement between the anthracite miners and operators assures the country of three years of peace and freedom from strikes in the coalfields. Is there equal assurance that consumers—those innocent bystanders whose usual fate is to suffer—will be permitted to enjoy the blessing of cheap coal for the same length of time?—*Index-Appeal, Petersburg, Va.*

WASHINGTON should not fret about risk of capture in war. It can mobilize Congress and let it make speeches at the foe, until he succumbs.—*Outlook, Mize, Mo.*

"JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS OF MISSOURI" is the way the Phoenix *Gazette* prints it. We object, and move to strike the libel from the record. We admit that our grand old native state has produced some freaks, but she has never been guilty of flinging from her loins a critter like John Sharp Williams. Mississippi is responsible for the presence of that gentleman on this terrestrial ball.—*Blade, Florence, Arizona.*

ADMITTING that the use of the weapon is reprehensible, there are times when it is hard to feel sorry that Tillman keeps a pitchfork handy.—*Record, Montgomery, Mich.*

IN this country we are so engaged in protecting property from everybody but the trusts, that we are conspicuously less concerned about the protection of human lives than other countries. In England severe laws have reduced the deaths on railways to a percentage far below ours, and in France and Italy the killing of humble pedestrians by automobilists is attended by such risk to liberty and property as to appal Americans who take machines there. —*Herald, Clara City, Minn.*

THE trust managers swore on the witness stand that they did not know anything about their own business. Now suppose they keep their hands off the running of the Government, and let the people have a chance to run their own affairs.—*Wave, Lake Andes, S. Dak.*

THE Republican Party of Kansas will have a hard row to hoe this year, and it will tax the ingenuity of the highest minds in the harem to explain away the Burton incident and keep him out of jail, the looting of the state treasury, the betrayal of the people in the Standard Oil investigation; the mulching of the Government by Hoch, and Coleman's act of making Kansas the cat's-paw for the M., K. & T. Railroad Company in their $10,000,000 land grab, and many and divers other questions that the taxpaying public will ask. It will require more than snake charming and word contortion exhibitions this year to elect any of the political pirates who have controlled the Republican Party in Kansas for the past decade.—*Register, Olathe, Kan.*

A YEAR ago the pretended loyal and incorruptible friends of Addicks were cursing and abusing Representatives Benson and Denney because they did not stick to the "old man," as these tried and true followers fondly called him. Now, when the "old man" can no longer supply the boodle, not one of these over-zealous followers is to be found in his train. The men who so loudly called Benson and Denney traitors and ingrates would not relish retaliation now.—*Index, Dover, Del.*

IT is generally conceded that the immigration problem is one of the most important now confronting the country. Despite the fact that foreigners are seeking our shores at the rate of more than a million a year, in a great many portions of the country the population is much smaller than it should be, land is plentiful and cheap, and there is a great and growing demand for agricultural laborers. Clearly the flow of foreigners is not setting in the direction where it is most needed, but is finding employment close to the ports of arrival.—*Times, Narragansett, R. I.*

THE Chicago Federal Judge who decided that the Beef Trust as a corporation could be prosecuted for violation of the anti-trust law, but that the individuals composing it are immune, has aroused the ire of President Roosevelt. He has asked Congress to define the law, and he also expresses the hope that no more judges will express such a view. A nominal fine is all the punitive damages that can be assessed against a corporation, but individuals, if

prosecuted and convicted, could be sent to the pen. The Chicago judge's decision has put the trusts in a hilarious mood.—*News, Centreville, Tenn.*

In New York City one day this week, a negro struck a white woman in a crowded car. In an instant dozens of men were at him, and only their number prevented their killing him on the spot. The train was stopped and police called, but protected as he was, the negro was followed by a large crowd trying to lynch him. The police were attacked, and it was all they could do to keep off the crowd until the prisoner was in safety. It is customary here in the North to whine and snivel about lynching in the South, but whenever occasion comes around, it shows that under the same circumstances men at the North are exactly the same as at the South. Lynching is bad; so is the sanctimonious lying that endeavors to make it appear as simply a Southern habit.—*Utilitarian, Margaretville, N. Y.*

We do not suppose it makes any difference whether or not we say anything about the revolutionary and proscriptive action of the Democratic Executive Committee, at its meeting in Atlanta Monday, but we will have our say just the same.

At the outset let us say that it will in no wise hurt the race of Hoke Smith, the very thing this committee intended it should do. It was a partisan committee, not a man, so far as we know, on it who was friendly to Hoke Smith.

So intent was the caucus in getting in the provision to exclude from the primary the former Populists that it overlooked the legality of the question, and, in making the dates of the convention and election closer together than the law says, will cause serious complications. This according to Secretary of State Phil Cook.

The action of the committee is without rhyme or reason. It reversed the committees of 1900, 1902 and 1904, and they were just as good and just as wise as the corporation-controlled committee in question.

The committee evidently intended to drive the former populists out of the party, and thus defeat Hoke Smith, and put in its special pet and cat's-paw, Clark Howell, as Governor. But it is a trick that will fail. The former Populists will vote in the primary just as they have done in the past, and will support the nominees just the same.—*North Georgia Citizen, Dalton, Ga.*

The much-written-about railroad-rate bill will be voted on today. When the decisive ballot will be taken on the measure, however, is not known. This has been one of the hardest fought measures ever introduced in Congress. As originally introduced, it would have proven of great benefit to the people, if enacted into law. It has been so amended, however, that its own father could not identify it, and, should it finally become a law, it will simply be a dead letter as far as being of real benefit to the people.—*Journal, Ashland, Neb.*

If railroads were more considerate of the rights of the public, they would never have to complain of what they claim to be unjust and excessive verdicts against them in damage suits, nor would it be necessary for them to use the columns of their press to decry the bringing of such suits and attempt to create a sentiment that would prevent a recovery in this kind of actions. We deem it a waste of time and words to attempt to detail the acts of railroads wherein they show their utter contempt for the people. Look at Yorkville's freight depot matter, for one thing. Again, we wonder how many of our readers have had to wait for months for these corporations to pay just claims which have been filed with them and which they could and should have paid within one-tenth the time. They should be treated justly, it is true. But let him be just himself who asks justice.—*New Era, Yorkville, S. C.*

Every time the public shows signs of growing weary somebody trots out the assurance that the rate-bill debate will last only two weeks more.—*Press, Worthington, Mo.*

It is asserted that the price of shoes will be advanced again unless Congress removes the duty on hides. Still the stand-patters may figure that the people will not be able to kick so hard if it is made impossible for them to buy shoes.—*Star, Palo Pinto, Tex.*

There seems to be an element of justice in the demand of shippers for what is termed a reciprocal demurrage bill, which, while levying a penalty on the shipper for delay beyond a given limit in the loading of his car or cars, also demands the payment to the shipper by the transportation company of a similar amount for failure to furnish cars at a specified time, non-performance of which duty is often attended with serious loss to the shipper, because of the consequent failure to get his products to market in time to get the highest prices. It looks very much in this instance as though what was "sauce for the goose" was also "sauce for the gander."—*Times, Seville, O.*

"Hearst has forbidden the mentioning of Bryan's name in the papers he publishes throughout the United States. It was the independent and country press of the country that advertised Mr. Bryan so well and favorably, and Mr. Hearst is at the head of the largest independent dailies published in the United States. In the last Democratic national convention Bryan seemed to

assume a hostile attitude toward Hearst, and many could not understand why. The only excuse anyone seemed to be able to give was that Bryan was jealous of Hearst. One thing is certain, Hearst has been a much more bold and courageous advocate of government ownership ideas and a more fearless fighter against the trusts than Mr. Bryan. This makes three] strong factions in the Democratic Party—one faction led by Parker, one by Bryan and one by Hearst. A man does not need a prophetic vision to see the passing of the Democratic Party The Bryan and Parker forces will combine against Hearst, and when they do Hearst and his followers will leave the Democratic Party. Hearst is bold and courageous and with backbone sufficient to fight Tammany in his lair, in New York City and Brooklyn. Bryan cowered before Tammany and begged for support of that corruptest of all political spoils organization in his two campaigns for the Presidency, and particularly was this true ofhim in his second campaign.—*People's Voice.*"

We sincerely compliment the *People's Voice* in presenting this straightforward, truthful statement about Bryan and Hearst. The days of the dominating politicians are rapidly passing, and men of principle are taking their places. Tom Watson and William Randolph Hearst have the confidence of the people. Bryan and Parker have the confidence of the politicians. This is the situation in a nutshell.—*Patriarch, Seattle, Wash.*

John D. Rockefeller has contributed $100,000 to the San Francisco relief fund. No doubt you will hear before long, through the capitalist papers, that John D. has taught another masterful Sunday-school lesson the theme of which was "keep your lamps trimmed and burning and look to higher things," especially Standard Oil.—*Independent, Xenia, Ill.*

The United States and other countries are collecting enormous amounts of money for the relief of the famine sufferers in Japan. but that Government is going calmly on appropriating money for three 18,000-ton battleships.—*Republic, Argentine, Kan.*

Secretary Shaw is so thick with the Rockefeller City National Bank and other Wall Street bankers that he is virtually paying interest on the gold they are importing from Europe by advancing the cash without interest, on security other than United States bonds. "To him that hath shall be given" is the motto the Administration follows.—*Picayune, Prescott, Ark.*

The question of re-electing Theodore Roosevelt to be President of the United States is already assuming a shape that cannot be dodged. It is, or has been an unwritten law among politicians—that is, the honest ones and the unofficial masses, we mean the small taxpayers—that it is not good business to give any one man three terms of the Presidency of the United States. Theodore has indulged in a great amount of buncombe in his official capacity. But his promises and his performances do not bear any relationship. The windmill isn't turning out any grist. Let us have a man that will get results. Yes, results, even if he has to break a few of the beams in the Government platform.—*Ledger, Mankota, Minn.*

When the United States took the Philippines for $20,000,000 there was no extra charge for the twenty-one full-grown volcanoes that went with the purchase. The example of Vesuvius lately inspires the hope that there may yet be something able to suppress the revolution in the islands.—*National Labor Leader, Paterson, N. J.*

The Standard Oil trust is about to go up against another investigation and this time it is Ohio, the home of the trust, that is after the company.—*North Alabamian, Tuscumbia, Ala.*

General Powell Clayton, the Roosevelt-branded leader of "regular" Republicans in Arkansas, again rapped the existing election laws of this state in a speech at Berryville, a few days ago. General Clayton will never forgive the Democratic legislature for passing an election law without consulting him. But the people of Arkansas will.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Many years ago, even before he had been elected Lieutenant-Governor of Kansas, General Percy Daniels, of Girard, evolved a scheme of graduated and inherited tax which he put in the form of a bill.

His scheme had the indorsement of the Kansas state, of many eminent public men, and of various public associations.

The bill has been twice introduced into Congress, and there received respectful consideration by committees, although both times pigeonholed.

Having full faith in his taxation scheme, and believing that eternal agitation is the price of attention, the General asked Congressman Campbell a few months ago to introduce his bill to the present Congress.

Before doing so, however, Campbell carefully examined the bill, and after catching its full purport he very emphatically, almost indignantly, refused to do so.

He gave his reasons in a letter to General Daniels, and there is where the over-zealous champion of plutocracy fell down, for the very reasons he gave for declining to introduce the bill are identical with those given by President Roosevelt for demanding that just such a vigorous income tax and drastic inheritance tax law be put on the statute books.—*Kansan, Pittsburg, Kan.*

Some people contend that Tom Lawson contributed something original to the discussion of political economy and finance, when the whole long story was simply the kindergarten essay of a schoolboy. Even his pet phrase, "the system," he stole from Tom Watson. On page 286, Volume II, of the "Story of France," Watson says: "Specially favored by the system, the citizen will thrive, his class will thrive. Specially antagonized by THE SYSTEM, the citizen will suffer and his class will decay." In those few words Watson said all that Tom Lawson printed in two years. That is all there is to it. On the next page Watson says: "Olden times saw the work of the marauder who wielded the sword, and the books are full of his doings; later generations see wealth and prosperity transferred from one class to another by the knave who wields the legislative pen, and the story of the nations will never be complete until the one form of robbery is as fully understood as the other."

Tom Lawson was utterly incapable of understanding the latter assertion, and, not understanding it, he found himself incapable of offering any solution the question which he undertook to discuss. The "remedy," which he so long promised, never was given to the public, because he had no remedy to offer.—*Investigator, Omaha, Neb.*

The names of Bryan and Folk have been linked as the choice of the Audrain County (Mo.) Democratic Convention Democratic ticket. The Democratic Club of New York, in aiming to reorganize itself as the National Democratic Club, has decided to support Bryan with the view to combating the radicals of the Hearst type.—*Courant, Sisseton, S. Dak.*

President Roosevelt should bear in mind that though the use of the muck-rake stirs up noxious odors it lets the purifying rays of the sun reach the foulness. For example, the insurance committee's muck-rake uncovered the big contributions of the insurance companies to the Republican National Committee. Here in Missouri a few years ago, one Cardwell, a Representative in the state legislature from Kansas City, used the muck-rake and uncovered the fact that the street railroad trust of St. Louis handed over to the State Democratic Committee for campaign purposes the nice little sum of six thousand dollars, and following this liberality of the monopoly, the Missouri Democratic legislature passed an act allowing the said railway trust to consolidate into one company, thus making the monopoly a lawful one, The muck-rake is the salvation of the country. Let it be used industriously, the President to the contrary notwithstanding.—*Missouri World, Chillicothe, Mo.*

The Governor of Kansas says: "Party caucuses have lost their power." Maybe so, but the big stick, the pitchfork, the muck-rake and the whitewash brush have their old-time potency.—*Times, Cambridge, Mass.*

It is not surprising that the Man With the Muck-Rake became unpopular as soon as he uncovered a few high muck-a-mucks.—*Messenger, Baring, Mo.*

If the seeds that are sent free by congressmen were sent out by seedsmen, in sealed packages, they would have to pay letter postage, and the Post Office Department would get $350,000 in postage. And yet they want to saddle the deficit in the postal revenues on the rural free delivery.—*Valley Farmer, Fresno, Cal.*

Kansas voters, Kansas taxpayers, Kansas people generally are going to have the political square deal if they have to turn the state upside down and inside out to get it. The war for better men and better methods is on to stay, and it is useless for grafters, boodlers and inconsequential lobsters to line up along the road and throw rocks at the procession. —*Republican, El Dorado, Kan.*

Tom Watson and Editor Hearst will hardly go out of business in consequence of Teddy Roosevelt's frenzied tirade against all publications which dare tell the truth about the silk-stocking thieves. Some of the papers of the slop-tub type are going into spasms of delight over what they, truckling curs that they are, term "Roosevelt's rebuke." The whole sum and substance of his speech was simply a few bombastic slurs and invectives hurled at truthful, outspoken publications, which call a thief a thief, and a general eulogy on slop-tub papers which conceal the crimes of high-toned criminals.—*Donham's Doings, Le Sueur, Minn.*

When politicians plot to deceive the people, their favorite and most plausible argument is: "Vote for men, not measures," Thomas Jefferson said: "vote for measures, not men."—*Herald, Laurens, S. C.*

It is very disquieting to the nerves of the Republican senators when Senator Tillman each day reads to his colleagues a letter, memorial or affidavit, setting forth some particular instance of unreasonable railroad rates or the abuse of power by the Coal Trust against the little shippers. This is the way Senator Tillman gently stirs up the Republicans, and reminds them that his pitchfork is still in good order.—*Citizen, Tucson, Arizona.*

Secretary Stevens says that nothing is needed to make Panama a delightful place to establish a home, except water and good society. There is a famous place where only

the former is lacking, but no one wants to go there.—*Warbler, Wilsey, Kan.*

THERE is plenty of faith in the future of the Panama Canal, but the people are beginning to think it is time for the works.—*Index, Cassville, Wis.*

THE Steel Trust has announced that, in spite of the increased demand, there will be no increase in the price of steel rails, the trust being willing to accept about $6 a ton more from American consumers than they receive from their foreign patrons.—*Leader, Mt. Clemens, Mich.*

IT is estimated that one-fourth of the United States senators are being treated for deafness, throat trouble or failing sight. Cases of ingrowing conscience, however, are extremely rare.—*Enterprise, Mapleton, Ia.*

THE San Francisco earthquake has rattled the bones of the stand-patters. Some Democrat butted in with a proposal to remove the tariff from steel so that the natives of the stricken city would be able to buy it for about the same price that the Datu of Swat pays, and the consternation it created among the "representatives of the people" brought all public business to a standstill.

Railroad-rate bills, statehood bills, Panama Canal bills, even pension bills were dropped with a panicky haste, while our incorruptible lawmakers rushed to the rescue of that infant industry, the Steel Trust.

Don't monkey with the tariff! Everything is in line for a Democratic landslide some time in the future, and the stand-patters are the best friends and promoters of said landslide the Democrats could wish for.—*Messenger, Pleasant Hill, Ill.*

FOR ten years a bill to amend the Constitution, so as to provide for the election of United States senators by direct vote, has passed the House, only to be lost in the Senate. Such a bill has passed the House again this session. It will very probably meet the same fate in the upper House as that of former years. But what's the difference? The same result can be reached without a constitutional amendment by voting at the party primaries for a senatorial candidate, as they do in Arkansas and other Southern states, or by having a candidate indorsed by the state convention. Common sense and party loyalty should do away with most of the deals and dickers and bargains which have so often in recent years disgraced legislatures in their selection of senators.—*Crescent, Sayuache, Col.*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has placed himself on record as unqualifiedly in favor of legislation by Congress authorizing the payment of a straight-out subsidy to American steamships engaged in the foreign trade.

The House committee on merchant marine and fisheries is putting the finishing touches to a ship-subsidy bill which passed the Senate this session, and the President's approval of the policy of paying steamship subsidies will, it is said, go far toward removing opposition, both in the committee and in the House. Just why President Roosevelt should favor this scheme is beyond our understanding. Giving steamship companies a present of so much cash each year for running their own business is too much like voting bonds to build railroads, or giving the railroad each alternate section of land through which the road runs. It is simply a GIFT—nothing else. If it pays to operate a steamship line, why should the people make the company a present? Or, if the people put their money into the line, why should they not own and operate it? If the people put their money into a steamship line, wherein will they be benefited? If they should use the line, they would have to pay for it—just as they have to pay for riding on a railroad or shipping stuff over it after having furnished the money or the land, to build the road.

There can be nothing right about giving large sums of money to steamship companies. There is no justice in it, and we are surprised to learn that the President favors the scheme.—*Independent Review, Garnett, Kan.*

THE Los Angeles surgeon who has restored the reason of a mental incompetent, by an operation ought to find a big field of usefulness in Washington.—*Times, Bayonne, N. J.*

A RESOLUTION, providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, has been favorably acted on by a House committee. The resolution also provides for the election of members of the House for four years instead of two years as now. There is very little probability of the plutocratic Senate ever allowing these amendments to be submitted to the states for approval.—*Progress, Berryville, Ark.*

A Ray of Light

"THE Honorable Thomas Rott——"

"Well, he has the right idea, for once in his life; he is advocating the public ownership of the United States Senate."

FROM MAY 8 TO JUNE 8, 1906

Home News

May 8.—The Senate debates the amendment to the Railroad Rate bill introduced by Senator Elkins of West Virginia, which prohibits common carriers from engaging in any business of production. The House of Representatives considers the Naval Appropriation bill.

The President transmits to Congress a letter recommending the appropriation of $500,000 more to meet the conditions at San Francisco.

Senator Gorman of Maryland is reported critically ill.

Representatives of both sides in the Great Lake strike meet at Cleveland, O. for a conference.

Reports from San Francisco show conditions very much improved.

The House passes a resolution empowering a committee to investigate the expenditures of the Agricultural Department.

May 9.—The officials of the New York Central Hudson River Railroad Co. and the American Sugar Refining Company plead not guilty to the indictments brought against them by the Federal Grand Jury in New York City for granting and receiving rebates.

May 11.—The special Grand Jury which is investigating the doings of life insurance companies in New York City discovers that $250,000 has been stolen from the policyholders of the Mutual Life Insurance Company by padding pay-rolls. The money is said to have been given to Andrew C. Fields for legislative purposes.

Senator Bailey's amendment to the Railroad Rate Regulation bill, prohibiting Federal courts from suspending orders of the Interstate Commerce Commission by temporary injunction pending judicial review, is defeated in the Senate.

Despatches from Washington state that the Senate has become disgusted with the President because of his changes of opinion on the Railroad Rate bill, and refuse to advise further with him. It is the general opinion that the President's surrender to Senator Aldrich on the broad court review proposition kills the effectiveness of the bill.

A committee of the New York Bar Association investigates the connection of David B. Hill with the Equitable Life Insurance Company as its counsel at a retainer of $5,000 a year. The committee decides that Mr. Hill's connection with the company was legal, although he was a United States senator a part of the time that he accepted the retainer.

The General Paper Company, known as the Western Paper Trust, is dissolved by the Federal Court at St. Paul, Minn. A recent decision of the United States Supreme Court forcing the officers of the trust to testify caused the trust to withdraw its defense and surrender its case.

May 12.—The Railroad Rate bill, with the Allison amendments, passes the Senate after a bitter debate. Senator Tillman again charged the President with characterizing Senators Foraker, Knox and Spooner as enemies of railway rate regulation. The President declares Senator Tillman's charges to be "an unqualified falsehood."

The Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals is at a deadlock on the question of a sea-level or lock canal for the Isthmus of Panama.

The investigation of the Interstate Commerce Commission into the relations of the Standard Oil Company and the railroads brings out the fact that employees of the Standard were paid to drive out competing oil companies by resorting to fraudulent prices.

May 13.—Senator Tillman issues a statement containing the written statement of ex-Senator Chandler, which gives an account of the latter's interview with the President.

Senator Chandler quotes the President as saying that Senators Knox, Spooner and Foraker were trying to injure or defeat the Railroad Rate bill by ingenious constitutional arguments.

May 14.—President Roosevelt and Attorney-General Moody issue statements denying the charges made in the statement

of ex-Senator Chandler and made by Senator Tillman in the Senate regarding the negotiations over the Railroad Rate bill.

The Senate discusses the Lodge amendment to the Railroad Rate bill, which provides for the reorganization of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Several suits are filed against members of the present expenditures committee of the Mutual Life Insurance Company and its immediate predecessor, for the recovery of moneys improperly spent through their neglect.

Carl Schurz dies at his home in New York City, aged 77.

May 15.—President Roosevelt transmits to Congress a letter from Secretary Taft recommending the purchase of supplies for the Panama Canal be made in the open market.

The investigation being made by the Interstate Commerce Commission into the relations of railroads and coal companies at Philadelphia, brings out the fact that the railroad companies have been showing favoritism to the larger coal companies in the distribution of cars for hauling coal.

May 16.—The Interstate Commerce Commission brings out the fact in the investigation at Philadelphia that coal companies have given stock to Pennsylvania Railroad officials in order to secure better treatment and favoritism over other coal companies.

Ex-Senator Chandler replies to the President's denial of the truth of the statement made by Chandler to Senator Tillman and used by Senator Tillman in his speech delivered in the Senate. Mr. Chandler reiterates the charges in a letter to Senator Tillman, which letter Senator Tillman uses in another sharp attack upon the President.

Senator Bailey replies to the charge made by certain newspapers that he was scheming to hinder effective rate regulation by his amendment to the Hepburn Rate Regulation bill, and denounces the correspondents of the papers, and the papers, as unqualified, deliberate and malicious liars.

The Standard Oil Company issues a statement to its shareholders in reply to the special message recently sent to Congress by the President. The statement declares that the Standard does not benefit by secret freight rates and denies that the Standard Oil Company is a monopoly.

The Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals decides to recommend a sea-level canal for the Isthmus of Panama.

May 17.—Frank B. Wigton, head of the Morrisdale Coal Company, testifies before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has given rebates and cites cases in which the railroad has discriminated in the allotment of coal cars. R. L. O'Donnell testifies that he was given blocks of stock in various coal companies while in charge of the car distribution department of one of the Pennsylvania Railroad divisions.

The Senate reviews the amendments to the Railroad Rate bill, and Senator Tillman of South Carolina leads a sharp attack on the constitutionality of the clause in the Allison amendment giving the Interstate Commerce Commission discretionary powers.

To a delegation of members of the Merchant Marine League of the United States the President expresses himself heartily in favor of the Ship Subsidy bill now pending in Congress.

The report in favor of a sea-level canal for the Isthmus of Panama is reported to the Senate by Senator Kittredge.

The President transmits to Congress the full report of Commissioner Garfield on the investigation which the latter made into the operations of the Standard Oil Company. The report reaffirms the allegations made against the Oil Trust in the President's message to Congress on May 4, and cites cases where the trust violated interstate commerce laws.

The House passes the Naval Appropriation bill, carrying $99,764,000. The amendment allowing the purchase of certain equipments in the open market was defeated.

May 18.—By a vote of 71 to 3, the Senate passes the Railroad Rate bill. The clause giving the Interstate Commerce Commission discretionary power was stricken from the bill. The bill has several amendments, the most important being the one known as the Allison amendment, which gives to United States circuit courts jurisdiction to hear and determine suits brought against the Interstate Commerce Commission to enjoin, set aside, annul or suspend any order or requirement. This amendment is important, not because it changes in any respect the intention of the framers of the House bill, but because, by putting in plain English what the authors of the bill have uniformly contended was there by inference, it has removed a serious doubt as to the constitutionality of the entire measure. There can be no higher authority as to what the House bill intended than the interpretation placed upon it by its author, Representative Hepburn, who has repeatedly declared that it was the intention to give to the courts exactly the jurisdiction and power that they will have under the Allison amendment.

Other officials and employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad admit that they were given stock in various coal companies in return for special favors. Other cases in which the railroad gave rebates are shown. Officials of the road state that an investigation will be made to determine whether or not the acceptance of gifts by the employees worked injury to the railroad.

The New York Legislative Insurance Investigating Committee, the committee that unearthed the insurance scandals, holds its final session and disbands.

Vice-President Thayer, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, issues another statement denying the statements in the report of Commissioner Garfield respecting the granting of rebates to the Standard Oil Company.

May 19.—Reports from San Francisco show conditions good and the work of clearing away the wreckage is progressing rapidly.

Forest fires destroy several small towns in Northwestern Michigan, causing $300,000 damage.

Rear-Admiral Mason, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, declares to Congress that the United States Navy is in need of money and supplies, as the ships now under construction could not be used, for lack of ammunition and stores.

May 21.—It is discovered that a tiny amendment, added to the Railroad Rate bill by Senator McCumber of North Dakota, vitiates the effectiveness of the entire bill. Under this amendment the railroad or carrier who objects to complying with an order of the Interstate Commerce Commission will have no occasion to appeal to the courts for relief. He would only have to refuse to obey the order, and no one can force its being obeyed until the commission, on which will be the burden of proof, has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the court that its order was not only regular but "just and reasonable."

The United States makes preparations to preserve order on the Isthmus of Panama at the coming election.

The Panama Canal Commission asks for an appropriation of $26,348,281 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907.

The United States Supreme Court affirms the decision of the Circuit Court of Missouri, by which Senator Burton of Kansas was convicted. It is now expected that Burton will resign to save the Senate from expelling him.

The Senate passes the Legislative Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill. The bill carries appropriations aggregating $29,315,259.

May 22.—Judge Smith McPherson, of Kansas overrules the demurrer of the Burlington Railway to indictment for rebating.

The Senate directs the Committee on Privileges and Elections to investigate the effect of the decision by the Supreme Court in the case of Senator Burton of Kansas.

The Senate considers the Immigration bill. The House considers the Diplomatic and Consular bill.

The Joint Congressional Committee on Printing decides to cut down the number of public documents printed by the Government. It is estimated that this will save the Government $750,000 a year.

Commissioner Garfield states that he will submit to the President further information on the result of his investigation of the oil industry.

The New York Central Railroad withdraws its plea of not guilty to the indictment for rebating and files demurrers.

May 23.—The Interstate Commerce Commission resumes its investigation into the discrimination of railroads in the distribution of freight cars. William A. Patton, assistant to President Cassat of the Pennsylvania Railroad, admits that he has acquired stock valued at $307,000 in various coal companies without cost to himself. Other officials of the Pennsylvania admit that they were given smaller amounts of stock in coal companies.

President Paul Morton announces a plan to hasten the mutualization of the Equitable Life Insurance Company by amending its charter so as to permit the policyholders to elect twenty-eight of the fifty-two directors at the annual meeting next December.

Witnesses testify before the special Grand Jury in New York City that political contributions were made by the Mutual Life Insurance Company with the sanction of Robert A. Grannis, former Vice-President of the company.

While the Diplomatic and Consular bill is being considered by the House several speeches are made on the tariff.

The Senate Committee on Finance vote to report favorably the "Free Alcohol bill" recently passed by the House.

John F. Wallace, former Chief Engineer of the Isthmian Canal, sends a letter to the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals in which he bitterly attacks Secretary Taft and Governor Magoon.

The Senate Committee on Finance authorizes the reporting of a resolution allowing purchases for the Panama Canal to be made in foreign markets only when they cannot be purchased at reasonable prices in the United States.

The President, Attorney-General Moody and Commissioner Garfield hold a con-

ference to determine what, if any, further steps are to be taken in the investigation of the Oil Trust.

The Senate passes the Immigration bill.

A conference is held between Senator Burton and Senator Burrows, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections. It is stated that Burton refuses to resign.

The President promises to use his influence in bringing about an agreement on the Statehood bill.

The board of directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company decides to investigate the admissions made by certain officers and employees that they own stock in several companies along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Many banks in San Francisco resume business.

May 24.—More testimony showing discrimination by the Pennsylvania Railroad in the distribution of cars in the soft coal fields is brought out at the Interstate Commerce Commission hearing in Philadelphia.

The Interstate Commerce Commission hears evidence in the investigation of the Standard Oil Company at Cleveland. Much evidence was produced relating to methods which the Standard took to prevent competition and drive its rivals out of business. It is also shown that railroads took considerable part in aiding the Standard Oil Company to fight its rivals.

At the trial of George H. Crosby, traffic manager of the Burlington Railroad, and George L. Thomas, the New York freight broker, in the Federal court at Kansas City, Mo., members of several large business firms admit that they received thousands of dollars in commissions from "unknown sources."

The Senate passes the Free Alcohol bill.

Speeches are made on the tariff question in the House by Mr. Dalzell of Pennsylvania and Mr. Towne of New York.

May 25.—The Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court decides that George W. Perkins committed no crime in being reimbursed by the New York Life Insurance Company for the political contribution he made the Republican Committee in 1904, on behalf of the company, at the request of President McCall.

Testimony taken by the Interstate Commerce Commission at Philadelphia shows that more officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad own stock in coal mines.

A former employee of the Standard Oil Company testifies before the Interstate Commerce Commission at Cleveland that he has been employed by the Standard Oil Trust to drive independent dealers out of business in Northern Ohio.

The United States District Court, sitting in Kansas City, Mo., finds George L. Thomas, a freight broker of New York, and L. B. Taggart, his clerk, guilty of conspiracy with shippers to give rebates.

The United States Grand Jury, which has been investigating the Fertilizer Trust at Nashville, Tenn., returns indictments against about eighty fertilizer manufacturers.

The Senate amendments to the Hepburn Railroad Rate bill are disagreed to by the House and the bill is sent to conference. The House Committee on Rivers and Harbors agrees on a bill for the preservation of Niagara Falls.

The Senate passes the Agricultural Appropriation bill, with the amendment of Senator Beveridge of Indiana. The amendment provides for inspection by representatives of the Agricultural Department of all meats which are to enter into interstate commerce and for the sanitary inspection of all parts of the plants in which such meats are dressed and the destruction of condemned meats.

May 26.—Many speeches are made on different subjects in the discussion of the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill in the House.

Despatches from Washington state that the beef packers and stockmen of Chicago are very much alarmed over the passage of Senator Beveridge's amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation bill which requires meats to be inspected and stamped.

The investigation of the Standard Oil Company's affairs at Cleveland by the Interstate Commerce Commission adjourns.

May 28.—A despatch from Washington states that an agreement has been reached on the Statehood bill. The agreement will give Arizona and New Mexico the right to vote on the question of being admitted as one state.

Andrew C. Fields, former legislative agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, appears before the special investigating Grand Jury in New York and testifies. The nature of the testimony is not known.

The Senate appoints Senators Elkins, Cullom and Tillman conferrees on the Railroad Rate Regulation bill.

May 29.—The President leaves Washington for Portsmouth, Va., where he will speak.

The Senate and House conferrees on the Railroad Rate bill dispose of the minor amendments, but the chances of an agreement on the important ones are not considered good.

The special insurance Grand Jury in New York City obtains evidence that many thousands of dollars were diverted from the Mutual Life Insurance Company by means of false bills for stationery, printing, supplies, etc.

A man who accompanied a special commissioner appointed by President Roosevelt to investigate the conditions at the Chicago stockyards reveals how diseased cattle were passed under the commissioners' eyes at the Standard Slaughtering Company's plant.

It is estimated that the appropriations made by this Congress will be $650,000,000.

May 30.—In a Memorial Day address Governor Hanley of Indiana makes the following statement:

"The American people are at the beginning of a great revolution. As yet there is, in a literal sense, no call to arms. There are no drum beats, no bugle blasts, no serried ranks, no marching columns, no battlefields strewn with the wounded and the dead; but the revolution is upon us as certainly as though all these were present. Stupendous social, economic and political changes are involved.

"Deeply embedded in the very core and centre of this revolution, running like a thread through all its shifting scenes and changing forms, are certain fundamental principles of human right and of human liberty, and unless we in our day, and especially you in your day, possess a willingness to seek for these and the wisdom to find them, and the patriotism and the courage to proclaim them, to stand by them and save them when found, the call to arms, the drum beats, the bugle calls, the serried ranks, the marching columns and the battlefields will come to us and to you as certainly as in the past they came to our fathers.

"The criminal aggressions of incorporated and aggregated wealth against the individual must be stayed by legal regulations and wholesome laws courageously enforced, or history will repeat itself in your day as it has in the past. No despotism can be more absolute than the despotism of money.

"Thrift, wealth and aggregated capital are essential to the prosperity of the people and the development of the country. I wage no war against these or any of these. But I do wage war against the thrift that grows by theft and peculation, against the abuse of wealth, against the corrupt practices of incorporated capital, and the undue and unholy influences it exercises in the administration of Government."

In an address delivered at Atlanta, Ga., Theodore P. Shonts, Chairman of the Panama Canal Commission, urges a lock canal.

May 31.—A despatch from Washington says that the meat packers have changed their attitude toward the Neill-Reynolds report, and now want it published.

At Little Rock, Ark., a bench warrant, based on an indictment for bribery, was served today on Webb Covington, president of the late State Senate. It is said that other arrests will follow, and that thirty members of the State House and Senate are charged with complicity.

In a Memorial Day address yesterday at Lafayette, Indiana, Governor Hanley said, "The American people are at the beginning of a great revolution. Stupendous, social, economic and political changes are involved."

June 2.—Yesterday at Washington, Robert Adams, Jr., Representative in Congress from the Second Congressional District of Pennsylvania, died at the Emergency Hospital, as the result of a revolver shot wound, inflicted with suicidal intent. It is said that he was driven to desperation by his losses in the stock market and at bridge whist.

June 3.—It is reported from Washington that the Railroad Rate Bill has been made stronger in conference. Passes are forbidden and the penal section has a wider application. Most of the Senate amendments stand.

The Socialist Party of New York State has nominated its candidate for the Governor's campaign in the fall. The nominee is John D. Chase, once Mayor of Haverhill, Mass.

June 4.—President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad returned yesterday, abruptly, from his European tour, to meet the situation which has developed before the Interstate Commerce Commission, in its inquiry into the relations between railroads and coal companies

June 5.—Yesterday the President sent to Congress the first section of the Neill-Reynolds Packing-house Report, accompanied by a letter in which Mr. Roosevelt describes the conditions in the Chicago packing-houses as revolting. The report shows that the packing-houses are not only physically unsanitary and unclean, but that the moral atmosphere of these places, owing to the unsanitary arrangements, is most pernicious.

At Topeka, Kan., Joseph R. Burton, convicted of the crime of practicing before a Government department while a member of the United States Senate, sent his resignation to Governor Hoch. The Governor has appointed, in Burton's place, Foster D. Coborn, at present Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture.

At Washington yesterday Arthur Pue Gorman, Senator from Maryland, died of heart trouble.

June 6.—Today at Harrisburg the Republican State Convention will name a candidate for Governor. It is rumored that President Roosevelt, through Senator Knox, has indicated a preference for Edwin S. Stewart as the nominee. Republicans outside the big cities of Pennsylvania resent the interference from Washington.

John Delahunty, the lawyer of Richard A. Canfield, the gambler, won a verdict yesterday in his suit in the New York Supreme Court for $65,000 for services rendered, less some notes that he had given Canfield for money advanced.

The Democratic Club of New York, formerly the official headquarters of Richard Croker, and the representative club of the Tammany Democracy, announced yesterday that permission of the state authorities had been granted for the change of its name to the National Democratic Club.

At Steubenville, O., striking miners of the United States Coal Company, having received judgment in suits for money due them, attached the Gatling gun which the coal company had mounted at the Plum Run mines to shoot them down, and also levied on all the ammunition the company has in store. Reports from Dillonvale, O., say that the mining villages of this section were quiet last night. One thousand one hundred and fifty members of the state militia are on guard.

At New York City Coroner Shrady continues his investigation into the thirty deaths alleged to have taken place in the Long Island and Pennsylvania tunnel since the beginning of the current year.

Scottown, a village in Ohio with a population of 200 persons, was washed away yesterday in a flood. The inhabitants escaped to the surrounding hills, although four were so badly injured that they cannot recover.

George E. Chamberlain, Democrat, was re-elected Governor of Oregon yesterday, by a majority of not less than 1,000. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., Republican, has received the popular nomination for United States senator by 5,000 majority.

It is reported from Washington that Chairman Wadsworth, of the House Committee on Agriculture, who has in charge the substitute, designed to protect the packers, for the Beveridge rider to the Agricultural bill, has framed provisions so extreme that even the packers are afraid of them, and may reject them. The President has threatened that, unless the Agricultural bill is promptly passed, he will stop the use of Government inspection labels on the cans of the export products of the packers.

At Chicago, carpenters, plumbers and cleaners are busy making improvements in the stockyards and the buildings of the various packing concerns.

At Jefferson City, Mo., David R. Francis, ex-governor of that State, said yesterday in a speech that the conservative branch of the Democratic Party, of which he was a member, could now unite with the radical branch in the support of William Jennings Bryan for the Presidency in the campaign of 1908.

At Philadelphia, yesterday, before the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, investigating the connection of railroads with the soft coal and oil interests, it was developed that the New York Central Railroad received as a present from the Beech Creek Coal Company 5,000 shares of stock, par value $100, for "traffic reasons." Later, when the Beech Creek Company was merged into the Pennsylvania Coal and Coke Company, this stock was surrendered, the railroad receiving $1,500,000 worth of stock in the latter company.

At Pittsburg, yesterday, was held the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Company. The old board of directors was re-elected. The annual report for the year 1905, covering 1,400 miles of railroad operated directly by the Pennsylvania Company, was submitted. It showed gross earnings of $40,596,439.59, an increase, as compared with 1904, of $4,205,857.67; expenses, $29,038,787.87, an increase, as compared with 1904, of $2,995,425.76; net earnings from operation, $11,557,651.72, an increase, as compared with 1904, of $1,210,431.91. Deduct rentals paid roads operated on basis of net earnings, $1,970,195.45, leaving, as net operating earnings of the Pennsylvania Company, $9,587,456.27, an increase, as compared with 1904, of $1,294,587.71.

The tonnage of the lines directly operated by the Pennsylvania Company increased 15,282,980 tons, or 24.41 per cent., as compared with 1904. The number of passengers carried on the lines directly operated shows an increase of 766,591, or 7.66 per cent., as compared with 1904.

Yesterday the Mutual Life Insurance Company began suit for an accounting against Robert A. Granniss and Dr. Walter R. Gillette, formerly the Mutual's first two vice-presidents and the executive understudies of Richard A. McCurdy.

June 7.—It is said that the District-Attorney's office of New York City is drafting an indictment against one of the promi-

nent officials of the Mutual Life Insurance Company. A. C. Fields, L. W. Lawrence and some others, who were figures in the scandals attaching to this insurance company, have been promised immunity for the testimony they afforded the District-Attorney's office, which made possible the prosecution of the men higher up, which is now under way.

At Harrisburg, Pa., yesterday, the Republican State Convention nominated for Governor, Edwin S. Stewart of Philadelphia.

Senator Blackburn of Kentucky was chosen leader of the minority of the Senate, in the place of Senator Gorman, recently deceased. Senator Blackburn has been defeated for re-election, and this Congress is his last.

It is reported from Washington that a congressional committee of inquiry, in response to an invitation of the packers, will go to Chicago within a week to inspect the packing industry for themselves.

In the investigation of the Interstate Commerce Commission at Philadelphia yesterday it was brought out that two railroad clerks, assistants of high officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad, received $97,000 in gifts from the coal companies from which they bought fuel for the railroad.

In Washington, yesterday, the Republican members got the House to retain in the Sundry Civil bill the appropriation of $130,000 rental to the National City Bank of New York for the old Custom House property in that city. Last year Democrats and Republicans vied in showing up the character of the deal by which the Government was induced to sell the property to the National City Bank and then to pay rental to the bank on the property, while the bank, by holding back part of the purchase price, left the title in the Government and so avoided the payment of any taxes to the City and State of New York. The exposure was of such a nature that it left no partisan question to be voted upon, and party lines were forgotten in the vote.

Yesterday precisely the same exposure was made, but without the same effect. The champions of the item stood again, as they did last year, on the fact that there was a contract between the Government and the bank, and that whatever that contract might be it must be carried out. Again did the opponents of the item charge that this gift by the Government was made because of campaign contributions made by the bank to the Republican Party. Again did they point to the fact that, after the contract was made, Secretary Gage and Assistant Secretary Vanderlip, retiring from office, received lucrative positions from the interests which control the bank.

But this time the party lines were drawn so tightly that though the House wrangled over it all the afternoon, and though some Republicans made remarks indicating their opinion of the deal, only one Republican voted against the item, and he was the irreconcilable insurgent from Missouri, Mr. Murphy.

It is reported from Washington that Western and Southern Democrats expect a great demonstration in favor of W. J. Bryan when he lands in New York about August 1.

June 8.—President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad summarily discharged J. V. Boyer, the clerk who admitted before the Interstate Commerce Commission that he had accepted $46,000 from coal-mining companies in return for consideration shown such companies.

Frank A. Vanderlip, Vice-President of the National City Bank, predicted yesterday, that, while there is no likelihood of a drop this year in the country's prosperity, the monetary outlook is not so clear. He says that money rates will be higher after sixty days.

At Washington, in the House of Representatives, Mr. Brundidge of Arkansas, a member of the Appropriation Committee, denounced the expenses made by the President for refurnishing the White House, for the care of the grounds and for the President's travels. He showed that, under the Cleveland Administration, there was expended for the Executive Department, including the salary of the President, $137,200. Under the McKinley Administration there was expended $134,400, while the bill under consideration carries for the Executive Department, including the care of the White House, greenhouse, etc., $253,340. In addition to this Mr. Brundidge said there were forty policemen detailed at the White House and in the grounds, and that this cost an additional $40,000, bringing the total to nearly $300,000, which he denominated as extravagance run mad.

It is reported from Chicago that the packers have lost $20,000,000 in trade since the Beef Trust exposures, and that in some plants as much as 60 per cent. of the employees have been laid off. At Washington it is said that the packers tried to dicker with the personal commissioners of President Roosevelt to write a different report on the packing business from the one which was delivered to the President. It is said that the packers asked for thirty days to clean up, after which they would be ready to have a report made on their

plants. It is now thought unlikely that a Congressional Committee will go to Chicago to inspect the plants personally.

Indiana Democrats in their convention at Indianapolis yesterday adopted a platform indorsing William Jennings Bryan for the Presidency in 1908.

Foreign News

May 8.—All arrangements for opening the Russian Parliament are completed.

A despatch from Berlin, Germany, states that five anarchists are arrested at Uroille for throwing bombs.

The Viceroy of Canton, China, pays to the American Consul $60,000 indemnity for property destroyed during the rioting at Lienchow in October, 1905.

May 10.—The first Russian Parliament is opened at St. Petersburg by the Czar. Some of the demands of the Duma will be:

A full constitution, meaning the limitation of the Czar's power by the representative assembly.

Universal suffrage.

Autonomy for Finland and Poland.

Equality of rights for the Hebrews.

More land for the peasants.

An eight-hour work day for workingmen.

The abolition of the death sentence.

May 11.—The Sultan of Turkey is reported seriously ill.

The British Ambassador at Constantinople notifies the Turkish Government that Great Britain's demands must be complied with and troops withdrawn from Tabah under penalty of war.

The upper House of the Russian Parliament is opened by Count Solsky, its president. at the Winter Palace. The Central Committee of the Constitutional Democrats is preparing a reply to the speech from the throne.

All Socialist members of the Italian Chamber of Deputies tender their resignations, but the Chamber refuses to accept them.

May 13.—The committee of British policyholders in the Mutual Life Insurance Company approves the proposal of the North British and Mercantile Company to take over $45,000,000 of policies of immediate full surrender value.

A body, believed to be that of Father Gapon, is found hanging near Ozerki, a small village in Finland.

The motion of the Labor Party in the Russian Parliament to demand immediate amnesty from the Czar is defeated.

Fearing the May Day outbreaks, troops are patrolling the industrial quarters of St. Petersburg.

Turkish Troops evacuate Tabah.

Governor Curry submits to Governor General Ide a proposal to place the island of Samar under martial law and exterminate the outlaws.

May 15.—The lower House of the Russian Parliament begins a debate on the address in reply to the speech from the throne. Sweeping concessions are demanded of the Czar.

A report from Peking, China, states that several French priests have been massacred in the province of Ngan-Hwei.

May 17.—The Italian Ministry, headed by Baron Sonnino, is defeated by the Chamber of Deputies and is expected to resign.

The Portuguese Ministry resigns.

The German Reichstag passes a bill taking the regular Bourse tax off all transactions in Government bonds.

After a heated debate, the Russian Parliament adopts its reply to the Czar's speech from the throne. The reply will be immediately sent to the Czar.

May 18.—The Czar of Russia receives Parliament's reply to his speech from the throne.

Wu-Ting-Fang, who has the task of codifying Chinese laws, is reported to favor trial by jury, practice by native lawyers and electrocution.

A British torpedo boat sinks off Port Saïd, and seven of her crew are lost.

May 19.—A rumor that Russia will refuse to recognize Japan's position in Korea causes much excitement in Japan.

A despatch from London states that Great Britain will retain the port of Wei-Hai-Wei at the request of Japan.

United States war vessels are sent to intercept revolutionary expeditions from Porto Rico against San Domingo.

The Premier of England receives a delegation of 400 women who demand the right to vote.

Orders are issued at Manila for a campaign against the Pulajanes, in the island of Samar.

Pope Pius is suffering from a severe case of gout.

May 20.—Indignation is caused among the members of the lower House of the Russian Parliament by the Czar's refusal to receive the deputation appointed to present the reply to the speech from the throne.

President Palma is inaugurated President of Cuba at the palace in Havana.

Austria decides to refuse the Hungarian demand for a separate tariff.

Fifteen Turks are killed and twenty-three injured by Christians in Macedonia.

May 21.—The Russian lower House of Parliament accepts the decision of the Czar in regard to the presentation of its demands.

William H Stuart, the American viceconsul at Batoum, Russia, is assassinated.

More fights occur in Macedonia between Turks and Servians, and Greeks and Wallachians.

May 22.—A detailed discussion of the Education bill is going on in the English House of Commons.

Reports from St. Petersburg state that a limited form of amnesty will be granted the Russian people on May 27.

Turkish soldiers kill seventeen members of a Greek band who are attempting to burn a Bulgarian village.

Emperor Francis Joseph refuses to accept the resignations of the Austrian and Hungarian Premiers. The Hungarian Parliament is formally opened.

A. Cannich, the German vice-consul at Bocas del Toro, Panama, is murdered by a native.

Cossacks kill four and wound 200 peasants in the neighborhood of Simbirsk, Russia.

May 23.—The Russian Government refuses to grant the request of Parliament for full political amnesty. The Government gives as a reason for the refusal the restless state of the country.

The Central Committee of the Constitutional Democrats completes drafts of bills for general suffrage, equal rights for all citizens, guarantees of personal immunity and inviolability of domicile without due process of law, and guarantees of the right of *habeas corpus*.

The British House of Commons adopts a resolution to the effect that further reforms are needed in Macedonia.

Henrik Ibsen, the great Norwegian poet and dramatist, dies at his home in Christiania, aged 78.

May 24.—Princess Ena leaves London en route for Spain, and King Alfonso leaves Madrid to meet the princess at the frontier.

As the result of disastrous floods in China causing the loss of thousands of lives and destroying the rice crops, a famine is feared.

The feeling in St. Petersburg is strong that the only chance for peace between the Government and the Parliament lies in the resignation of the Goremykin Cabinet.

May 25.—Revolutionary activity is increasing in Russia, and there are signs of a general strike to show the popular displeasure at the Government's attitude toward the agrarian and general amnesty questions.

Premier Goremykin will read the imperial reply to the demands of Parliament today. A forecast of the speech shows few concessions.

Princess Ena of Battenberg arrives at Madrid and is escorted to the palace; great crowds give the future queen a warm welcome.

David Lloyd-George, President of the Board of Trade, hints that a Liberal government might soon take action to check the veto powers of the House of Lords.

The Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company has closed all its offices in Great Britain.

Thousands of grocers, protesting against co-operative societies, cause a disturbance before the House of Parliament at Vienna. Many persons are injured before the police disperse the crowd.

Mail advices from China tell of earthquakes in the north which cause heavy loss of life, and of serious risings in Manchuria and Ho-Nan.

May 26.—The Russian lower House demands the creation of a responsible ministry, and indignantly rejects the Government's reply to Parliament's demand. Advices from the capital say that a conflict appears to be inevitable.

The strike which began at Odessa is extending to all the Black Sea ports; the situation at Odessa is critical; workmen in all trades threaten to join the movement; the police are making many arrests, and 2,000 troops occupy the harbor district.

San Domingo rebels, led by Jimenez, attack Guayubin and kill a general. The partisans of Morales are reported to be acting with the insurgents.

Great crowds cheer Princess Ena of Battenberg and King Alfonso, who drive to Madrid from the palace.

Herr von Justh is elected President of the lower house of the Hungarian Parliament at Budapest.

Ambassador Wright is received at Tokio by the Emperor of Japan.

The International Postal Congress, at Rome, adjourns after signing the treaties previously agreed upon.

May 27.—The leaders of the Constitutional Democrats remain firm in their demand for a responsible ministry and their rejection of the imperial concessions. The Government leaders are represented as panic-stricken and many conferences have been held. The people's representatives say they will carry out their program while awaiting the Emperor's reply.

A number of bombs are thrown at a review of troops at Sebastopol; one despatch places the number of killed at eleven and the wounded at one hundred.

The warden of the city prison is mortally wounded at St. Petersburg and an attempt is made to kill the Governor-General at Tiflis.

Greece has decided to break all diplomatic relations with Roumania, according to a despatch from Athens.

Japan is said to have decided to retain permanent control of Manchurian railways, and another large loan is expected

to finance the scheme. Many complaints are being made regarding forced circulation of Japanese war notes in Manchuria.

The Austro-Hungarian tariff dispute has been settled.

The secretary of Don Jaime, son of Don Carlos, the Spanish Pretender, is arrested at Barcelona.

A semi-official note issued at Paris says that foreigners in Guadeloupe and Martinique are in no danger, two warships and a garrison of five thousand men being held ready to protect them in case of need.

May 28.—The Municipal Council of Panama asks the United States to intervene in the coming election, and the council at Colon passes a resolution denouncing the action. The *Columbia* has arrived at Colon, and the *Marblehead* at Panama.

There are many rumors in St. Petersburg of the formation of a new Cabinet, M. Shipoff being mentioned as Premier. The present Ministry, according to one of its members, will pay no attention to the vote of lack of confidence passed by the House.

The British Government, in the House of Commons, despite strong protests from the Opposition, invokes the closure rule and carries the first clause of the Education bill, involving the principle, by a majority of 203.

Advices from Nillemstad say the Venezuelans generally believe that Castro will soon retake the office of President, from which he resigned on May 23.

May 29.—General Costello, who captured the city of Ocos, in Guatemala, has been driven out and another attack on the town is expected. The other bands of insurgents are believed to be advancing.

President Cabrera sends a despatch to the Associated Press at Panama announcing that the rebellion has been crushed.

The sentence of death is executed on the eight murderers of Riga, for whom the lower House of Parliament demanded clemency. Both the garrison and sailors at Sebastopol are showing a mutinous spirit; two thousand sailors are under arrest.

Advices from Nillemstad say that a revolt has broken out in the interior of Venezuela, and that a gunboat has been sent up the river from Maracaibo.

A band of six hundred Zulus attacks a British force near Buffalo River, but is repulsed with heavy loss.

Emperor Francis Joseph receives the American Ambassador, Mr. Francis, who presents his credentials.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of royal families arrive at Madrid to attend the wedding of King Alfonso and Princess Ena.

May 30.—The marriage contract between King Alfonso and Princess Ena is signed at Madrid.

Several bombs are thrown at General Alikhanoff, Governor-General of Kutais, at Borjom, Trans-Caucasia.

Reports from Mexico state that General Toledo, former war minister of Guatemala, is advancing into Guatemala from Salvador with two thousand troops.

May 31.—At Dublin, Ireland, yesterday, Michael Davitt died after a long illness. He was the father of the Land League and, after Parnell, the most conspicuous figure in the fight for home rule for Ireland.

It is reported from Madrid that the special embassy, presided over by Ambassador Whitridge, which was sent to assist at the wedding of King Alfonso of Spain to the Princess Ena of Battenberg is intended to put an end to the last vestige of tension supervening upon the recent war.

June 1.—It is reported from London that the English people have stopped buying American canned goods and are importing such supplies from Australia.

Yesterday, at Madrid, Spain, occurred the wedding of King Alfonso XIII to the Princess Ena of Battenberg. As the bridal procession was returning from the church to the royal palace a bomb, concealed in a bouquet, was thrown from an upper window at the royal carriage. Among the escort eighteen people were killed. Neither the king nor queen was injured.

June 3.—At Berlin the German Butchers' Association has protested against a treaty arrangement with the United States permitting increased imports of meat.

June 4.—Manuel Morales, the chief author of the bomb outrage at Madrid, was captured by a rural guard outside the city. He shot the guard dead and made an attempt to escape; but, finding himself surrounded, turned the revolver upon himself. He sent a shot into his heart and died a few moments later. In a talk with the American Special Ambassador, King Alfonso said: "Yes, fortunately it was unsuccessful, but it will come again. It may be any time—perhaps tomorrow, perhaps within a month, perhaps within a year—but it will come."

A despatch from Vienna to London says that the Italian police have learned that Italian anarchists at Paterson, N. J., have decided to attempt the life of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy at the opening of the Milan Exposition, and have sent one of their number to make the attempt.

At St. Petersburg the Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party has announced its decision to abandon terrorism temporarily, and to devote all

energy to prepare for a speedy armed revolt.

In London the Admiralty and War Office contracts for meat, made since the exposures affecting the meat industry in the United States, stipulate that all canned products must be of British or Colonial importation.

Despatches received at St. Petersburg inform the members of the Duma that on the land question the peasants are prepared to resort to violence. Disorders are heard of in various provinces, and landlords are in panic.

The police of Barcelona, Spain, have discovered that the attempt on the life of King Alfonso on May 31, 1905, in Paris, and the outrage of last week at Madrid, were organized by the same person. In that city a number of suspects have been arrested on a charge of complicity in the bomb outrage of May 31 this year.

It is reported from Tokio that the Japanese will garrison Korea with two divisions. In Manchuria, outside of the garrison at Port Arthur, there are 20,000 Japanese troops.

At London yesterday the seventeenth Miners' International Congress was opened. Delegates from the United States were among those present. The congress will discuss resolutions favoring a number of annual holidays, the introduction of an eight-hour day, a minimum wage scale, old age pensions, compensation for incapacitated workers, and the adoption of a uniform international card to be issued when members of the federation leave one country to work in another. The last resolution stands in the name of the United States.

June 8.—It is reported from St. Petersburg that conflict between the Czar and the Duma becomes daily more imminent. The workingmen are standing in support of the Parliament. There is unrest among the troops and strikes on in many of the large cities.

At Berlin yesterday Karl von Hartmann, the philosopher, died in his sixty-fifth year. His most famous book, "The Philosophy of the Unconscious," was written when he was twenty-seven years old. Since the death of Nietzsche he has been considered the most eminent of all the German philosophers.

Yesterday at St. Petersburg the Naval Court of Inquiry indicted Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky, who commanded the Russian fleet at the Battle of the Sea of Japan, for surrendering to the enemy after the battle. Also indicted were the officers of the torpedo-boat destroyer *Bedovi*. The trials are to be held on July 4. The penalty in case of conviction is death.

It is reported from Moscow that the three million dollar electric construction plant in that city has been purchased from a Belgium company by the Westinghouse Company for $2,000,000. Americans now control four of the great manufacturing establishments in Moscow.

It was brought out in the House of Commons yesterday that an officer had been selected by the War Secretary to go to the United States to investigate all canned meats in process of manufacture and before being shipped as supplies purchased for the British Army.

His Pessimistic Notion

"THERE are in existence so many of these 'ere hawk-billed, double-chinned societies for the prevention of this, that and the other," grimly said the Old Codger, "that it strikes me 'twould be a pretty good idea to start a few societies for the prevention of societies for the prevention of things, and—er—ah! well—then, by George, why not carry it right on?—and start a society for the prevention of societies for the prevention of societies for the prevention of this, that and the other; something on the idea of torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers and torpedo-boat destroyer destroyers, or the old story of the train running away downhill so fast that the engineer would have had his hair blown off if the fireman hadn't held it on, and the fireman would have had his hair blown off if the brakeman hadn't held it on, and so forth, clear along back to the bald-headed man on the rear platform of the last car who hadn't anything else on his mind. And after the last society had done its duty we could turn in and abolish it and have a little much-needed rest for the weary on this side o' Jordan!"

Along The Firing Line

BY The Circulation Manager.

ILLNESS in the family of the Circulation Manager has kept him at Lincoln, Neb., during most of the month of May. Hence absence from the office will account for lack of the customary gossip in this department.

. . . . .

I am aware that at this writing (May 30) the farmers are very busy, both north and south, east and west. Hence, we expected our subscriptions to be comparatively light during the month; but they were better, after all, than we expected. And, as Mr. Watson's "Life and Times of Andrew Jackson" begins in this (July) number, we look for a good increase in subscriptions, even during the hot weather. We have arranged to keep a supply of extra copies on hand, in order to supply those who subscribe later than July and wish to complete the story. Remember that we give a year's subscription and a cloth-bound copy of Mr. Watson's "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson" for $3.25; or a good fountain pen and the Magazine a year for $2.00; or Professor Frank Parsons's new book, "The Railways, The Trusts, and The People" and the Magazine a year for $1.55.

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Inasmuch as this number will be on sale only two days before the meetings at St. Louis, I shall not repeat the calls which were printed in the June number. At the St. James Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., on June 27, 1906, will be held:

At one o'clock P. M., a meeting of the National Committee of the People's Party.

At two o'clock, a meeting of the National Reform Press Association.

At three o'clock, a delegate meeting of the National Federation of People's Party Clubs.

And at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, June 27, probably at four P. M., a preliminary meeting of the Conference Provisional Committee, whose object is to arrange for a great national conference for the purpose of organizing a new political party upon the lines of—

Direct Nominations,
Direct Legislation,
Municipal Ownership,
Public Ownership.

I trust all these meetings may be well attended—not by a great crowd of curiosity-seekers, but by about two earnest, intelligent, energetic persons from each state and territory. For, as Mr. Forrest so aptly quotes Lowell:

The time is ripe, and rotten ripe for change,
Then let it come,
I have no dread of what is called for by the
Instinct of Mankind;
Nor think I that God's World will fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less.

. . . . .

It verily seems that the time is "rotten ripe for change" here in Nebraska. I have been held closely to the house on account of my family's illness, but, so far as I can learn, the officials of the People's Party are determined that no state convention shall be held—apparently in the hope that Populists will flock into the Democratic Party and enable it to carry the fall elections. I quote from a letter received some days ago:

THE EXETER *Enterprise*,
EXETER, NEB., May 17, 1906

C. O. De France, Esq.

DEAR SIR: Can you tell the Populists of Nebraska, through WATSON'S MAGAZINE, whether or not they have an organization in this state, and give the names and addresses of the members of the State Central Committee? A gang of professional politicians at Lincoln seem to have captured the Populist organization, and if we have been sold to anybody we would like to know the price paid and institute court proceedings to see if there is any hope of recovering a dividend, If this reaches you in time for the June issue (It didn't—C. Q. D.), kindly touch on the matter; and, if not, will you take time to write me?

Yours truly,
W. J. WAITE.

. . . . .

In answer to Mr. Waite—who, by the way, runs the *Enterprise* and the Geneva *Gazette*, two of the best Populist weeklies in Nebraska—I can only say that my long absence from Nebraska has put me somewhat out of touch with the party organization. I believe B. R. B. Weber is chairman, and O. W. Meier secretary, of the State Central Committee. Both live at Lincoln. What they intend to do regarding the calling of the state convention I do not know. Mr. Waite is probably committeeman from Fillmore County and has as good facilities for finding out their intentions as I have—and a much better right to ask.

. . . . .

In this connection I would say, as I have several times told my friend, J. A. Wright, of Smith Center, Kan., national committeeman for his state, that a proper observance of the principles of home rule precludes Mr. Ferriss, as chairman, or myself, as secretary, of the National Committee, from dictating to the Populists of any state what they shall do. If the Populists of any state are so inert as to allow their organization to fall into the hands of those who wish to wreck it—well, we may protest, but we cannot command; we may deplore both the inertness and the wrecking, but we cannot create activity and alertness or prevent the destruction. It lies with the Populists of Nebraska—and with those of every other state—to keep their house in order; to maintain the organization; to oust incompetent officers, if such there be.

. . . . .

The People's Independent Party of Nebraska has a place on the official ballot. It has been maintained by hard work and by numerous lawsuits. I have personally gone twice to the Supreme Court of Nebraska to maintain our party name and circle inviolate and had the satisfaction of balking a very clever move to merge our party identity with that of the Democratic Party in such a way that the next year would see us excluded from the ballot. But I am not in position now to help Brother Waite "institute court proceedings to see if there is any hope of recovering a dividend." Possibly no court proceedings are necessary; possibly the state chairman and secretary will call a meeting of the committee—if requested so to do—and set a date for a state convention. I should advise Brother Waite, and all who are with him for the maintenance of the People's Party organization, to write both officers demanding a meeting of the committee. And, if they refuse, let Brother Waite make the committee meeting call himself and notify his fellow members, setting forth the reasons for making it. At the meeting declare the offices vacant and elect new officers. This may seem a bit high-handed—and it is—but so would be their refusal to call the committee together; and it is sometimes necessary to meet fire with fire, always provided there should be no trickery done. The will of the people must not be thwarted.

. . . . .

I hardly credit the belief that Chairman Weber and Secretary Meier really desire to wreck the People's Party. They doubtless feel discouraged because of the apathy and inertness of Nebraska Populists—and they have good reason to feel thus. If a few hundred Populists would only sit up and take notice and take their respective pens in hand and write a good, hot, encouraging letter to both the chairman and the secretary, I believe it would do a world of good. And so I

advise putting a dollar bill, or a five or a ten, in the letter and say: "Call a meeting, Ben; whooper up; give 'em fits. We're with you. We want a convention—and we'll turn out both to it and at the polls this fall. We're tired of all this monkey-doodle business, and want to give the corporations such a licking as they never had before."

. . . . .

I see no hope of winning a victory over the corporations by "fusing" with the Democrats—or any other party. Until the next national convention, Judge Parker is the official mouthpiece of the Democratic Party—and he is tooth and toe-nail for the corporations. Here in Nebraska Jim Dahlman has been elected Mayor of Omaha—and Jim is as good a corporation man as ever came down the pike. What would it benefit the farmers of Nebraska to have a Jim Dahlman Democrat elected Governor? Not a red cent. Jim is a prince of good fellows, and, if it's to be a corporationist, I'd rather see him governor or mayor or United States senator, than to see some pharisaical, canting hypocrite wearing out the leather cushions. But, if it's to be that way, why do any rending of nether garments, you anti-monopoly, anti-corporationists?

. . . . .

"But," you say, "we've just *got* to play practical politics, if we're to win." Oh, yes, indeed! And what do you get when you do win? The double cross generally.

There are enough farmers and merchants and mechanics in Nebraska to carry the state by 50,000 to 75,000 majority, if they'd only get together, and vote together, and hang together—every official who betrays them. I was once very much opposed to all shows of violence—but I've about come to the conclusion that physical fear is all that will touch some rascals. As Tom Lawson says in the June *Everybody's*:

One old-fashioned, lamp-post hanging bee, after the discovery that there was no redress at law, would probably have done more to reform our Massachusetts legislature than all the sermons that have been preached against bribery since the days when the halls of the State House were trod by real men.

"Practical politics," so-called, consists in fooling a lot of people into voting for something they don't want. Applied to a "fusion" of Populists and Democrats in Nebraska, part of the Democrats would be sure to be "fooled," and the chances are that all but a very few of the Populists would be—for, if the officers elected were genuine reformers, determined to bring the corporations to law, and with nerve enough to do it, then the corporation, Parker-Dahlman kind of Democrats would find their noses out of joint. But, if the officers were—as the chances are they would be—nickel-plated reformers, then Populists and anti-monopoly Democrats would be disgruntled.

. . . . .

I am guessing that no matter what party wins in Nebraska this fall, the corporations will own all the officers—or enough to control everything. The people grumble, but they don't act. They growl about high taxes on their property and that the railroads are shirking; but they elect corporation-owned state officers to make the railroad assessment. I believe in the law of compensation, and, in the light of that, the people of Nebraska—and elsewhere, too—are getting just as good government as they deserve. The farmer who shucks corn Election Day has no kick coming if the legislature elects a United States senator to represent the Burlington Railroad, or if the state board makes his property pay 50 per cent. higher taxes than the railroads pay. And even the one who went and voted is not guiltless if he relies on Cain's defense, "Am I my brother's keeper?" as an excuse for not getting his neighbor to come out and vote.

. . . . .

There is a day of reckoning coming, however, but not this year. The corporations are in the saddle and riding as never a bronco buster rode a calico pony. Prosperity here in

Lincoln is setting everybody wild. Using "hocus-pocus" money, the citizens are building, and paving, and sewering, and street railroading, and electric lighting, and new additioning, until one feels quiet dizzy watching the wheels go 'round. I talked with a banker the other day. He did not feel at all hopeful over the outlook. Said it was the same all over Nebraska—everybody busy improving property and going into debt. But he feared the reaction, as he called it. I didn't tell him so—for he would have combated the idea, and I had no time to wrangle—but it is clear to me that when the bankers begin to contract their loans, and destroy "hocus-pocus" money—those bank-ledger dollars my friend Albert Griffin talks about—there'll be the de'il to pay and no pitch hot. This will not be this year—unless the crops fail—but it's bound to come in a few years, regardless.

. . . . .

And then, maybe, the "middle class" of Nebraska may decide to follow Mary Ellen Lease's advice to "raise more (was it babies or h—l, I forget which?) and less corn." In other words, to take a hand in politics and look a little more after their own interests; to quit playing a penny-ante game of "practical politics" and get into the game in dead earnest, with a goodly stack of reds, whites and blues, and a brace of .44's to let the everlasting daylight through the first man caught cheatin'.

C. G. DeFrance

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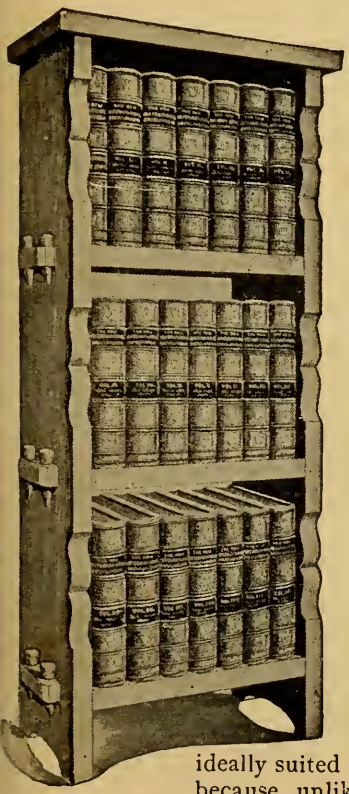

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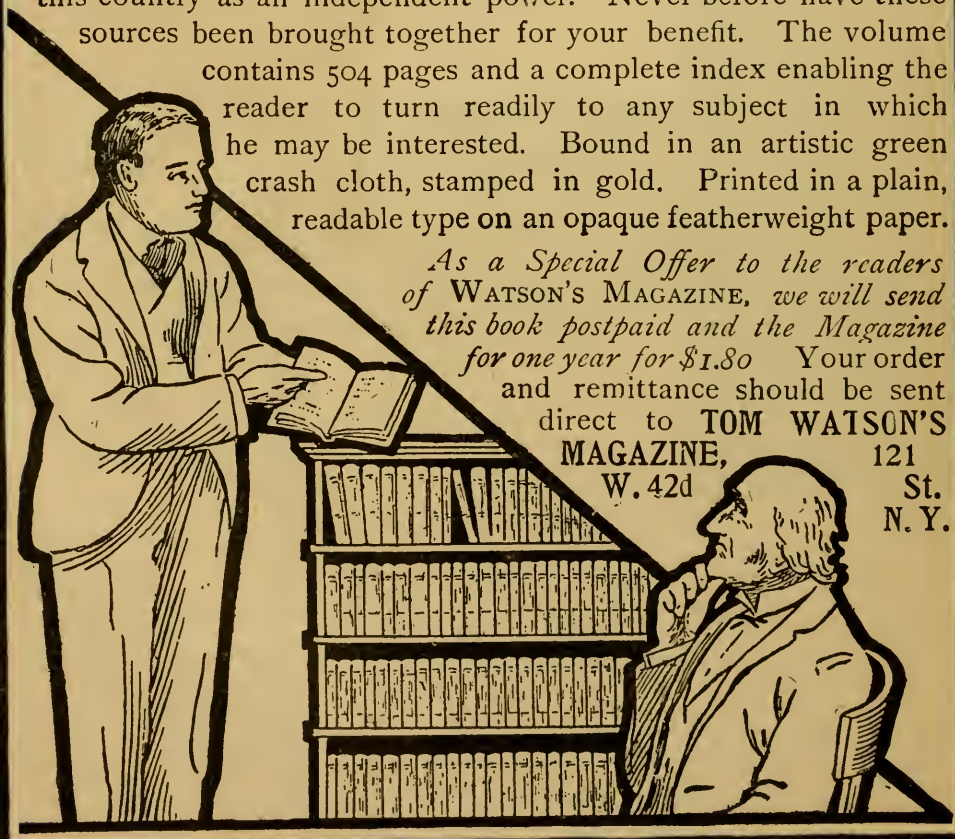


This "1900" Gravity Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses, much. And, I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "all right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make washing machines—the "1900" Gravity Washer.

And, I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

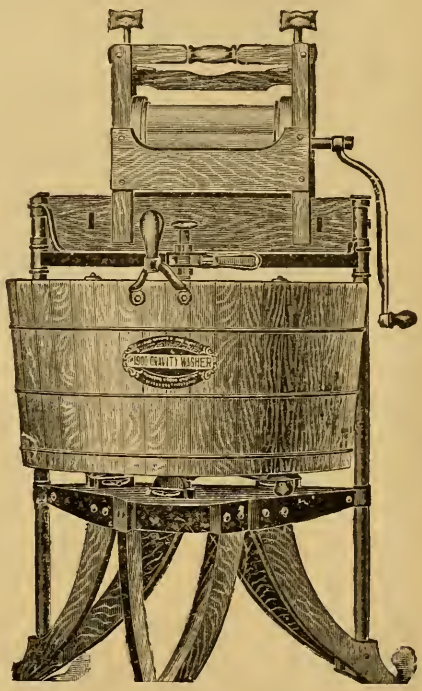
But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I sold upwards of 500,000 that way already—nearly five million dollars' worth.)

So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, our "1900" Gravity Washer is a new invention, and I know what it will do. I know it will wash clothes without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any ordinary machine.

When I say half the time I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no Washer made by any other concern can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes,



I'm in the Washing Machine business for Keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied.

Our "1900" Gravity Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And it don't wear the clothes, nor fray edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might.

If people only knew how much hard work the "1900" Gravity Washer saves every week, for 10 years, and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So, said I to myself, I'll just do with my "1900" Gravity Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold nearly half a million Washers.

I will send any reliable person a "1900" Gravity Washer on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900" Gravity Washer must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened for Washing Clothes—the quickest, easiest and handiest Washer on Earth? It will save its whole cost in a few months in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60c a week send me 50c a week, 'til paid for.

I'll take that cheerfully and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself! Drop me a line today and let me send you a book about the 1900 "Gravity" Washer, that washes Clothes in 6 minutes. Or, I'll send the machine on to you, a reliable person, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way—R. F. Bieber Gen. Mgr. "1900 Washer Co.," 5984 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Don't delay, write me a post card now, while you think of it.

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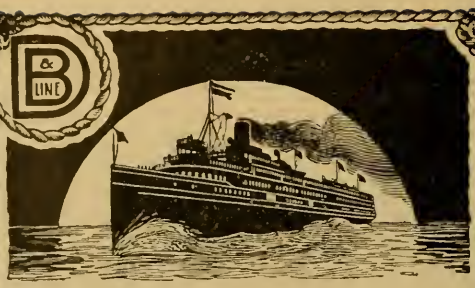

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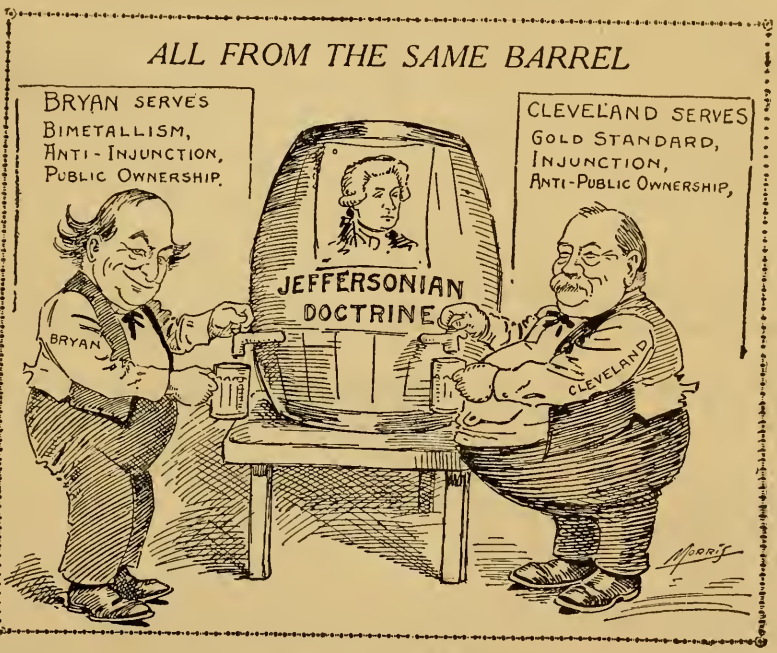

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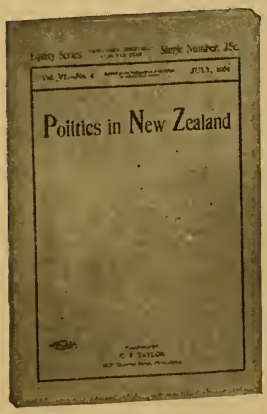

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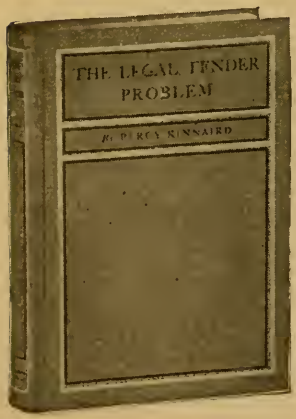

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